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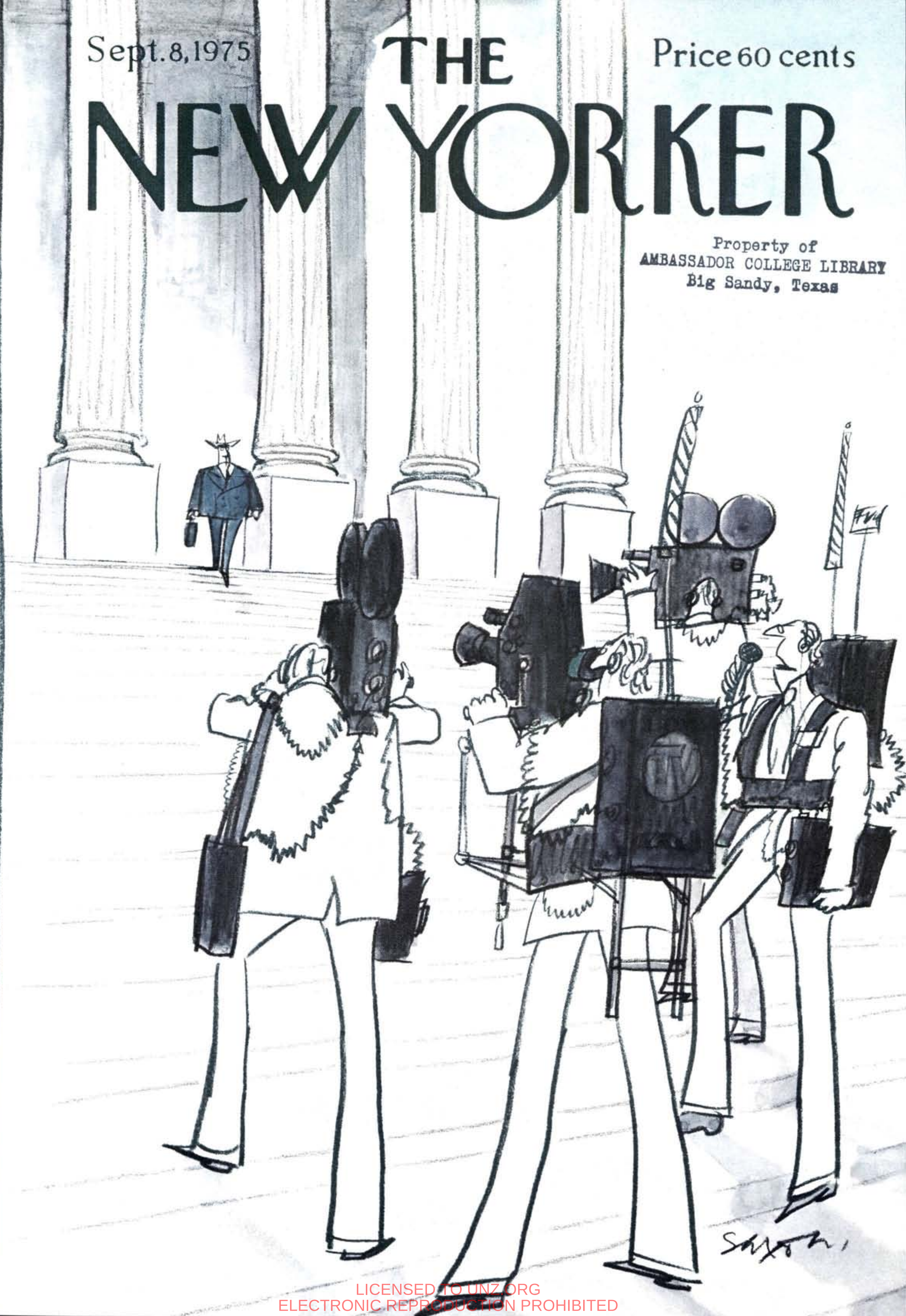

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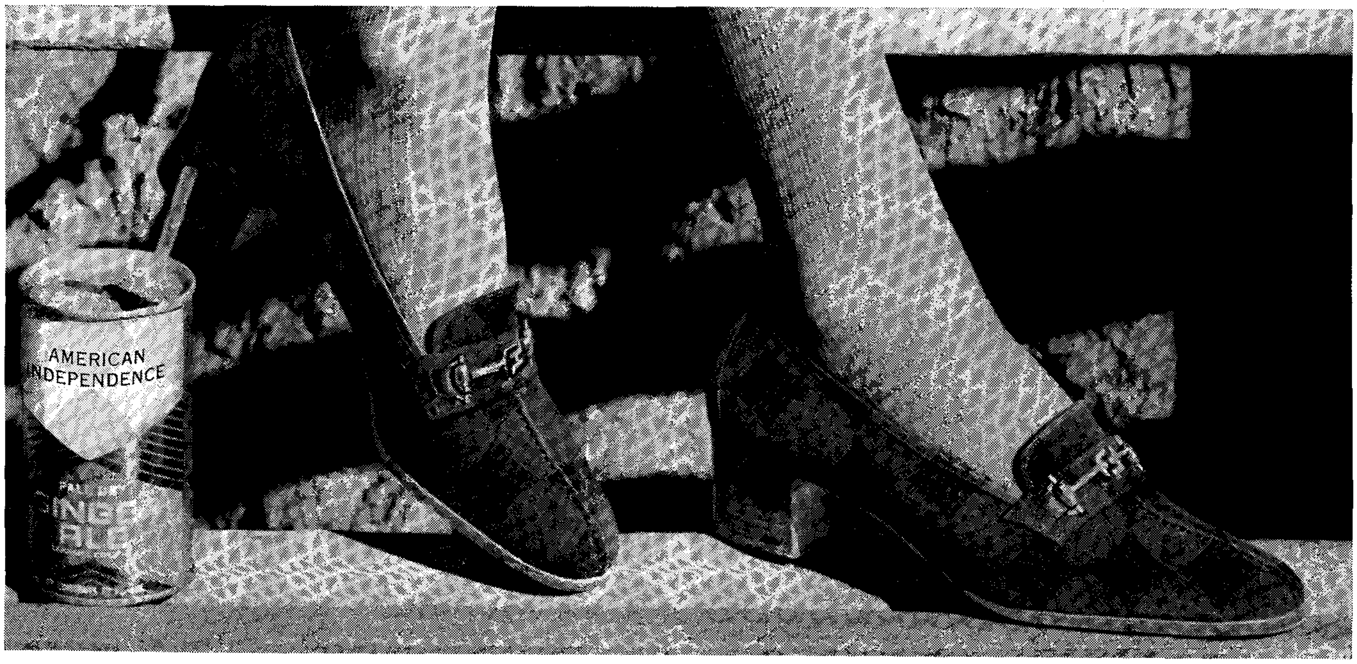

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

CHICAGO—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Liza Minnelli (substituting for Gwen Verdon, who will return on Monday, Sept. 15), Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCE WITH ME—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by Greg Antonacci, and played by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE RITZ—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Stubby Kaye, Rita Moreno, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

RUBBERS and YANKS 3 DETROIT 0 TOP OF THE SEVENTH—The management has extended the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHENANDOAH—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH—Elizabeth Ashley, Alfred Drake, and Martha Scott in a six-week revival of Thornton Wilder's comedy. Directed by José Quintero. Previews through Monday, Sept. 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 9, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Sept. 4.)

THE WIZ—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Sheila MacRae (filling in for Geraldine Page, who will return on Monday, Sept. 8), Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Thomas Hulce, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,393 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is syn-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. Robert Stephens is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

DANCERS—A new company, headed by Dennis Wayne, Martine van Hamel, and Bonnie Mathis, in a week-long engagement. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3-4, and Saturday, Sept. 6, at 8: "Caught in the Quiet," "Quickening," "Of Us Two," "Lazarus," "The Murder of George Keuter," "Still Point," "Musette di Taverni," and "Pavane for Solo Dancer."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 5, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, at 2:30: "Caught in the Quiet," "Of Us Two," "The Prussian Officer" (première), "Solo," and "After Eden." (City Center Downstairs, 131 W. 55th St. For information about tickets, call 247-4230.)

ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY—"Classic Kite Tails," "Death Is a Hunter" (première), "Meditation on Orpheus" (New York première), and "Hurrah!" (New York première), performed to a program of American music played onstage by the Hudson Valley Philharmonic, conducted by Joel Thome. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, Sept. 11, and Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8.)

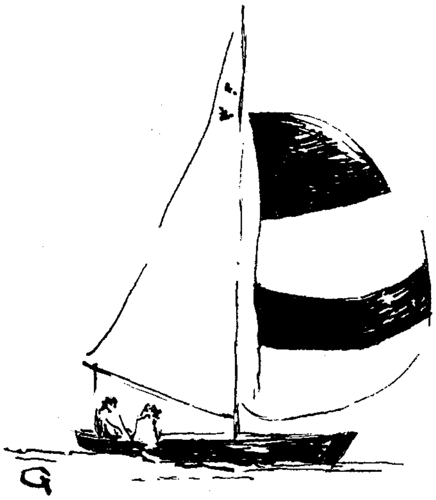
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians: they may be just tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE**, as bluesy and as high-spirited as ever, has settled into these friendly quarters with his trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8-9, Cecil Bridgewater, who is often found in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis trumpet section, brings in a quartet of his own. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**BETTY CARTER**, one of the few truly improvisational vocalists, tries her luck at this buzzing rock-and-rollerie with her band Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 4-7. Roger McGuinn, who is now performing without the Byrds but who nonetheless continues making allusions to and singing songs written by Dylan, is here Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 9-10, opposite gospel-rock fiddler Papa John



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Creach and his band, Midnight Sun. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—This agreeable but occasionally hectic little bar presents the Detroit sound—in this case, it's definitely not Motown—in the form of three hometown pianists from that city: Hank Jones, Hugh Lawson, and Barry Harris. Jones works with a bassist through Saturday, Sept. 6; Lawson and bassist Stafford James come in on Monday, Sept. 8; and Harris has slipped into the Sunday-night slot. Music after nine-thirty. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Buddy Greco is currently lambasting his way through his repertoire in this flashy, heavily tourist-populated haunt. He shares the stage with comic Mike Preminger until Saturday, Sept. 6. Beginning Monday, Sept. 8, **MEL TORMÉ** will sing, play piano, scat, and conduct the orchestra. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show to both live and disco music. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Supper. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** is back, with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. Her accompanists are pianist Jerry Wiggins, an Art Tatum admirer, and bassist Morris Edwards. Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. On Sundays, pianist Dick Hyman goes through his paces. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, John Bunch, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, Sept. 9, Paul Quinichette, the tenor player with a Lester Young complex, sits in with the regulars. Jim Andrews mans the piano nightly from seven to three-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. **ZOOT SIMS, AL COHN**, and their quintet take over on Sunday, Sept. 7. Snacks.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**THE ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO**, a highly, if not widely, regarded five-part New Music ensemble, has begun a rare two-week stand at a New York club. The group, which plays strongly percussive-based music, has been together since the late sixties, basing itself in Chicago (where it emerged from the Association for the Advancement of Creative Music, a coöperative) and, for a while, in Paris. In the past, as the spirit has moved them, the members—each of whom plays a staggering assortment of instruments—have appeared stripped to the waist and wearing body paint. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. The music begins after ten. Chinese and American food.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—**LOUISIANA RED** is the real thing—he's a direct descendant of Robert Johnson, Bukka White, and other distraught blues singers of the thirties. Red, who is thirty-nine and, reportedly, very shy and self-conscious, rarely brings to his live performances the all-out vitality that characterizes his excellent recent album, "Sweet Blood Call" (Blue Labor), but what he does bring is well worth seeing and hearing. After ten, through Sunday, Sept. 7.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** works with and learns from drummer **SONNY GREER**, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** swaps ideas with pianist Hal Galper. Pianist **AL HAIG** plays from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Jamil Nasser for a few sets from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Claude Hopkins on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Nick Sassone or Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Four well-known traditionalists—Peanuts Hucko, Milt Hinton, Marty Napoleon, and Bobby Rosengarden—work out Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Some intricate, easygoing rhythm-and-blues is offered up Sundays through Thursdays by bassist Gordon Edwards, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, tenorman Charlie Brown, and drummer Chris Parker. Their music is of the puristic, early- and mid-fifties variety—the basic and raw materials, untarnished by sixties and seventies rock-and-roll inflections or soul mannerisms. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The tables and chairs of these revamped quarters are infinitely more comfortable than the benches and pews of the old Bitter End, especially if one must sit through a long, boring opening act—or, for that matter (though fortunately more rarely), a long, boring headline act. Soul singer Leroy Hutson belts them out through Sunday, Sept. 7. The **DEADLY NIGHTSHADE**, a fine, heavily amplified trio—acclaimed by feminists, college students, and good old boys alike—takes the stage from Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 11-14. The three attractive, long-haired women, who seem pioneer-tough, sing their own witty songs and play standard rural instruments—fiddle, washboard, guitar, bass, and kazoo. They started out playing the Amherst-Smith-Mount Holyoke and western-Massachusetts bar circuit; now they have a substantial big-city following and a recording contract. Shows begin after nine and eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Composer and arranger **SY OLIVER** is currently leading a fine orchestra from seven every night but Sunday. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Holly Woodlawn, a torch-singing female impersonator, trades sets with high-energy,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

high-pitched comedian Chris Rush through Saturday, Sept. 6. Genya Ravan, who used to sing with the rock group Ten Wheel Drive, comes in on Tuesday, Sept. 9, to work opposite comic Richard Gerstein. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut bar where all is flux: **Chet Baker** guides a youthful combo on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3-4, and on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8-9; pianist Larry Willis and his trio are expected on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6; and **Lee Konitz** returns with his rousing nine-piece group on Wednesday, Sept. 10. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays, from nine until two, are given over to the guitar duo of **Chuck Wayne** and **Joe Puma,** who exchange more notes than there are begats.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A popular restaurant that is no longer as airy and uncluttered as it was a year ago, when it opened. The acoustically perfect music corner is occupied by the wonderful, rhythmically attacking pianist **Roland Hanna** through Sunday, Sept. 7. Prince Igor—Igor Yahilevich, a Russian pianist, to be exact—arrives with his trio on Wednesday, Sept. 10. Music from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**Ellis Larkins** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd performs with her bassist on Sundays and Mondays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Much of the recent nighttime traffic through these parts has been headed for C.B.G.B., a bar just down the street that has, for the past couple of months, been presenting a festival of local rock bands. These bands, despite hyped-up notices in the downtown weeklies, are fairly boring. The real news in the neighborhood is at the Tin Palace, where a stomping, three-part-harmony, white rhythm-and-blues quintet called Cakewalk is ensconced for two nights—Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 3-4. The members are all in their late twenties, and they include two strong women vocalists, Dawn Thompson and Bonnie Yeager (Yeager's voice seems quite at home in Tracy Nelson territory, although she sings with none of Nelson's occasional strain); an often black-sounding baritone, Henry Krieger, who is also a rampaging pianist and the group's principal songwriter; bassist Norman Gross; and his brother Michael, a guitarist who has mastered all the appropriate nuances (seven?) of blues and r.-and-b., and knows when to use them. The group spends a lot of time doing inspired versions of classic oldies like "Brown-Eyed Woman," "Mama Said (There'd Be Days Like This)," and "Brickyard Blues." (Their real future, of course, will depend on their ability to generate and perform originals; otherwise they'll end up as just another entertaining bar band.) Now they devote only about a third of a set to their own songs, but that's not such a handicap at this point in their development, because what's striking about them is their spirit and the way their talents mesh. They've been together five months, and they're a long way yet from losing their spontaneity. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, Sept. 9, vocalists Joe and Blake—a pianist and conga player respectively—are onstage. The Central Park Sheiks will leave their camels at a parking meter and bring in their instruments to play some country and bluegrass on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10-11. On Fridays and Saturdays, **Cecil McBee,** one of the best bassists around, has charge of a rousing sextet. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—**Charles Mingus** is present, inspiring his quintet, Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to two.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to attract sizable audiences, who come to hear some of the best jazzmen in the world. Intense, vertiginous pianist **McCoy Tyner,** perhaps the most respected of contemporary jazz players, winds up a week here with his quartet on Sunday, Sept. 7. **Rahsaan Roland Kirk,** a high-voltage reed section all by himself, arrives with his quintet on Tuesday, Sept. 9. Mondays are turned over to pianist, composer, and sage **Gil Evans** and his fifteen-piece up-to-date big band. Music from ten.

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos which hold forth every night from eight until two.

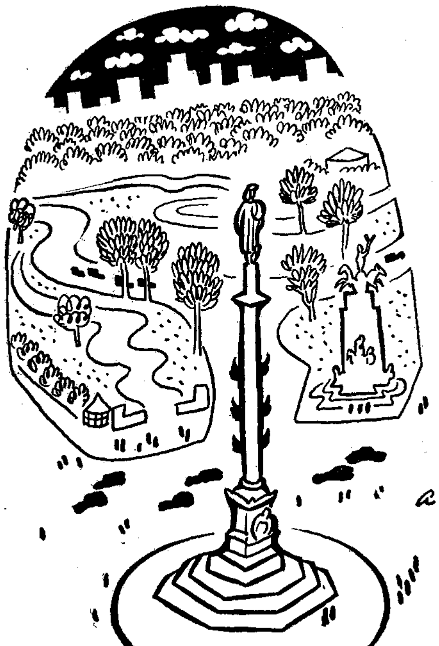
West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who seek out neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays, onetime Basie saxophonist Earle Warren pilots a quartet—drummer Jackie Williams, trumpeter Taft Jordan, and pianist Dill Jones—known as the Warren Court. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving Paul Quinichette and Sammy Price. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

Count Basie, Ella Fitzgerald, and **Frank Sinatra**—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Monday, Sept. 8, through Saturday, Sept. 20. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and at midnight.

The Countsmen—Earle Warren, Paul Quinichette, Doc Cheatham, Dill Jones, Ronnie Cole, and Franklin Skeete. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

Isaac Hayes, The Pointer Sisters, and **The Dynamic Superiors**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, at 7 and 11.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Alexander Calder—A new series of Aubusson tapestries woven from his rollicking designs. Through Friday, Sept. 5. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Paul Jenkins—The latest examples of this painter's abstract watercolors, this time with the pigment poured on paper. Through Sept. 25. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Beverly Pepper—Five large sculptures. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At **Associated American Artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints on the subject of the sea by more than a hundred and fifty artists. Through Saturday, Sept. 13. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Genesis II,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Here We Stand—25 on 57th Street" is a collection, spotty in quality, of works by twenty-five of the black artists to whom this midtown showing place is exclusively devoted. Through Thursday, Sept. 11. . . . **Kraushaar,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Heliker, William Glackens, Leonard DeLonga, and others. Through Sept. 19. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **Phoenix,** 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: All the members of this artist-owned gallery are showing examples of their work. Through Sept. 19.

Sculpture—Bronze and marble pieces, mostly, by Archipenko, Arp, Moore, and others. Through Sept. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Group Shows—At the **International Center of Photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition of holograms done by artists here and abroad during the last ten years. Holography is a recently developed process that uses laser light to create a three-dimensional image on a photographic plate. . . . ¶ Two photo essays concerning California—one, by Richard Misrach, follows the trail of the flower children of the sixties, and the other, by Roger Minick, consists mostly of landscapes. Both exhibitions through Sept. 14. (Open Sundays.) . . . **Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Conceptual photographs (arranged objects or figures) by Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A reinstallation of part of last year's show of photographs of lower Manhattan. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibit jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sunday, Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "George Washington: Icon for America" is a display of about a hundred everyday objects bearing his likeness—wallpaper, cigar bands, a three-cent stamp—dating from the seventeen-seventies to the present. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings that depict this country as seen by Europeans between 1492 and 1776. Through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Masters: Manet to Matisse," an exhibition of more than a hundred paintings by European artists on loan from both public and private collections. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "Picture Puzzles" is a show of about forty conceptual photographs. Through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Posters, advertisements, record-album covers, book jackets, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser. Through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sunday, Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About twenty portraits in the folk-art tradition by Sheldon Peck, a nineteenth-century Vermont portraitist who divided his time between painting and farming. Through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth) ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Tuesday, Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fish. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 8: "I Puritani," with Arlene Randazzo, John Sandor, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, William Neill, and William Justus; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 5, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Arlene Randazzo, Alan Titus, and Spiro Malas; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2: "La Traviata," with Karan Armstrong, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and William Ledbetter; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 6, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 7, at 1: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Eleanor Bergquist, Tullio Pané, and Dominic Cossa; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 7, at 7: The company's première of Donizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Spiro Malas; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 877-4700, Ext. 256.). . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 9, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Spiro Malas; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Catherine Malfitano, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Elizabeth Haley, Nancy Shade, Patricia Craig, Samuel Ramey, and Gaetano Scano; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 12, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Spiro Malas; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 2: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Robert Nagy, and William Justus; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; Michel Plasson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 5, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 2:05. . . . YANKEES: Vs. Detroit, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8-9, at 8. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10-11, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Army vs. Holy Cross. (West Point. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 1:30.)

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 3; the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 6; the Maskette Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 10; and the Marlboro Cup Handicap and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays, and Wednesdays through Fridays, between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.). . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Sept. 8, through Saturday, Oct. 18.

TENNIS—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 11:30 and 8, and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 4-7, at 11:30. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

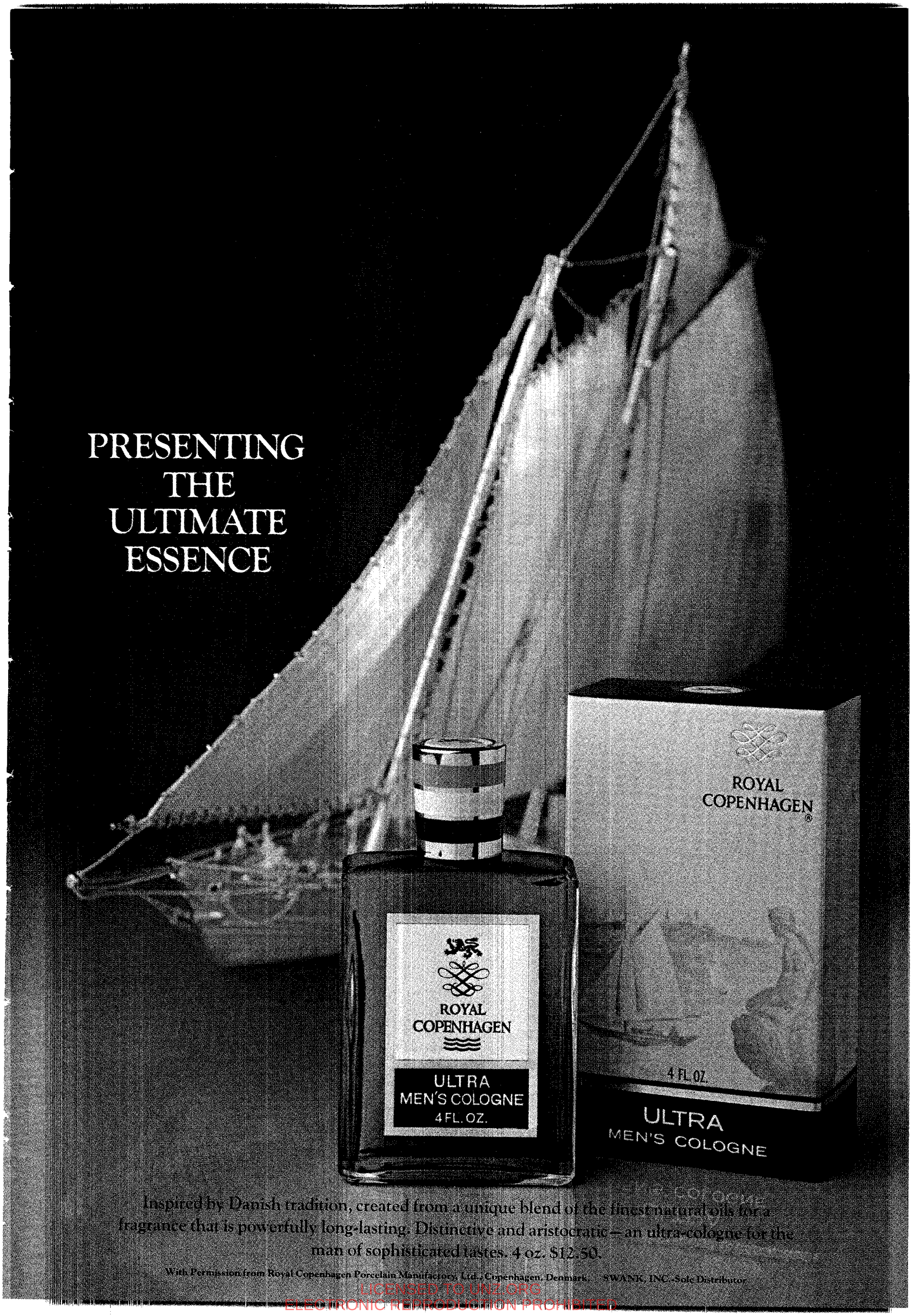
(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK DANCE FESTIVAL—The last five in a series of free performances—Wednesday, Sept. 3: Maryland Ballet, May O'Donnell Concert Dance Company, Sophie Maslow Dance Company, Murray Louis Dance Company, San Francisco Ballet, and Luigi's Jazz Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 4-5: Matteo Ethnoamerican Dance Theatre, Charles Moore, Bob Bowyer and Jo-Ann Bruggemann, the Danscompany, Chiang Ching, Rebecca Wright and Kevin McKenzie, and Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7: Buzz Miller and Ethel Martin, Laura Foreman Dance Theatre, Sounds in Motion, Paul Russell and Lydia Abarca, Maria Benitez, and Second Century Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 9: Rain date. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

BATTERY PARK'S CASTLE CLINTON—Ainslee Cox conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a nearly exact reënactment of Jenny Lind's New York début, on this very spot, in 1850. With Britt-Marie Aruhn, soprano, and Håkan Hagegård, baritone. The last in a series of free concerts. (Thursday, Sept. 11, at 7.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 7: Uriah Heep. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 5, at 7: Miles Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 6, at 7: Richie Havens and Orleans. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 8, at 6:30: Savoy Brown and Hydra. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 7: Average White Band and Jean-Luc Ponty. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 12, at 7: Barry Manilow and Melissa Manchester. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 7: John Sebastian and Lori Lieberman. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 14.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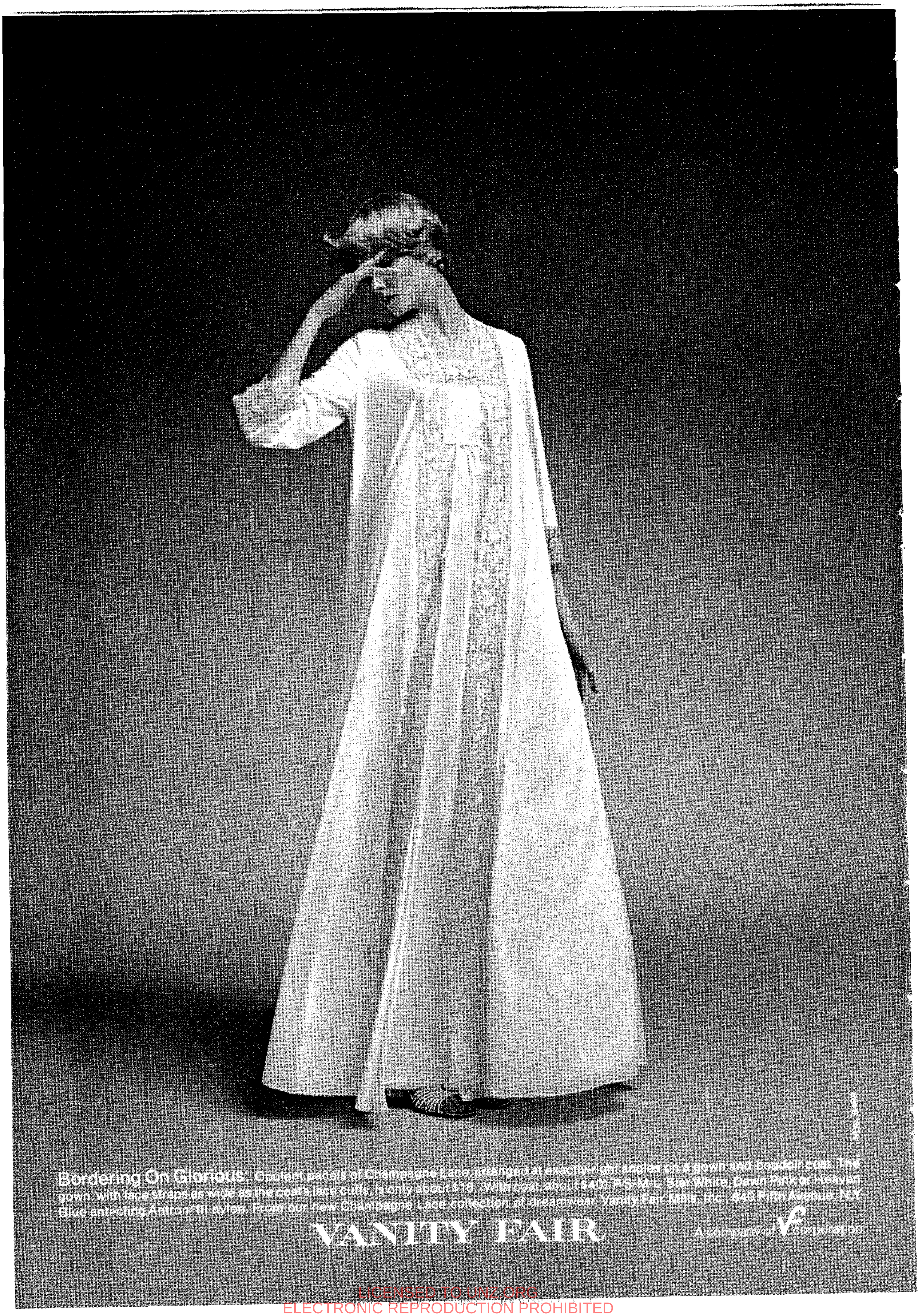

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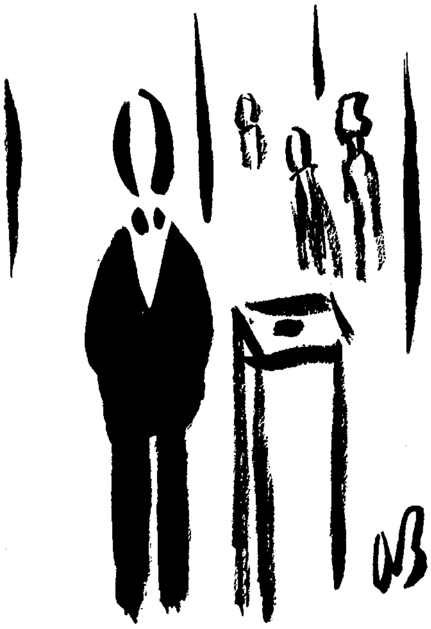
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 4: "It's a Wonderful World" and "Vivacious Lady."
Sept. 5-6: "Hold Your Man" and "Red Dust."
Sept. 7-8: "The Devil Is a Woman" and "Seven Sinners."
Sept. 9-10: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" and "Conquest."
From Sept. 11: "The Great Ziegfeld."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 9: To be announced.
From Sept. 10: "French Connection II" and "Capone."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Little Rascals."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 9: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From Sept. 10: "French Connection II."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Russian Roulette."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 9: "Supervixens;" X-rated.
From Sept. 10: "The Lion in Winter."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Coonskin."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Sept. 4: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Bambi."
From Sept. 5: "A Brief Vacation."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Exorcist."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Rollerball."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Wilby Conspiracy."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Jr."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"White Line Fever."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Tommy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Pain in the A.."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 9: "And Now My Love."
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 9: "Supervixens;" X-rated.
From Sept. 10: "The Lion in Winter."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Sept. 9: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."
From Sept. 10: "Mitchell."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"White Line Fever."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Wilby Conspiracy."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 3: "The Silence" and "Knife in the Water."
Sept. 4: "Jules and Jim" and "The Silence."
Sept. 5: "La Strada" and "Jules and Jim."
Sept. 6: "Top Hat" and "La Strada."
Sept. 7: "The Red Shoes" and "Top Hat."
Sept. 8: "Pandora's Box" and "The Red Shoes."
Sept. 9: "The Blue Angel" and "Pandora's Box."
Sept. 10: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" and "The Blue Angel."
Sept. 11: "The Invitation" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Rollerball."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Wilby Conspiracy" and "The Last Detail."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Sept. 9 at one or another of the theatres: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "Take the Money and Run"/"French Connection II" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"/"Tommy" and "Easy Rider"/"Naked Came the Stranger;" X-rated.
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 3: "She" and "The Old Dark House."
Sept. 4: "King of Hearts" and "Brewster McCloud."
Sept. 5-6: "Scenes from a Marriage" and "Persona."
Sept. 7: One performance, at noon, of "Marat/Sade."
Sept. 7: "Shame" and "The Passion of Anna."
Sept. 8: "Steppenwolf" and "Siddhartha."
Sept. 9: "El Topo" and "Privilege."
Sept. 10: "The Idol Dancer" and "The Love Flower."
Sept. 11: "King of Hearts" and "Putney Swope."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Sept. 9: "Russian Roulette."
From Sept. 10: "Mitchell."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sound of Music."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Jolson Story."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Sept. 9: "Gone with the Wind."
From Sept. 10: "Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 9: "Funny Lady."
From Sept. 10: "French Connection II" and "Capone."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 3: "The End of Summer" and "An Autumn Afternoon."
Sept. 4: "Lost Horizon" and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."
Sept. 5: "Mississippi Mermaid" and "The Soft Skin."
Sept. 6: "Women in Love" and "The Rocking Horse Winner."
Sept. 7: "Tom Jones" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade."
Sept. 8: "Utamaro and His Five Women" and "Street of Shame."
Sept. 9: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew."
Sept. 10: "Olympia."
Sept. 11: "The Touch" and "The Ritual."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Sept. 9: "Charlotte;" X-rated.
From Sept. 10: "Just Before Nightfall."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 9: "The Wilby Conspiracy" and "Report to the Commissioner."
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 6: "The Informer" and "Suspicion."
Sept. 7-8: "Gunga Din" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."
Sept. 9-10: "I Remember Mama" and "Tom, Dick, and Harry."
From Sept. 11: "Swing Time" and "Shall We Dance."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Return of the Pink Panther" and "Bank Shot."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "Cooley High." From Sept. 10: "Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 9: "White Line Fever." From Sept. 10: "Russian Roulette."
Theatre 3: "Tommy."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Rollerball."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Sept. 9: "The Wilby Conspiracy" and "Report to the Commissioner."
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 9: "The Towering Inferno."
From Sept. 10: "French Connection II" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Thirteen programs in a series of films directed by John Ford: Sept. 3 at 2: "Kentucky Pride" (1925), with Henry B. Walthall and J. Farrell MacDonald. . . . Sept. 4 at 5:30: "Lightnin'" (1924), with Madge Bellamy and Jay Hunt. . . . Sept. 4 at 8: "The Black Watch" (1929), with Victor McLaglen and Myrna Loy. . . . Sept. 5 at 2: "Hangman's House" (1928), with Victor McLaglen and Hobart Bosworth. . . . Sept. 6 at 3: "Four Sons" (1928), with Margaret Mann and James Hall. . . . Sept. 6 at 5:30: "Riley the Cop" (1928), with J. Farrell MacDonald and Louise Fazenda. . . . Sept. 7 at 5:30: "Up the River" (1930), with Humphrey Bogart and Spencer Tracy. . . . Sept. 8 at 2: "Riley the

Cop.". . . Sept. 8 at 5:30: "Born Reckless" (1930), with Edmund Lowe and Catherine Dale Owen. . . . Sept. 9 at 5:30: "Up the River.". . . Sept. 10 at 2: "The Black Watch." . . . Sept. 11 at 5:30: "Seas Beneath" (1931), with George O'Brien and Marion Lessing. . . . Sept. 11 at 8: "Pilgrimage" (1933), with Henrietta Grosman and Heather Angel. . . . ¶ Other, non-Ford, films scheduled during this period are: Sept. 3 at 5:30: "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden and Ernest Borgnine. . . . Sept. 5 at 5:30 and Sept. 6 at noon: "Uncle Sam—The Non-Belligerent" (1941), a March of Time film; "The Battle of Midway" (1942), directed by John Ford; "Out of the Frying Pan and Into the Firing Line" (1943), directed by Walt Disney; "The Nazis Strike" (1943), directed by Frank Capra and Anatole Litvak; and "The Battle of San Pietro" (1944), directed by John Huston. . . . Sept. 7 at 12:30 and 3: "The Point" (1970), directed by Fred Wolf, with Alan Barzman and Mike Lookinland. . . . Sept. 9 at 2 and Sept. 10 at 5:30: "Wild Company" (1930), directed by Leo McCarey, with Frank Albertson and Joyce Compton. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Belson, Breer, Baillie, Oppenheim, Broughton, Bresson, and others. Showings Sept. 3-5 at 6, 8, and 10; Sept. 6 at 2:30, 6, and 8; Sept. 7 at 8; Sept. 9-10 at 6, 8, and 10; and Sept. 11 at 6.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Claude Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/7/75.) (72nd Street East; through Sept. 9.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now marriageable daughter, who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 3.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that the children in the audience identify with him, and when his mother is killed by hunters, small children start to scream and cry. Though it all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Félice, this isn't much help to the upset kids in the audience. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Fine Arts; through Sept. 4.)

Bank Shot (1974)—Directed by Gower Champion, this bank-heist story is a vehicular dream: enormous earthmovers, driven with great zest by George C. Scott to escape from a maximum-security prison; a golf cart housing an infuriated prison warden (Clifton James); a bank for senior citizens that is set on wheels and translated into a mobile home by a gang of bank robbers bent on their criminal task as if it were a problem in calculus. The film ends facetiously, and it has some moments when characters go through complicated maneuvers for laughs; all the same, a droll movie of its kind. (8/12/74) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Guild.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because, despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most interesting and least cloying of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express." With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, and Richard Loo. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 9-10.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (Elgin; Sept. 4.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Fine Arts; starting Sept. 5.)

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—A palimpsest film documentary about the Great Depression, mixing clips of reportage, staged newsreels, home movies, and feature films. The two anchormen, so to speak, are Franklin Roosevelt and James Cagney. We see much piercing stuff: unfamiliar Roosevelt moments of irony; a statement by the very young Orson Welles about the impact of the Mercury Theatre's radio production of "The War of the Worlds;" De Mille yelling at extras, "Come on now . . . be a nation;" interviews with farmers about crop failures; the dead Dillinger's thin father saying, "I tried to raise him right." The director, obviously diligent in research, is Philippe Mora. He belies the seriousness of his purpose by deciding to give the audience practically no identifying subtitles: we need dates, credits, and some indication of whether what we are looking at is fact, staged fact, or fiction. But see the film. (8/18/75) (Plaza.)

Capone—With Ben Gazzara and Susan Blakely, directed by Steve Carver. (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; starting Sept. 10.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's quasi-absurdist, theatre-of-cruelty epic—a view of the Crimean War with modern revue humor. At times, the satire of political platitudes is excruciatingly entertaining, but Richardson and his scenarist, Charles Wood, seem to shrink everything they touch. This epic has so little feeling for the courage that went with the idiocies of the past that it diminishes itself along with its targets. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

Conquest (1937)—Charles Boyer as Napoleon, and Garbo as Countess Marie Walewska of Poland. They had an illegitimate son. The censors of the time caused a two-year wrangle that resulted in four versions of the film; the moral Cerberuses wanted a final meeting of the parents and child that would represent "a forceful illustration of the tragedy of having been born out of wedlock." Pretty high on the Garbo list. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9-10.)

Cooley High—A gentle-natured but light-minded and secondhand film about a group of black high-school kids whose escapades are important now mostly because the movie is set in 1964, which bestows a bogus dramatic irony. Directed, heftily, by Michael Schultz. (Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 9.)

Coonskin—Full-length animated-and-photographed film by Ralph Bakshi (of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic"). Made in lewd honor of Manhattan, in the guise of a version of a Brer Rabbit story: full of mocked stereotypes of every sort. A certain vindictiveness is handed out to blacks, homosexuals, the Mafia, tarts, and WASPS alike, not with the neat-slicing political venom of George Grosz but with an obstreperousness unique to Bakshi. Visually fascinating, especially when the movie does things quietly, which is to say that a work whose whole premise is its exuberance slows down to achieve its best. (8/25/75) (Trans-Lux East.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

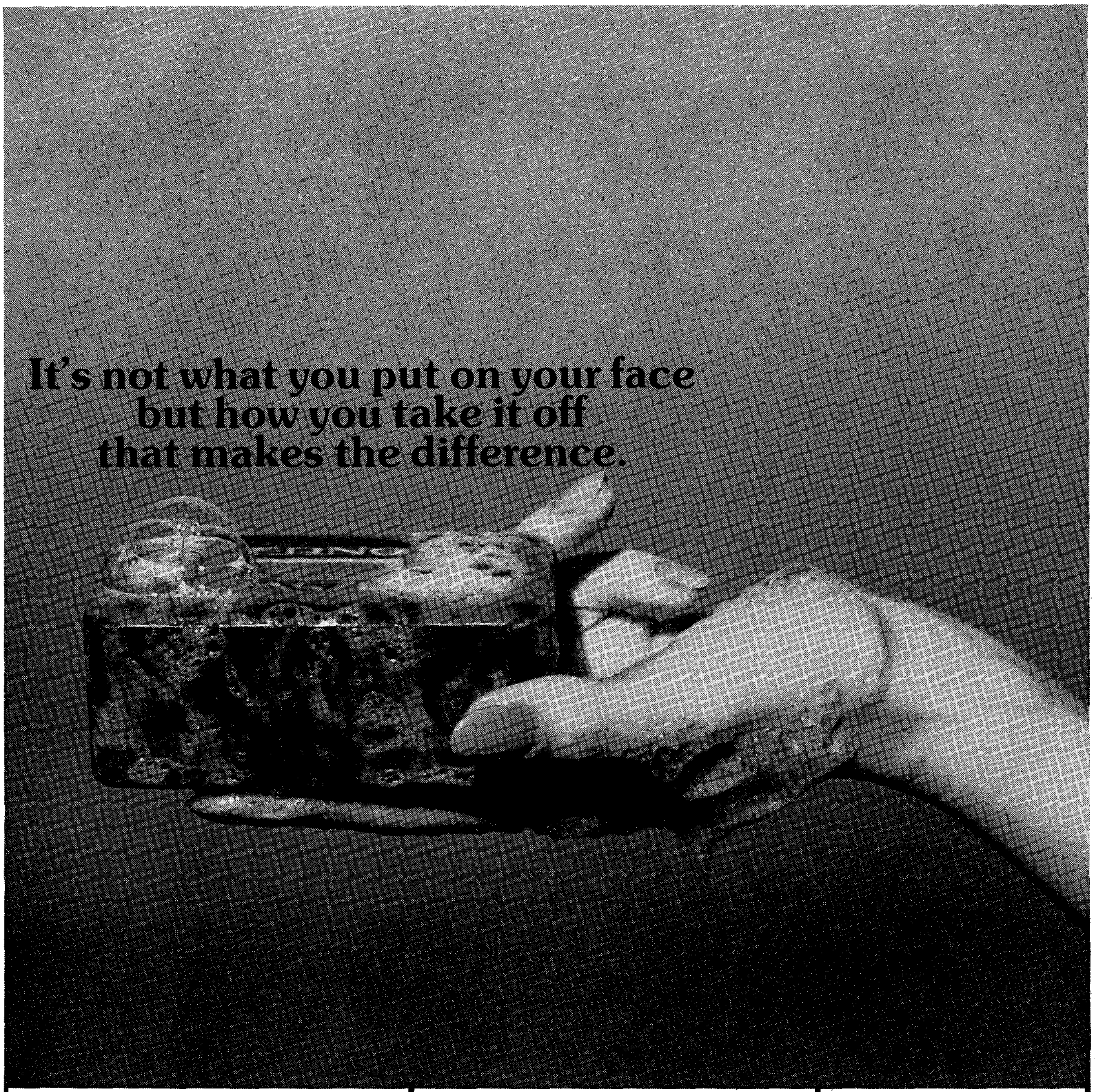
The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to have been one of his favorites. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 7-8.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 9.)

The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 3.)

Escape to Witch Mountain—From the Disney studios, with Eddie Albert, Ray Milland, and Donald Pleasence, directed by John Hough. (Fine Arts; through Sept. 4.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is re-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ligious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Coronet.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Loews Tower East.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Sept. 10.)

Funny Lady—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppily edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (Playboy; through Sept. 9.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Festival; through Sept. 9.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 9.)

The Great Ziegfeld (1936)—The movie is a long way from great. William Powell plays Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy is Mrs. Ziegfeld, and Luise Rainer is Anna Held. Fanny Brice is herself, but she isn't on screen enough to vitalize this lavish, tedious, and ludicrously false musical biography Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 11.)

Gunga Din (1939)—An absurd trouble-in-the-colonies adventure film that does for its genre almost what "Beat the Devil" did later to the international thriller. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur threw this hokum together, "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem, and William Faulkner had a hand in it, too. The stars are Cary Grant in his athletic youth, dapper Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen; they are supported by Eduardo Ciannelli as a mad high priest and Sam Jaffe as the loyal Indian, Gunga Din. George Stevens directed this exhilarating nonsense. (Regency; Sept. 7-8.)

The Hawks and the Sparrows (1967)—Ninetto Davoli and the great Totò as a self-abasing father and his son on a St. Franciscan walk, accompanied by a talking crow. A humorless film by Pier Paolo Pasolini about large topics of poverty, simplicity, fathers and sons, and mankind. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 9.)

Hold Your Man (1933)—Jean Harlow and Clark Gable, in a mixture of farce and melodrama that begins in Brooklyn and ends in jail. Anita Loos concocted some raucous bits, and Harlow goes around smacking and swatting people—she has a wonderful left. There's less fun when she shows signs of budding maidenliness and things go lofty in the women's reformatory. Sam Wood directed, and the cast includes Stuart Erwin and Dorothy Burgess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 5-6.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Playing Quasimodo (Lon Chaney's old role), Charles Laughton seems determined to outdo Chaney's horrifying makeup. With only one eye and a hump so big his head seems to be in the middle of his chest, his Quasimodo is so distorted and misshapen that little of the human being, much less of the actor, survives. It's an appallingly masochistic performance. The adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel seems rather perfunctory, but it's an elaborate, well-photographed mixture of historical spectacle and Grand Guignol. William Dieterle directed. Maureen O'Hara is a ravishing Esmeralda, and the cast includes Edmond O'Brien (in his film début), Cedric Hardwicke, Thomas Mitchell, George Zucco, Alan Marshal, Walter Hampden, Minna Gombell, Fritz Leiber, Etienne Girardot, and Harry Davenport as Louis XI. (Regency; Sept. 7-8.)

The Idol Dancer (1920)—Directed by D. W. Griffith and filmed on location in Florida and the Caribbean. With Richard Barthelmess, Clarine Seymour, and Creighton Hall. (Elgin; Sept. 10.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Sept. 10.)

The Informer (1935)—Victor McLaglen in his Academy Award-winning role as Gypo Nolan, the Dublin drunkard who turns stool pigeon and betrays his friend (Wallace Ford) to the police for the reward. The period is 1922, during the Sinn Fein rebellion. This John Ford film, taken from Liam O'Flaherty's fine novel, is perhaps too pure and diagrammatic for modern tastes—Gypo's frenetic, desperate squandering of the reward money, his spasms of fury, of pleasure, of terror, are more clarified than we require now. But if the scenarist, Dudley Nichols, and the director clinched their points, they also had the discipline to keep the work all of a piece—naïve yet powerful. With Preston Foster, Heather Angel, Una O'Connor, Margot Grahame, Joe Sawyer, and J. M. Kerrigan. The score is by Max Steiner. (Regency; through Sept. 6.)

The Invitation—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (5/5/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 11.)

I Remember Mama (1948)—Kathryn Forbes' novel about her Norwegian family in San Francisco is used as the framework for a mother image of formidable proportions. This image is held to with the serene nostalgia that we reserve for our very best fantasies—Mama (Irene Dunne) is tall and beautiful, wise and omniscient. Except for a few gooey lapses (the worst is a bathetic hospital scene), George Stevens directed with warmth and intelligence; it's not a bad movie, though it has a too careful look, with meticulous reconstructions of San Francisco streets circa 1905-10. Philip Dorn is Papa; Barbara Bel Geddes does well as daughter Katrin; as the rakehell Uncle Chris, Oscar Homolka goes in for too many flourishes and loiters too long on his deathbed; Edgar Bergen is the timid undertaker who marries Mama's sister; and Cedric Hardwicke and Rudy Vallée are also around. The movie seems too hemmed in, maybe because De Witt Bodeen's script sticks closely to the stage adaptation by John van Druten. (Regency; Sept. 9-10.)

It's a Wonderful World (1939)—The title presses the point, and so does the lunatic comedy-mystery. In the role of a tough-minded, devil-may-care poet, Claudette Colbert is forced to strain for laughs; the gag-filled script, by Ben Hecht and Herman J. Mankiewicz, involves her with crooks, cops, amateur actors, and Boy Scouts, and requires her to knock a man out. James Stewart plays opposite her as a detective. With Guy Kibbee, who gets whacked a lot; Ernest Truex, who is almost electrocuted; and Nat Pendleton and Edgar Kennedy. W. S. Van Dyke directed. It's fast-paced but far from memorable. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 4.)

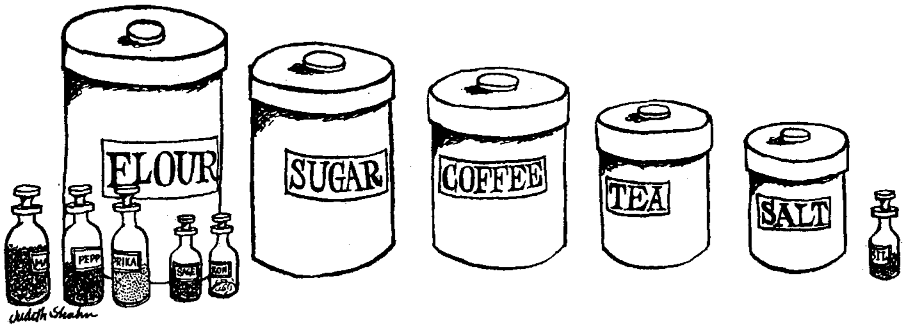
Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

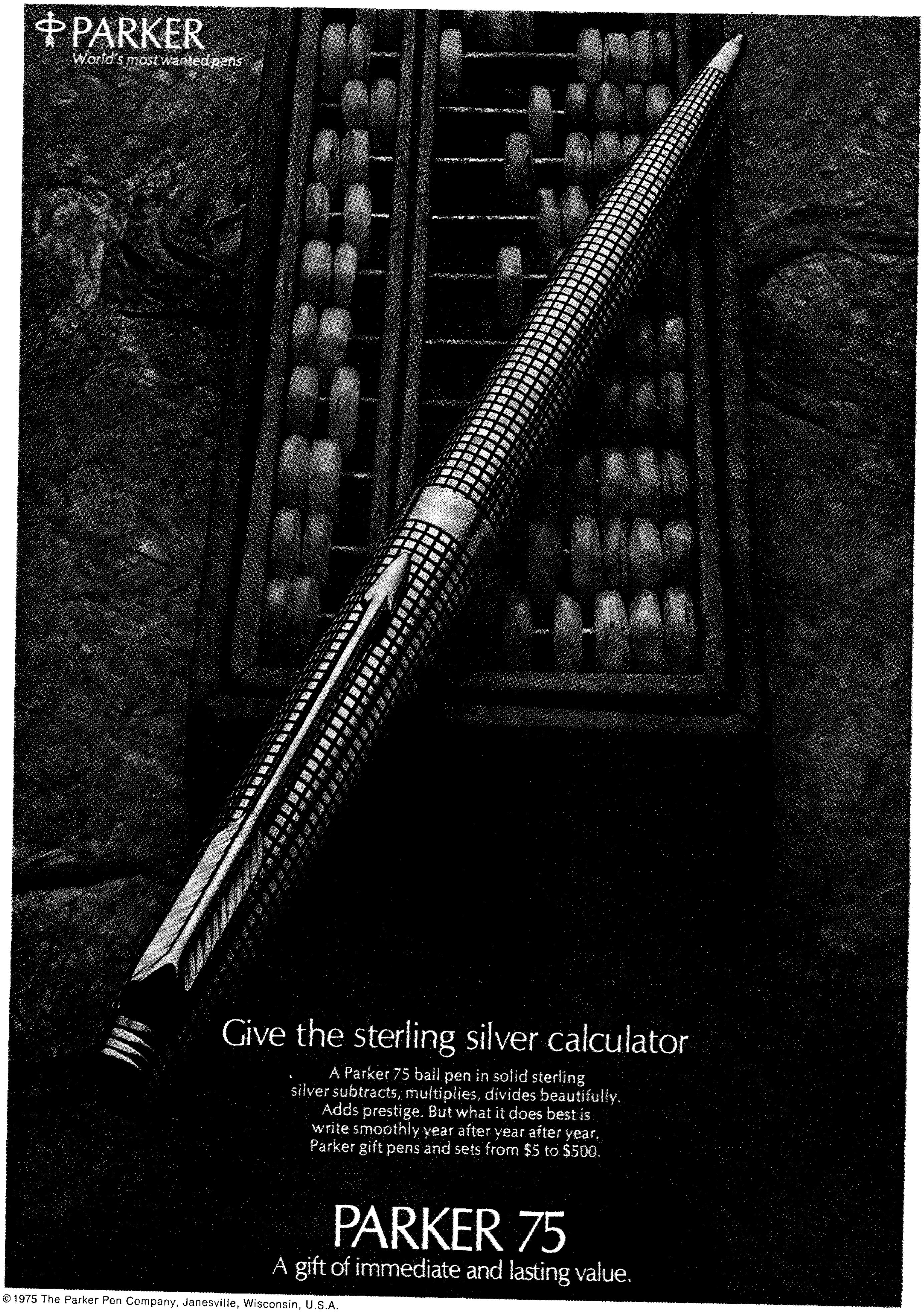
The Jolson Story (1946)—Larry Parks plays Al Jolson as a living embodiment of all the virtues enumerated in the Boy Scout oath. His only conceivable failing is his complete absorption in his work of bringing jazz to the American public. While Parks kneels and wiggles and rolls his eyes, the actual Jolson sings in his familiar gravelly baritone. From most accounts, Al Jolson was about the opposite of everything this picture shows him to be, but despite the pious falsehoods it had enough energy to be a big hit. Directed by Alfred E. Green; with Evelyn Keyes, William Demarest, and Bill Goodwin. (Ziegfeld.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 4-5.)

Just Before Nightfall—Claude Chabrol's mask of prankish cynicism may be one of the most foxing visages in modern cinema. This film, written by him from a novel by Edouard Atiyah, is ostensibly about a sadomasochist killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol, who may be more serious in his seeming conceits about holy idiots than he has ever wanted us to believe. In French. (8/4/75) (Paris; starting Sept. 10.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated





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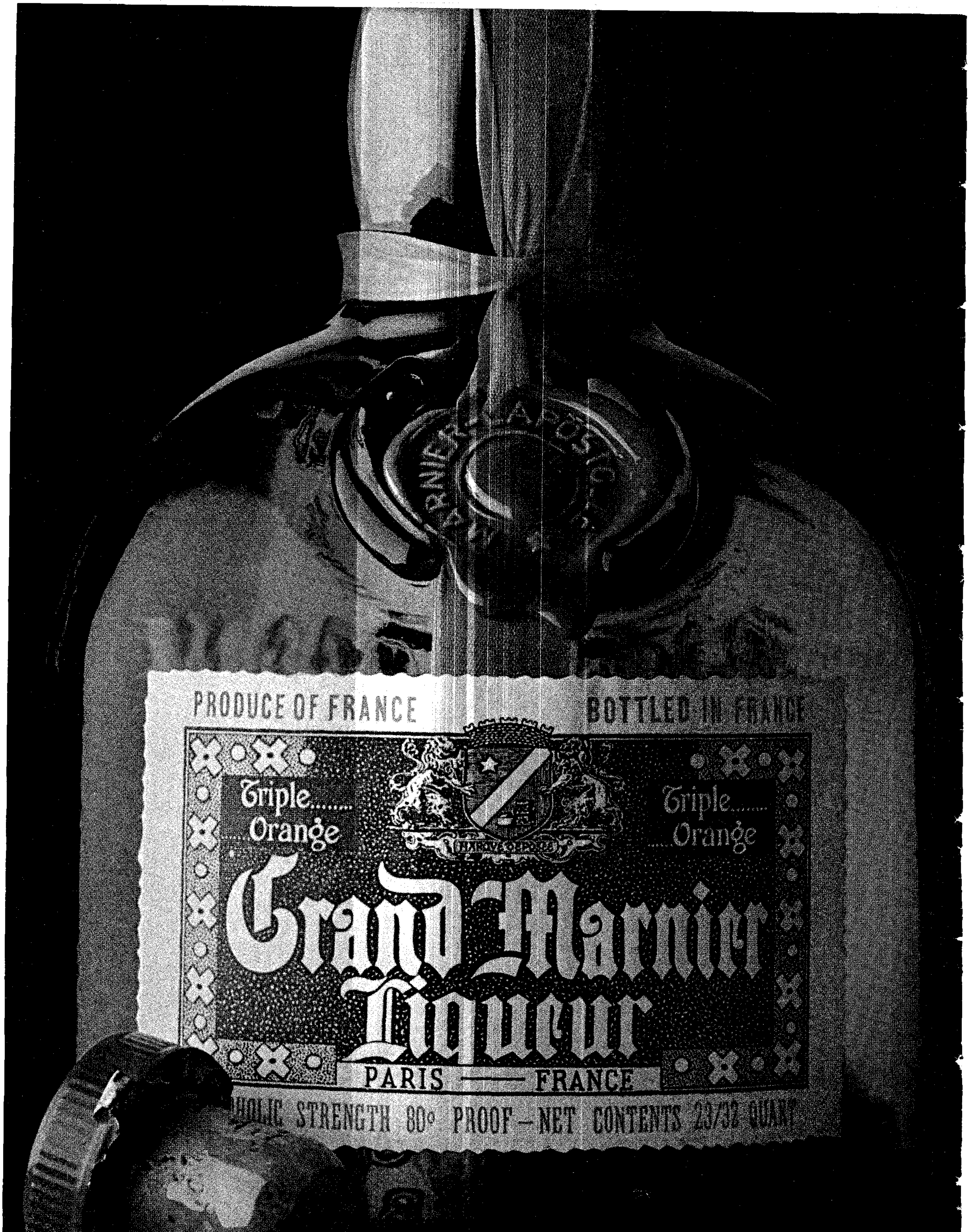
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village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Sept. 4 and 11.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 3.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (2/11/74) (Greenwich.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; starting Sept. 10.)

The Little Rascals—Eight of the Hal Roach "Our Gang" shorts, including the 1936 Academy Award winner "Bored of Education." (Cinema Village.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-la, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Love Flower (1920)—One of D. W. Griffith's lesser efforts—an "idyllic" romance featuring what used to be called "young love under tropic skies." Richard Barthelmess is a wandering sailor who lands on a South Sea island and discovers Carol Dempster; she lives there alone with her father, a fugitive who has killed his wife's lover. The film was shot in the Bahamas, and there are underwater swimming scenes, in case anyone thought Griffith had overlooked that possibility. (Elgin; Sept. 10.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Elgin; Sept. 7, one performance, at noon.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

Mitchell—With Joe Don Baker and Martin Balsam, directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (Loews Ciné, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Sept. 10.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Art, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Sept. 9.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

The Old Dark House (1932)—Tremendous fun. This deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the English eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon" but is actually played by a woman.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted;" adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sherriff. (Elgin; Sept. 3.)

Olympia (1938)—The 1936 Olympics in Berlin, with Hitler in his glory. "Olympia" is only incidentally a great record of the actual games: the director, Leni Riefenstahl, selected shots for their beauty rather than for a documentary record. After eighteen months of editing, she emerged with more than three hours of dazzling quality. One of the two greatest films ever directed by a woman; the other (the infamous "Triumph of the Will") is also by Riefenstahl. Viewed now, "Olympia" is an elegy on the youth of 1936: here they are in their flower, dedicated to the highest ideals of sportsmanship—these young men who were so soon to kill each other. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 10.)

A Pain in the A . .—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) occupying adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. The topic of hotels is the most interesting one to think about here, because of its value to French farce; the film allows one time to muse, though it is comic enough, especially in the lugubriousness of Lino Ventura about the tenacious friendship of Jacques Brel. In French. (9/1/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Pandora's Box (1929)—G. W. Pabst directing the flower-faced Louise Brooks, who does a famous Follies-girl walk across the stage in a theatre scene—all of four steps, but Pabst makes it enough. He always edited everything in his head before shooting. This is Louise Brooks's best-known film, apart from "Diary of a Lost Girl," also made with Pabst. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 8-9.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Elgin; Sept. 7.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Elgin; Sept. 5-6.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (Gramercy; through Sept. 9.)

Privilege (1967)—A jagged vision of England in the grip of show-business idolatry and shady power games. Paul Jones is a pop singer; Jean Shrimpton, as his girl friend, fights for the last vestige of private life in a world of P.R. men, agents, and flesh-trading hacks. Startlingly photographed and edited, and directed by Peter Watkins, with an unmistakable passion for filmmaking. (Elgin; Sept. 9.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Elgin; Sept. 11.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers ladylike Mary Astor. It was remade in 1953 as "Mogambo"—with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady—but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. Harlow is immensely likable. Victor Fleming directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 5-6.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 7-8.)

Report to the Commissioner—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. With Yaphet Koto, giving a respectable performance against all odds, and a twittering blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Cinema Studio, and Thalia; through Sept. 9.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 9.)

The Ritual (1969)—Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand in a film Ingmar Bergman made for Swedish television. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—An intelligent, little-known version of the D. H. Lawrence story. A child (the marvellous John Howard Davies, who also played Oliver Twist in the David Lean film) uses his second sight to rescue his parents; the painful part is that he lacks first sight—the judgment that would enable him to see that they are already destroyed. The enduringly beautiful but not notoriously gifted Valerie Hobson gives her best (maybe her only) performance as his mother. (She is phenomenal in the pawnshop episode.) With John Mills and Ronald Squire. Anthony Pelissier directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 6.)

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hun-

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ger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 8th St. Playhouse, and Symphony.)

Russian Roulette—No click. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Sept. 10.)

Scenes from a Marriage (1974)—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Elgin; Sept. 5-6.)

Seven Sinners (1940)—Marlene Dietrich's name is Bijou in this one, and her theme song is "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby." The picture is a rowdy mediocrity. Bijou, who entertains in a South Seas café, the Seven Sinners, is so attractive to the U.S. Navy that the commander of the fleet finds her a problem. "The Navy has enough destroyers," he says. Tay Garnett's direction keeps the melodrama tolerable, but there's not much glamour in the material. John Wayne is the male lead, and the picture's big moment is a barroom brawl. With Albert Dekker, Broderick Crawford, Anna Lee, and Mischa Auer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 7-8.)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 10-11.)

Shall We Dance (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Regency; starting Sept. 11.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Elgin; Sept. 7.)

She (1935)—Hilarious, terrible, essential. Over the land of Kor rules She (Helen Gahagan Douglas, before her political career), kept young throughout five centuries by her Flame of Eternal Youth. The stagey décor of Kor is in the Art Deco style of Radio City Music Hall, and you keep expecting the Rockettes to turn up. The dialogue, however, belongs to an earlier age: She addresses her uncanny subjects with such lines as "You haunters of darkness, how you try my patience!" A pair of tedious lovebirds (Helen Mack and Randolph Scott) intrude upon the realm, and She, who takes a fancy to Scott and plans to make a human sacrifice of her rival, tries one too many dips in the Flame. No one but H. Rider Haggard could have dreamed up the book; Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden directed. The picture is deadly slow, and those lovebirds could try anybody's patience, but camp like this is a rarity. (Elgin; Sept. 3.)

Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York—Gail Parent's novel is in the form of a fat girl's jokey suicide note, full of one-liners. Parent and her TV writing partner, Kenny Solms, rewrote it for the movies. Now it's the Romance of Liberation. No longer fat but clumsy and easily flustered, Sheila (Jeannie Berlin) comes to New York and meets a handsome doctor (Roy Scheider); it isn't until she becomes a successful career woman that he extricates himself from an involvement with her roommate (Rebecca Dianna Smith) and proposes. The film says that her finding herself entitles her to a first-class fella. It's a shoddy conversion of women's liberation: now the libbers get the princes. Jeannie Berlin, understandably, has nothing to express but bewilderment, and frequently she looks openmouthed comatose. Sidney J. Furie directed. (2/3/75) (Festival, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Sept. 10.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they *look* simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (D. W. Griffith.)

Siddhartha (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Elgin; Sept. 8.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 3-4.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (Music Hall.)

Steppenwolf—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Elgin; Sept. 8.)

La Strada (1954)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 5-6.)

Street of Shame (1956)—Kenji Mizoguchi's ascetic view of the lives of the inhabitants of Tokyo's red-light district, with Machiko Kyo. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 8.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—Mediocre Garbo, though she will always be loved by collectors, even in high-flown garbage like this. With Clark Gable. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9-10.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Regency; through Sept. 6.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Regency; starting Sept. 11.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 9.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers, a telephone operator, has three suitors: Alan Marshal is the millionaire of her dreams, George Murphy is a car salesman sure to get on in the world, and Burgess Meredith is a happy-go-lucky mechanic somewhat loose in the head. The movie is a series of sketches, as the heroine, trying to choose among them, dreams of her future life with each. (Her final choice leaves the viewer skeptical.) A nice detail: when she imagines marrying the millionaire, she sees newspaper headlines announcing her marriage; just under the large type there is a small heading, in quite insig-

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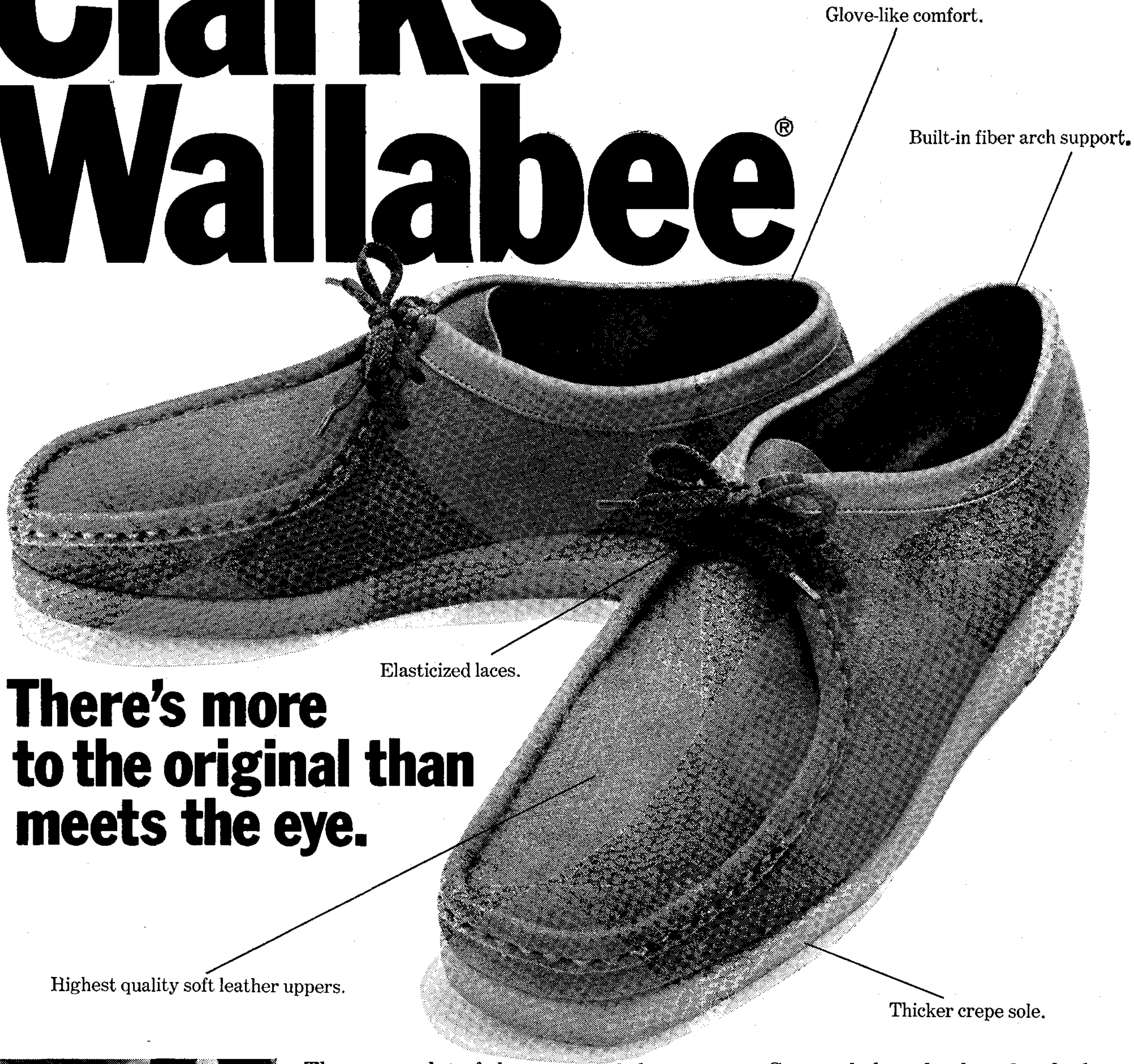
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nificant type, reading, "Adolf Hitler Assassinated." Garson Kanin directed this Cinderella comedy from a script by Paul Jarrico. It's a little too jaunty and much too comfy in its stereotypical assumptions, but a lot of people enjoyed it, and it was remade in 1958 as "The Girl Most Likely." Phil Silvers turns up in a bit. (Regency; Sept. 9-10.)

TOM JONES (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

TOMMY—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 9.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 6-7.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; Sept. 9.)

THE TOUCH (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period. The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best that Bergman has ever made about kinds of love—exact and very touching. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

THE TOWERING INFERNO—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Olympia; through Sept. 9.)

UTAMARO AND HIS FIVE WOMEN (1946)—A Japanese film, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 8.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—A good-natured, unpretentiously entertaining comedy, with Ginger Rogers (supremely likable here) as a nightclub singer who marries an assistant professor of biology (James Stewart). The movie is about the collision of cultures. When the newlyweds arrive at his college town—Old Sharon—they discuss the problem of breaking the news to his parents (Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn), and Ginger finds the perfect solution. "You go tell them how wonderful I am," she says, "and I'll come over later." George Stevens directed in a nice, relaxed style; he and the cast (which includes James Ellison, Grady Sutton, Franklin Pangborn, Jack Carson, Willie Best, and Maude Eburne) all seem to enjoy the silliness. P. J. Wolfson and Ernest Pagano did the script, based on I. A. R. Wylie's story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 4.)

WHITE LINE FEVER—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Kay Lenz, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (Columbia I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 9.)

THE WILBY CONSPIRACY—With Sidney Poitier and Michael Caine, directed by Ralph Nelson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Greenwich. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, and Thalia; through Sept. 9.)

WOMEN IN LOVE (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 6.)

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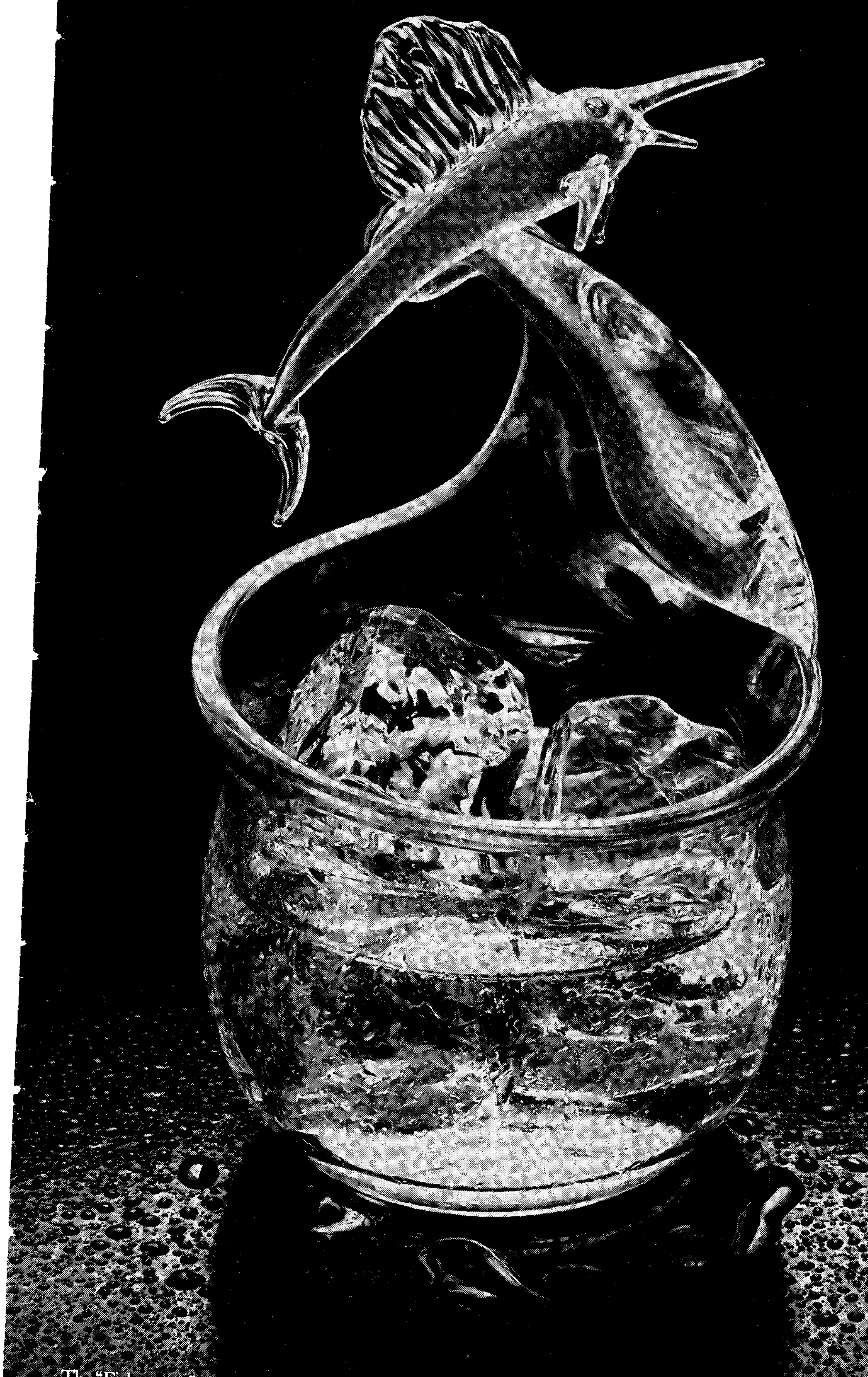

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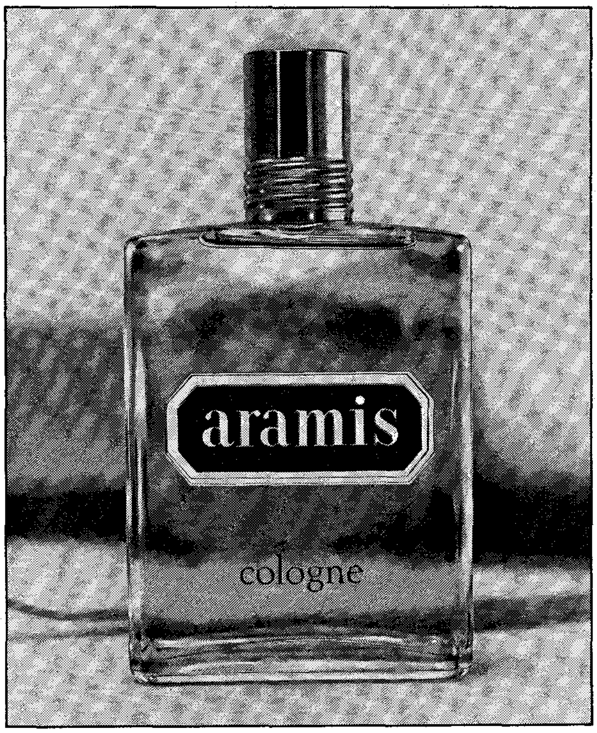

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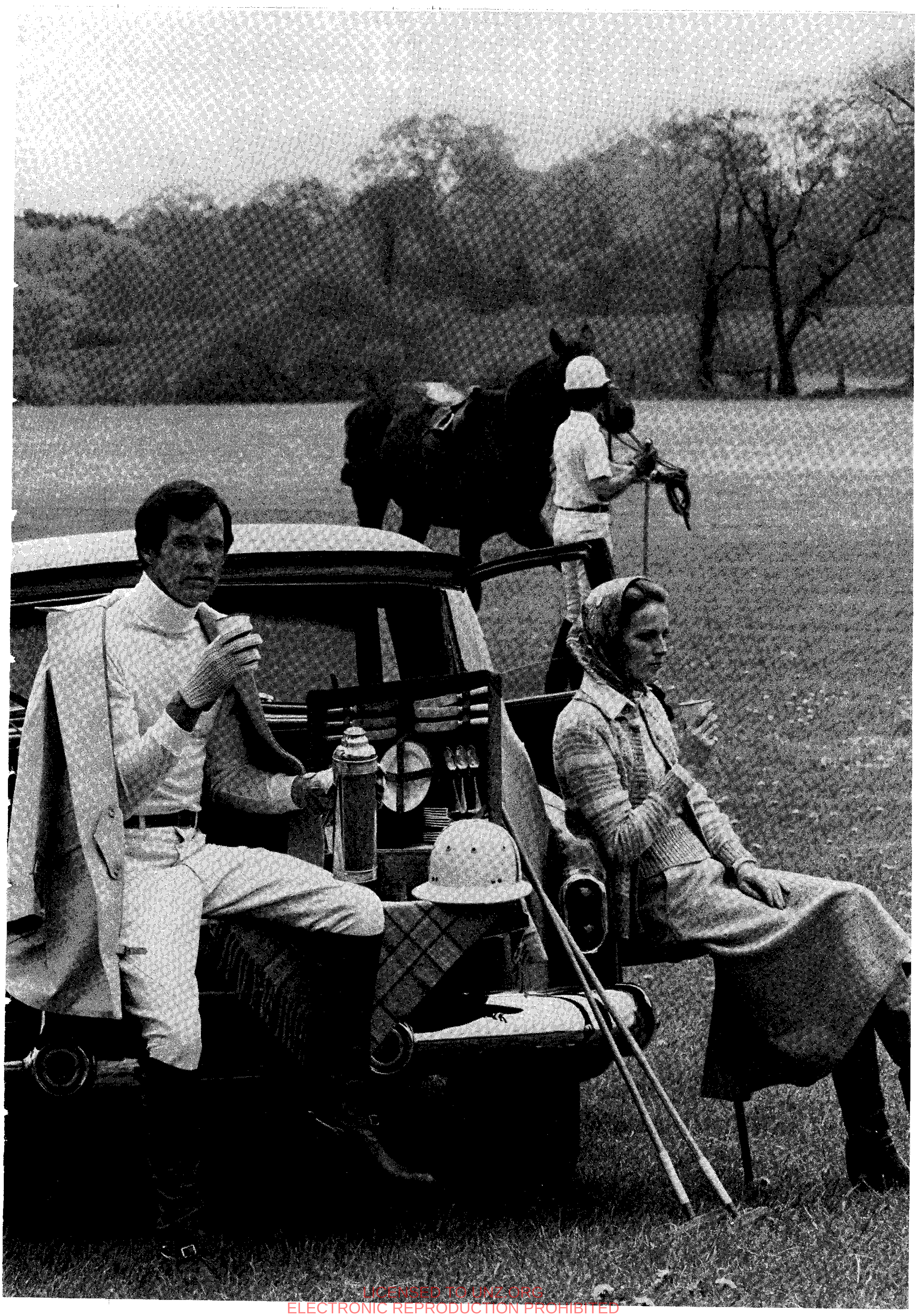

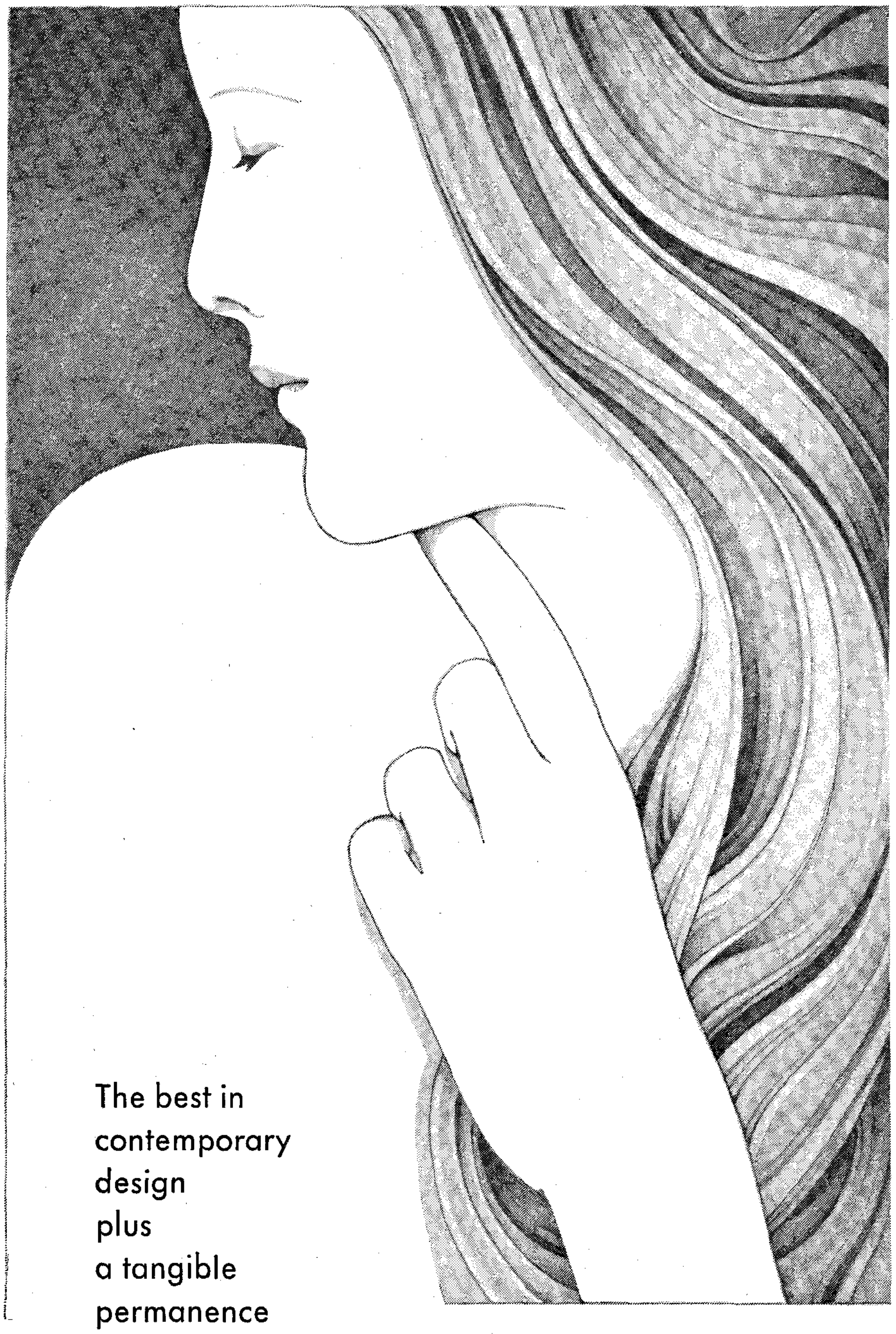

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT seems worth noting that the regime the United States supported in Laos for more than ten years has fallen to the revolutionary forces. The event was reported last week in a story part way down the front page of the *Times*, which began by saying, "The Communist-led Pathet Lao took over Laos today, marking the last chapter in the rise to power of Communist-led movements in Indo-China." On an inside page, another story gave a quick sketch of the history of Laos. "The recent torment of Laos, which was taken over by the Pathet Lao yesterday, follows six centuries of feudal rivalries and brief spells of glory, disintegration, tutelage by more potent neighbors," this story said, and it continued, "Not that any of it mattered much to the vast bulk of the ethnically diverse Laotian population, much of which was engaged in subsistence agriculture and clustered in remote villages in the hills, with few roads or other means of communication." The *Times*, as far as we could tell, was one of only a few papers in the United States to give front-page notice to the takeover in Laos. Editorialists around the country were unmoved. The politicians were also silent. No word came from the White House. Congress was in recess.

American interest in Laos, of course, has not always been as weak as this. The government once cared enough about Laos to mount a covert war effort there. Back in the Kennedy years, the fate of Laos mattered so intensely to the government that many observers were afraid that events there might lead to an outbreak of hostilities with Russia and China. As we read the *Times* story, our thoughts went back to a description of the American war effort published in 1972 in a book called "Voices from the Plain of Jars," by Fred Branfman, who worked for International Voluntary Services, an organization funded by U.S.A.I.D., in Laos in the nineteen-sixties, and who later became active in the movement to end the war. Branfman wrote, "Every day, for five and a half years, man's most sophisticated machines of war were sent to hover in multilayered orbit over the towns and villages of the Plain of Jars: light spotter planes at 2,000 feet; prop bombers, gunships, and flareships at 5,000 feet; jet bombers, photo reconnaissance, and electronic craft at 10,000 feet; supertankers at 20,000 feet; and computerized electronic Command and Control aircraft at 35,000 feet, coordinating the bombers and gunships below. Every day for five and a half years, the reconnaissance and electronic aircraft would film and track the people below; the jet and prop bombers would bomb them with white phosphorous, fragmentation, ball-bearing, and fléchette anti-personnel bombs, immediate and delayed-action high explosives; the gunships and spotter planes would strafe them with machine gun fire." Branfman went on to ask some questions—questions whose answers seem more elusive than ever now that the American interest in Indo-China has dwindled to indifference and the multilayered aerial-war machine has flown away from the Plain of Jars: "What does it mean when leaders of the richest and most technologically advanced nation in history use all their weaponry short of nuclear arms against rice farmers who pose the most marginal of challenges to their interests? When they deprive their own citizens of so many billions of dollars in order to wage a secret automated war halfway across the globe, bombing a sparsely populated, rural land of which their own people are but dimly aware?"

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Allegro Vivace

"THIS is one-oh-four-point-three, WQIV, New York, which will resume broadcasting the wonderful WNCN sound at exactly eight P.M. Please stay tuned." The voice was that of an announcer named Oscar Buhler, and we were in the studios of WQIV-FM, on West Forty-fifth Street, watching him—through a pane of glass—work at a control panel. His announcement preceded by a few minutes the return to the air, on Monday, August 25th, of a classical-music "format" that had been missing from FM radio in New York for almost ten months. Around us were some former staff members of WNCN-FM and several members of the WNCN Listeners' Guild, which was formed last year to restore WNCN. Some people frowned. Others smiled. Everyone looked expectant. A young man remarked that the events of that evening represented a landmark in broadcasting in this country. What had happened, in effect, was that a radio-station format, after having been laid to rest by the station's owners, had been resurrected through the efforts of its listeners. The steps leading up to this outcome were so varied, complex, and partisan that they might seem like something out of either "Götterdämmerung" or "Happy End," depending on one's viewpoint. In May, 1973, WNCN, which had been broadcasting classical music for sixteen years, was acquired by the Starr Broadcasting Group. In August, 1974, William F. Buckley, Jr., the chairman of Starr's board of directors, announced to the press that the station would change its call letters to WQIV and would convert to a progressive-rock format. Listeners' groups were formed, petitions were signed, and legal battles were joined in an effort to prevent the change. Nevertheless, on November 7, 1974, the transformation took place, and WQIV came into existence as a progressive-rock station. (Its first selection, at 11 A.M. on November 7th, was the Electric Light Orchestra's recording of "Roll Over, Beethoven.") WNCN's listeners continued their legal battles, however, and the situation grew murky and sometimes acrimonious. Over the next few months, the WNCN Listeners' Guild filed numerous pleadings with the Federal Communications Commission. In March, 1975, Mr. Buckley wrote to Kristin Booth Glen, the counsel for the Guild, "You and your phony committee . . . have grand jacobinical thoughts to pursue, and you are quite blunt in saying that you intend to persecute Starr Broadcasting irrespective of whether we succeed in bringing good music back to New York." Each side predicted that the other would lose, but by the start of this summer it had become clear—to insiders, at least—what would happen. Three weeks ago, the GAF Corporation announced that it had agreed to buy the station, to restore the classical-music format, to consider rehiring WNCN's personnel, to operate under the old call letters, and to form a citizens' advisory panel. The Federal Communications Commission must approve all this, however, and that may take several months. For the present, the station will continue to be known as WQIV and will be operated as a classical-music station by Starr.

At eight o'clock on that Monday evening, a tape on which Mr. Buckley announced the return of WNCN's format was played. It was followed by the "Resurrexit" from Bach's B-Minor Mass. People in the studios began to relax. Sound came over the studio speakers, but one young woman drifted past us wondering aloud whether the sound was going over the air. (It was.) "I feel as though I've never been away," David Dubal told us. He used to be—and is again—the station's program director. "Everything looks and feels just the same. And listen! The *texture* is what's so important in the WNCN sound. The Bach will be followed by an orchestral work of Rossini's. It couldn't *possibly* be followed by another choral work. That would be *all wrong*."

We spoke for a moment with Robert Schack, the president of the WNCN Listeners' Guild, who told us that Starr Broadcasting had laid off most of the personnel who had been involved with the station's rock programming, giving them six weeks' pay. "We feel sorry for the QIV people who have been thrown out of work," he said. "But our grievance was never with them. It was with the station's management. As for WQIV's former listeners, it seems likely that many of them will turn to WNEW-FM, which broadcasts progressive rock quadraphonically twenty-four hours a day, or to the six other FM rock stations in this area."

Later, we stopped by a celebratory party that was being held in the home of Henry and Gail Morrison, on West Tenth Street. They are literary agents who have been associated with the WNCN Listeners' Guild since its formation, in 1974. People were milling about, looking jubilant. Someone told us that the champagne was all gone. A radio was tuned to 104.3. A man walked past us wearing a button that read "Allegro Vivace—WNCN AGAIN." Posters propped against a wall read "WNCN WILL LIVE!" We mingled with several groups of laughing, smiling people and eventually spoke with Gail Morrison, who told us that she and her husband had come in from the country in order to make their house available for the party. "The change has taken nearly a year, and people have worked tremendously hard," she said. "But at last we can be part of something that succeeded. The airwaves really *do* belong to the people. Did you realize that the Listeners' Guild was able to get more than a hundred thousand signatures on its petition? And you should have seen the letters people would write! Many said that they had cried when WNCN went off the air. People would say that they were on welfare but would send a dollar anyway. Blind people wrote in, and so did sick people, old people, young people, students, longshoremen—all *sorts* of people."

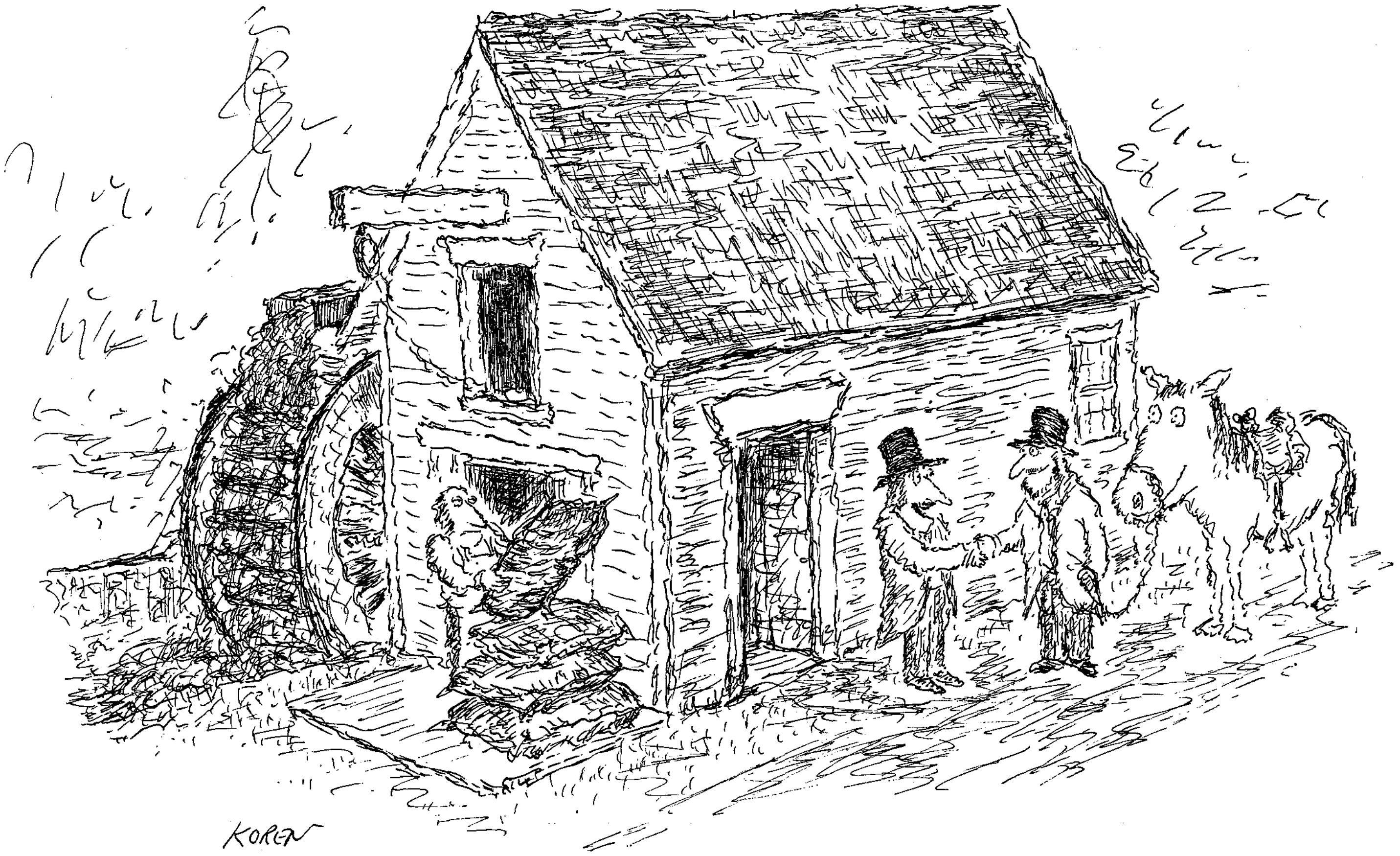
"Personally, I'm tone deaf," said Mr. Morrison, who had strolled over to join us. "But I think I see what these people are getting at—they're really big on classical music."

Artpark

THE latest thing in arts centers is Artpark, a twelve-million-dollar, two-hundred-acre development on a landfill area and reclaimed chemical dump in Lewiston, New York, about six miles down the Niagara River from Niagara Falls. Artpark's promoters proclaim it the nation's first *complete* arts center, because its program includes both the performing and the visual arts. In its first full season of operation, this summer (last year's official opening was July 25th), Artpark has presented the Bolshoi Ballet, Joseph Papp's production of "Hamlet," the New York City Opera, the Joffrey Ballet, and other spectacles, great and small, while its artists-in-residence program has offered a living allowance and a salary of three hundred dollars a week to some thirty live and by no means arrière-garde artists. Each artist comes for several weeks, creates a work or works *in situ*, and takes his work away again (if it is movable) when the season ends, on September 21st. The park got about fifteen thousand visitors a week at the peak of the summer, a lot of whom seem to have had as much fun watching the artists-at-work—and occasionally lending them a hand—as they had attending the more formal performances.

How all this came about was explained to us last week by Artpark's acting executive director, a personable young man named David Midland, over lunch at the Frontier House in Lewiston. It was sort of an accident, he said. Ever since 1957, when the town of Niagara Falls, Ontario, legalized liquor sales in bars and restaurants, Niagara Falls, New York, had been losing some of its tourist dollars. About ten years ago, seeking ways to reverse this flow, the late Earl W. Brydges, then the majority leader of the New York State Senate and a resident of the area, put his political weight behind a plan for an arts center in Lewiston. The original plan envisaged an outdoor amphitheatre for historical pageants. (Lewiston has a colorful history: the portage around the Falls began here, in the days when this was the main water route westward, and the town was considered strategic enough to be burned by the British in the War of 1812.) This idea was subsequently amended in favor of a twenty-four-hundred-seat indoor theatre for theatre, opera, dance, and music. The site was designated a state park, and construction began in 1969. The theatre was finished in 1973, whereupon what Midland called a "gross misunderstanding" came to light.

A local citizens' group was expecting to run the center with a large state subsidy. The state authorities thought that if they were going to shell out that much money they should run the place themselves. The upshot was that the New York State Office of Parks and Recreation took over the theatre and subsequently decided, in line with a proposal put forward by a consultant named Omar Lerman, to expand the project by adding nature trails, picnic grounds, fishing docks on the fast-moving river, and, somewhat surprisingly, artists-in-residence. Governor Rockefeller approved the proposal, an-



"Well, back to the old grindstone."

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other million and a half dollars was appropriated, and the Natural Heritage Trust, a public-benefit corporation set up by the state, assumed administrative control.

To Dale McConathy, a former magazine writer and art dealer, who was hired as Artpark's first executive director, "artists-in-residence" implied turning the site into a "laboratory," where electronic, video, process, and earth artists and other advanced art types could carry out their experiments *en plein air*. Then, last summer, the air, or *air*, was rent by pre-opening administrative discord. David Midland, who was general manager of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was brought in a couple of weeks before opening day to untangle the various snarls that had developed, and eventually he replaced McConathy. But those who predicted that the artists-in-residence program was doomed were also victims of a gross misunderstanding. A young man whom Midland found to run the visual-arts end of things this summer, David H. Katzive, invited four of last season's artists to come back and continue their work; one of them was Max Neuhaus, who has wired up the parking lot so that incoming motorists produce, all unwittingly, their own electronic "compositions" of sound as they maneuver for an open slot. Katzive's other invitations went to people like Rockne Krebs, who has laced the sky above the park with laser beams.

Katzive, whose regular job is director of the Division of Education of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, took us on a tour of the park after lunch. We inspected earth artist Charles Simonds' "Growth House," a fortlike edifice made of burlap bags filled with dirt and seeds, many of which had sprouted; Simonds' thought is that later in September he and the local citizens who helped on the project will return and harvest the crop. Next, we admired Florida artist Jim Roche's scarab-shaped sculpture garden, composed of tree trunks, conch shells, horseshoe-crab shells, starfish, shark jaws, painted rocks, plastic flowers, plastic alligators, plastic snakes, wooden ducks, and three-inch cosmetic mirrors. "I was afraid there might be some vandalism here, but nothing's been touched," Katzive said. "Roche said the place's 'spiritual strength' would protect it, and he seems to have been right."

Moving on, we descended through a sort of wooden scaffolding, called "ArtEl," where various artists in film, fabric, inflatable plastic logs, and puppetry were not at that moment achieving major breakthroughs, to a greensward below, where some large bent-pipe sculptures by Forrest Myers held sway. Myers was on hand—tall, craggy, and wearing a brilliantly patterned red shirt.

How were things, we asked him.

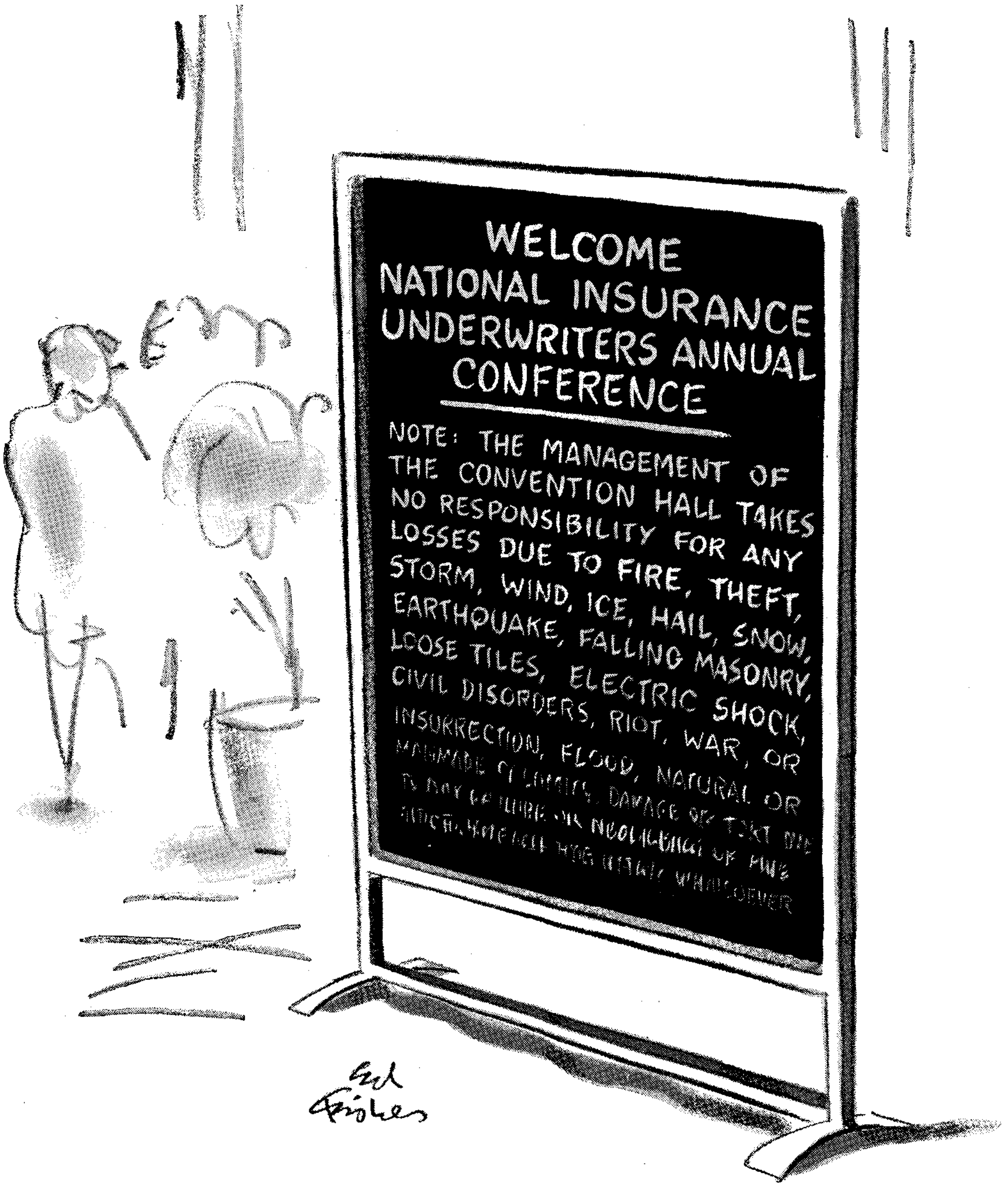
"Things are great," he said. "I really love this place. It's what artists are always talking about in New York—somewhere you can go in the summer and work outdoors. I quit drinking, I run every day, I'm even getting a tan."

We asked about people's reactions to his sculptures.

"Not too bad," he said. "A lot of questions like 'What is it?' I try to explain how I take metal tubes and bend them around until I get some kind of shape I think is interesting, and they can usually accept that. The people who come here are the same people who go to Niagara Falls or Marineland, and they look at me as if I'm a dolphin or something. I think the whole thing is just great."

Katzive commandeered a golf cart and took us down a trail that followed the Niagara River Gorge. Dark-green, dangerous-looking water formed whirlpools and eddies to our right; artworks of paper, bronze, wood, and firehoses enriched the rocky escarpment to our left. After that, we saw the Visitor Center, where a "Video Jukebox" offered videotapes of the visual artists discussing their work (we heard Jim Roche explain that you didn't have to know what Clement Greenberg or Barbara Rose or other critics had said about his sculpture garden in order to relate to it), and then Katzive showed us the Artpark Theatre, where the Joffrey Ballet was rehearsing. Tickets for the ballet and for most of the other performances in the theatre, we learned, are priced at a flat three dollars (some are free) and sold on a first-come-first-served basis, and many performances have been sold out. Ticket sales and parking charges ($1.50) revert to the Office of Parks and Recreation, which earmarked seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for this season's operating budget. In midseason, the Office asked for more, and the State Legislature directed the New York State Council on the Arts to provide a special Artpark appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars as an advance on next season's budget—a decision that has been sharply criticized as a political intrusion on the Council's authority. But as Midland and his associates see it, the basic concept of Parks Office funding, along with some supplemental grants from other sources, public and private, is an important innovation that could apply to other arts centers as well.

One of Artpark's most appealing features, Katzive said, was its commingling of art and recreation. "We get people who come back here day after day," he told us. "They stay with one artist until he's finished, and then they go on to another one. The artists set their own pace. We don't demand that they be on the job all the time, or anything like that—all we expect is that they'll work with the site, and that they'll be able to talk freely with people. The great thing about this place is that it's just the opposite of a museum or a culture garden. We're not preserving objects. The artist assumes responsibility for the site as public land—he's really involved in bringing this place to life."


WELCOME
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Ed Fisher

Edible Décor

ONE nagging issue that the United Nations General Assembly has persistently neglected to confront forthrightly is the "spouse question;" specifically, what do the husbands and wives of United Nations delegates do to keep occupied in New York City while the omphalocentric delegates busy themselves with the fate of the world? Even as these words are written, the distressing fact is that the international body *does not intend* to come to grips with the problem but prefers to shift the debate outside the General Assembly to the lesser-known Hospitality Committee for United Nations Delegations, Inc., which, despite its name, is not even an official United Nations organization. However, we say, "Thank heaven for the Hospitality Committee!" From time to time, the committee, in its wisdom, arranges to introduce our foreign friends to the city's quaint local customs, so it was inevitable that the wives of delegates would someday get the chance to witness native artisans at work creating edible table centerpieces. This finally happened the other morning at the Third Avenue restaurant called Daly's Dandelion, where about fifty United Nations delegates' wives crowded into a back room for brunch and a lecture-demonstration by George Cothran, professional florist, who explored the topic "Today's Decoration—Tomorrow's Lunch."

When we arrived, it seemed that everyone at Daly's Dandelion was all smiles—particularly Mrs. Gene Barnes, a friend of the Hospitality Committee who greeted guests at the door. Mrs. Barnes welcomed the wife of a delegate from India by asking how she felt, and the woman replied that she felt fine. After the Indian woman had gone to her seat, Mrs. Barnes explained, "She's always such a sight for sore eyes in her lovely saris, but on the way up to New Milford, Connecticut, where we took a lot of the women recently to see a country-kitchen shop, she got a bit carsick. However, protocol prevailed throughout, and she was a perfect lady."

Mrs. Barnes directed us to a small table, where we sat with Graciela Track, the wife of the cultural attaché of the Venezuelan Mission; her daughter Sabrina; and Poong-ja Chong, the wife of the second secretary in the South Korean group of observers.

GOD
BLESS THIS
HOUSE

"For most people, plain old-fashioned contentment would be enough. But not for you. For you, it has to be joy."

• •

Señora and Señorita de Track speak little English and no Korean. Mrs. Chong apologetically explained that she had forgotten most of her Spanish. They smiled at each other politely. Soon Alice Baker, the president of the Hospitality Committee, took a seat at the table and, in fluent Spanish, explained to the Tracks the concept of "Today's Decoration—Tomorrow's Lunch." Then Mrs. Baker explained to us the concept of the Hospitality Committee. "We are a nonprofit organization of unpaid volunteers set up to serve two thousand delegates and six hundred wives and children," she said. "The U.N. is really an international group, and their business is with each other. Since they are in America, we want them to have American experiences. We take the wives all over the place—to cosmetic demonstrations, to fashion shows, to see how Steinway pianos are made, to see how furs are handled. The Russians tend to like to go to factories to see how cars are built—things like that. What we really want to do is to insure that the diplomats have a chance to see the way average Americans live. We take trips to Mystic, Connecticut; Chester County, Pennsylvania; the Delaware Valley; and Westport, Connecticut."

As Mrs. Baker spoke, she pointed out various countries that were represented at Daly's Dandelion. "There's Thailand, Nepal, Swaziland, Indonesia, Ghana, and Japan, and behind you there's New Zealand, Rumania, and Israel, and over there the United Arab Emirates," she said. "We make a real effort—oh, Paraguay's here—to get a diversity of people together. Today's topic is of interest to everyone, because all nationalities are interested in seeing each other's homes and what food we serve. We also go to see jewels at Harry Winston's—there's Togo and Madagascar. Everything you would want to see in New York, we try to show."

After the waiters removed the breakfast plates—scrambled eggs and bacon—Mrs. Barnes stood at one end of the room and introduced Mr. Cothran. "He's had so many years of experience in floral arrangement that it would take hours to tell about it," she said. Mr. Cothran and an associate, Ray Kohn, had come well prepared. First, Mr. Cothran went to work with a watermelon that he had previously hollowed out after carving a piece of the rind out of the top of the melon. "Save the melon balls and the rind for pickling—that's tomorrow's lunch—and place the remaining melon on a Styrofoam base," he said. "I like to use green foliage *inside* the melon, because it sets off nicely the green on the *outside* of the melon, and then I place the lid of the melon upright back inside. Now I'm sticking carnations—in shades of pink and red—into the watermelon. The stems will do very well in the juice of the watermelon." When Mr. Cothran finished, the floral arrangement was passed along a narrow aisle between the tables to enable people in the back of the room to see his handiwork.

While Mr. Kohn worked on an arrangement of oranges and marigolds, Mr. Cothran began to make "roses" from ears of corn. "We break the corncob in half," said Mr. Cothran, breaking a corncob in half, "and instead of throwing away the shuck, we just peel it back, finally trimming it to give the appearance of the petals of a rose. We then arrange the corn among our greenery." After several demi-ears of corn had been integrated into a large mass of edible greens, Mrs. Barnes passed this creation around the room. "Don't those look like roses?" she asked no one in particular. What Mrs. Barnes said looked like roses actually looked strikingly like ears of corn that had been broken and stuck in with bunches of romaine, escarole, and Bibb lettuce.

Candlesticks disguised as artichokes became Mr. Cothran's next project, and Mr. Kohn, meanwhile, had completed his oranges and marigolds. "The goal here is to get a silhouette of marigolds, and then the oranges work as the main feature of the arrangement," he said. "But you *must* have the proper tools for this one. Start with a piece of oasis—that's green foam that holds water—and surround it with chicken wire. Then spike your oranges. You need strong spikes, or else you're going to lose the whole thing. Set the oranges solidly into the oasis. If you don't think you have the proper spikes, ask any florist." Mr. Kohn intermingled the oranges and marigolds just the way he wanted them, and then gave the centerpiece to Mrs. Barnes, who carried it down the aisle, to the accompaniment of applause. She stopped to explain oasis and spikes to a woman from Indonesia but was tripped up trying to articulate the idea of chicken wire.

SPEEDBOAT

"YOU call that *ninety degrees?*" he said. It was one of the many unanswerable things he used to say. I hadn't really called it ninety degrees. He had asked me to fly a ninety-degree turn. I had turned ninety-four. "Watch it. Watch it. Watch it," he said. Silence. One knows instantly, or not at all, what Watch it is a warning of. More silence. Turns. Suddenly he grasped my wrist. I jumped. "Christ!" he shouted. "I been telling you to relax."

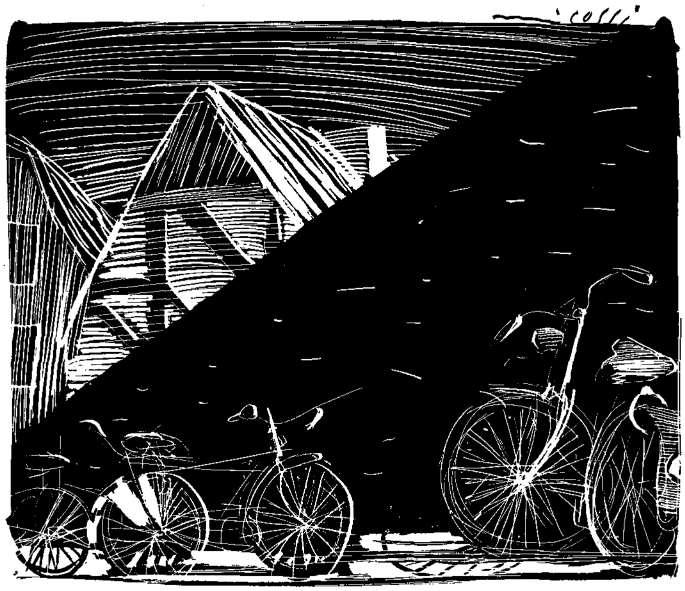
The students at our flight school are businessmen, veterans of Vietnam, two wives, three secretaries, a schoolboy, a Jesuit priest, and me. On clear days, the traffic over our small field is dense. Some of the veterans, who want to be professional pilots of all sorts, fly helicopters here. Planes are lined up in the sky to land, on the runway to take off. Bush pilots settle in the hills, and seaplanes on the pond. All around, helicopters keep leaping up and down. Now and then, one hears, from nowhere visible, a quavering voice. "Penrose," it says by radio, "this is Six Two Uniform. Can you help me out. I'm lost." The tower is calm. "Any familiar landmarks, Six Two Uniform?" Sorry. No. The tower asks for a description of any highways the lost pilot sees below; then, gradually, brings him in. I had not expected lost pilots to be a frequent problem in the air. I wondered, though, whether anyone, above the runway all alone, had ever feared and then refused to land. "Oh, sometimes they hesitate so long we think we're going to have to shoot them down," the instructor said. "But they run out of gas."

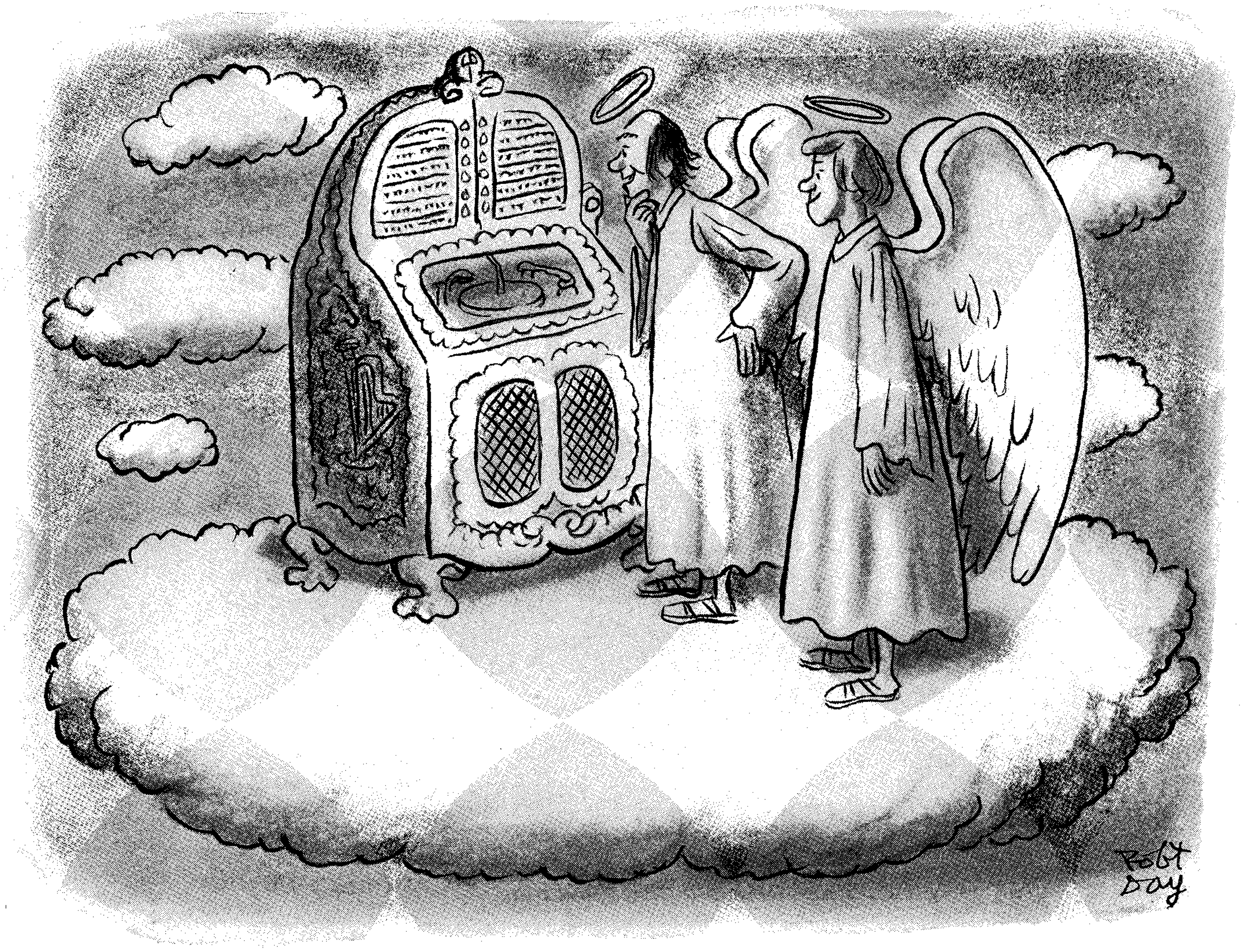
The instructor is irritable, nearly always. He has taught pilots in World War II and the Korean war. He considers it part of his professional manner now to bark. A natural fighter pilot can solo after his first eight hours of instruction; after flying solo for another eight, he can just plain fly. All of us would be washouts as fighter pilots, certainly. The Jesuit, who, like the instructor, studies Chinese cooking in his spare time, tried to endear himself to the instructor with the present of a wok. The instructor was briefly pleased, but his bad temper, on the whole, is incorruptible. Not since the worst, dread days of school have I heard this electric alternation of instructions to Watch it, Watch out, Pay attention, Hurry, Listen, Keep your mind on what you're doing, Hold it, Quit trying too hard, and, of course, Relax.

I fly solo these days, mostly in Three Nine Tango. I take off, turn left, turn left, turn left a third and fourth time, land, speed down the runway, take off, four lefts, land again, take off. That's what we all do; it's called touch-and-go. The reason, though, that I never practice any other thing is this: I land funny. Not roughly or dangerously, just a bit canted or askew. I am also really scared of crosswind gusts. "You don't have to *arrive*," the instructor said, bitterly, when I must have seemed to him to concentrate too gravely, on a windy day. "You're just supposed to land." Back in the early days, when we would practice stalls and spins, I nearly did give up. To stall, you deliberately climb too sharply, until you feel the engine cough. The plane shivers slightly. That's a stall. It is time to push the nose down and the throttle fully up. This process violates every natural instinct. R. D. Laing aside, it seems to be the only way to level off. Since it seems so wrong to drop a plane's nose and accelerate, when the horizon has already vanished underneath the wings and the whole machine is clearly under strain, I used to dive a bit too soon, to get it over with. "You. Didn't. Feel. No. Stall," the instructor would say, with enraged precision, as though he were about to leave and slam the door. Except that in a dive at a thousand feet, of course, he can't.

"That red light was on there," I said, pointing to a small light, which was still blinking on the panel. "It says Stall." A long silence. "Nobody. Told. You. To. Look. At. Any. Light," he said.

IT is no longer as clear as it was why I am in this flight school. Driving from the city to green places, it is acknowledged, takes too long. Flying is faster. Sam, who would be a less unlikely pilot than I am, says he hasn't got enough certain free hours to take it up again. There is also in my mind the memory of a poem the Speech Arts coach recited, with great feeling and the purest diction, to our high-school elocution class. "Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth/And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings/And done a hundred things/You have not dreamed of./Wheeled and soared and swung/Up, up the long, delirious burning blue," and so on. "Put out my hand and touched," the last line ended, "the face of God." Well. It wasn't Wallace Stevens. But at "touched," each time, the Speech Arts coach's voice broke. The poem had been written by a young American pilot who fought in World War II. He crashed, unfortunately. Tino Bellardinelli, our All-State running back, was unmoved by this poem; he implacably chewed his toothpick. But another poem got to him. "There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood,/Touch of manner, hint of mood;/And my heart is like a rhyme,/With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time./The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry/Of bugles going by./And my lonely spirit thrills," and so on. And Agnes Betty Cotts, who had gone through the first eleven years of her schooling in some twilight of sexuality and inattention, became lofty, intellectual, and fierce with this: "So live, that when thy summons comes to join/The innumerable caravan which moves/To that mysterious realm, where each shall take/His chamber in the silent halls of death,/Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,/Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed/By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave/Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch/





"What'll it be? 'My Blue Heaven,' 'I Married an Angel,' 'Over the Rainbow,' or 'When the Saints Go Marching In'?"

• •

About him," etc. The Speech Arts coach worked with such diligence and faith on thirty juniors (who had before been known to mutter, derisively, "*The Brain*," when anyone so much as spoke distinctly in their midst) that all of them subsequently went to college, each with an awful favorite poem in his heart. All of us, too, stared into a profound distance and, for years, dwelled upon this problem: "For if a man should dream of heaven and, waking, find in his hand a flower as a token that he had really been there, what then? What then?"

Well, I don't know what then. Every autumn, presumably, the scarlet of the maples still thrills Congressman Tino Bellardinelli's lonely spirit like a cry/Of bugles going by. When Agnes Betty Cotts' summons comes to join/The innumerable caravan which moves/To that mysterious realm, she will receive it as a nun and president of a Catholic women's college. I work here at the newspaper. Sooner or later, though, I guess I was bound to slip the surly bonds of earth/And dance the skies on the laughter-silvered wings of Six Two Uniform or Three Nine Tango.

"TAKE off everything except your slip," the nurse said. "Doctor will be with you in a moment." Nobody under forty-five, in twenty years, had worn a slip, but nurses invariably gave this instruction.

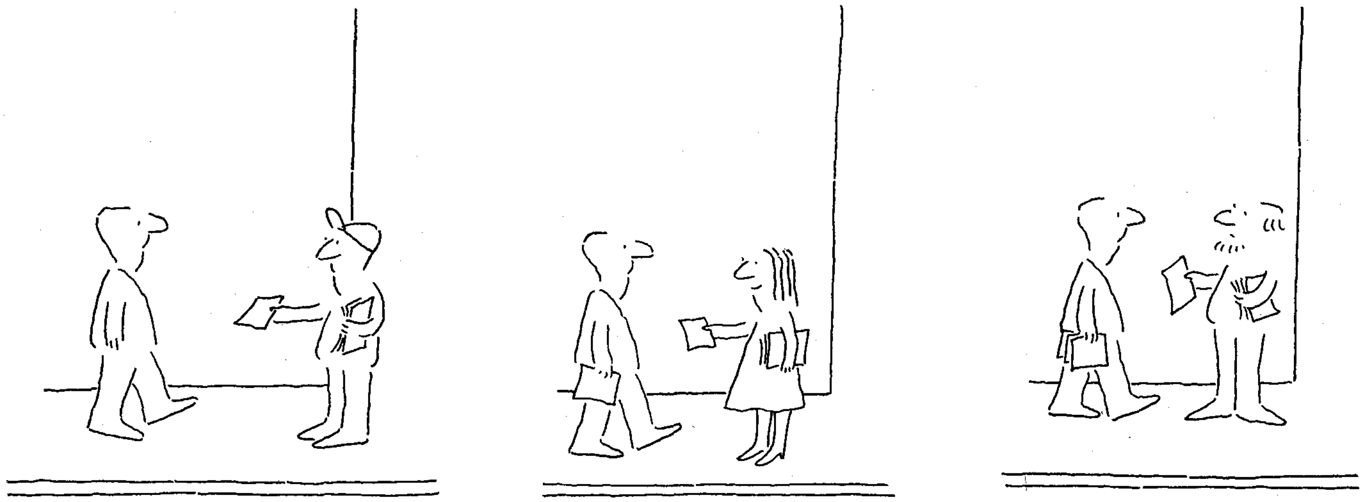
"STOP. Stop. Stop. Stop," the moderator of the talk show said. They had been taping a panel. The Indo-Chinese lesbian restaurant owner, who was holding her fish-sauces cookbook, resumed a dignified, offended silence. The crisp, cold, bracing writer was drunk, and raving to the savage pundit. The French film-archivist was talking, with delight, to the Bulgarian movie personality from California, who was about to sell, in stores across the country, the product of her secret formula for face creams. "That," said the French film-archivist, squinting through his smoke, and scattering more ashes onto his vest and trousers, "is a house of another color."

"Horse," the nine-year-old star of television commercials said.

"I know exactly what you mean," said the lady critic, who had been trying to find her way into the conversation somehow. "*Exactement* what you mean, Émile," she added, patting the Frenchman's arm. The rock musician, however, spoke at the same moment. "*Tu parles*," he said, amiably. It was his favorite (in fact, his only) French expression. For Italians, he had "*Ecco*" and "*S'immagini;*" for Germans, "*Sowas*" and "*Unglaublich.*" He had travelled widely. In this case, he said, "*Tu parles*, Monsieur Blin."

"Stop," the moderator said again. The nine-year-old sulked.

The gentleman critic was now in his cups and muttering. Seven years ago,



an obscure Southern writer by the critic's own name had been chosen for an international colloquium on modern humor, which was held in Seoul, Korea. It had not been widely covered in the press. Certainly there had been an error. Certainly the invitation had gone to the wrong—the obscure and unintended—Herbert Course. No publication, however, had called attention to the matter. In the critic's mind, the outrage had assumed immense proportions, as a parable of the monstrous in contemporary life. His divorce, his conversion to the politics and the literature of alienation had been but one result.

"Of course, you have right," said the Frenchman, in serene misunderstanding. "When I have eighteen, I go in Natalie." He seemed to be speaking of a visit to Turkish relatives in Anatolia. "I have eat something. It give me a terrible pain. In my tripes."

"Lord, yes," said the quarterback, warmly. He was already a lay preacher. He had just made a large investment in organic dog foods. The lights dimmed. The tape and the cameras had been off for several minutes. "Exhausted?" the curator of the Sixties Art Collection was saying to a cameraman who stood there. "My dear, I was drained."

I HAVE been writing speeches for a politician. Sam, who is a lawyer from Atlanta, has been running the campaign. My normal job is reporting and reviewing at the paper. By mistake, these past few months, I also teach. Normally, left to myself, I am not inclined to work much. To the contrary. "To the contrary" is what the head of the mine workers' union said when he was asked whether he had ordered the murder of a rival and his family. It is hard to know what to the contrary of ordering a murder might, exactly, mean. Sam thinks ordering a birth, perhaps, or else a resurrection. The man was convicted anyway. I have now written "fairly and expeditiously," and "thoroughly and fairly," and "judiciously and seriously," and "care, and thoroughness and honor," and so on, so many times that it may have affected my mind. I eat breakfast fairly and expeditiously. Sam cuts his own hair thoroughly and fairly. It rains judiciously and seriously, with care, and honor, and dignity, in full awareness of the public trust. Our politician, anyway, is a good and careful man—who sounds always a little pained, as though someone were standing on his foot.

EDITH, from Kiev, twice divorced, and in New York, in her own words, a "terrapist," was stealing a bonbon from one of the trays on the Steinway grand. She went to the bookshelves, removed a fine old volume there, and tore the four-leaf clover pressed inside to bits. The party had not yet begun. "This Max," Franz, her own analyst, said to her next day. "How he makes you regress."

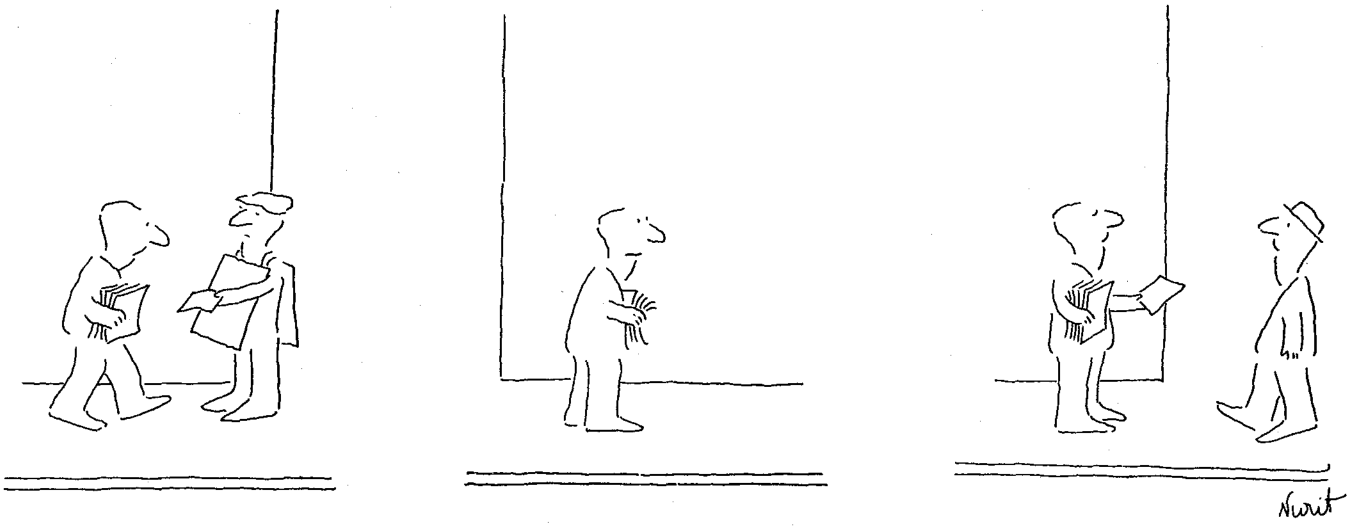
"Now here, where it says Name," said Miss Fiotti, from Fringe Benefits, "you write your name. Good. Now where it says Date. Yes. That's right. Now here, where it says Name again. Exactly. Now once more. And your signature. Wonderful. Thank you, Professor Ellis."

Miss Fiotti is the only efficient person at our city university. She is employed by the union itself. The union helps us with our forms, our insurance and pension plans, tenure, strike threats, and salaries, of course. The fact that the university is unionized at all, from janitors to deans, means that we have in many ways the worst of the civil service and of academe: a vast paper-riffling ivory tower in a cast-iron union shop. We are, in fact, a scandal citywide. Our faculty, liberal on most issues far away, sleeps well on this. Politicians tend to say the issue "does not sing." Our full professors, tenured faculty, teach H.B.A., or Hours By Appointment; that is, never. Young instructors, hoping for tenure here, are scheduled to teach days and nights. The idea is that as long as an instructor is required to be in a classroom every hour, he will not have the time to write or publish anything. Not having published, he will never earn his tenure. Under this system, instructors tend to get hepatitis and become demoralized, but, thanks to the union, they are highly paid. And so they stay.

I SEE Edith, Max, Franz, and Miss Fiotti every week or so. I've taught courses for two semesters here, as Ms. Associate Professor Fain. I thought I missed the academic world, the books, the hours. I took the job part time. I noticed only gradually. One evening, in a seminar, a student spoke of the required course they had all taken with the Recording Secretary of Professor Klein.

"The what?" I said.

"The Recording Secretary," the brightest student said again, "of Professor Klein." Dalton Klein has been, for thirty years, a book reviewer and writer of unsuccessful musicals. I don't know what recording secretaries are. I know professors earn our professorial thirty-three thousand a year. "Has anyone," I asked, "ever had a course with, um, with the, with Professor Klein himself?" Certainly not; even his Recording Secretary now is H.B.A. Two students within mem-



ory had, however, actually met Professor Klein; he had approved their Prior Life Experience credits—for a year they had spent raking famous people's leaves.

Prior Life Experience credits, as substitutes for courses, are one of our educational anomalies. They are normally inseparable from a less innovative program known as E.I.F. The Dean, it turns out, has a great longing to know the private phone numbers of celebrities. He hires people from newspapers, the theatre, movies, television to teach. In time, he mentions the importance of having students placed with people who are already E.I.F.; that is, Established in the Field. He means people who are often mentioned in the press. If one can just give him a few phone numbers, he will call them at home. I should have known. I did not understand for quite a while.

IT was midnight in our paper's office building. There was a Pinkerton man in the elevator.

"Something wrong?" Sam asked.

"Yeah," he said. "A girl on the fifth floor has been molestated."

ON the television set, El Exigente was mouthing his "*bueno*," the natives were diving and splashing with pleasure, and Sam and I, who were never going to drink that brand of coffee, were watching the news. "His lawyer looks bored," I said. Sam reached for his drink. "You always try to looked bored," he said, "when your client is committing perjury."

A lady lifted the lid of her toilet tank and found a small yachtsman, on the deck of his boat, in the tank. They spoke of detergents. A man with fixed dentures bit into an apple. A lady in a crisis of choice phoned her friend from a market, and settled for milk of magnesia. A hideous family pledged itself to a margarine.

Testimony resumed. Apparently, no good lawyer permits a client who is lying to tell a long story—to perjure himself in detail. The longer the story, the more true it did seem. "Well, you had a little social conversation together, did you not?" Senator Montoya was asking. There was a short answer. "Did you socialize about Watergate?" Senator Montoya insisted, in his idiosyncratic way.

"*Mangia*," said the lady in the lovely spaghetti-sauce commercial. "*Mangia*, Bernstein. *Mangia*, O'Malley. *Mangia*, Garcia. *Mangia*, Jones."

"HELLO, Jen?" the voice on the phone said, at two one morning. "It's Mel. Sorry to call you at home." Mel is the Acting Head of our department—Drama and Cinema. The Acting Head of the Acting Department, in a way. The Permanent Head, a flustered lady of pure steel, whose academic background consists of a Midwestern degree in Oral Science and a brief marriage to an actor, is on a city grant to study Media History abroad.

"Hi, Mel," I said to the Acting Head, as warmly as I could.

"Jen, the Art Department wants to do a course in Space on Film," he said. He paused. "We knew you'd want to be informed." He paused again. "And, without trying to influence you in any way, we'd like to know what your position is." I yawned. "Mel, I feel strongly about this," I said. I had been teaching for some months. I was catching on. "I really do."

"We hoped you would," he said. "Len has just pointed out—we're having coffee here—that there are just two things on film. Time. And Space. If we let the Art people go ahead with Space, we'll have lost half . . ."

"Yes," I said. "And if the History Department takes Time away . . ."

"Exactly."

SUMMER. The speedboat was serious. The young tycoon was serious about it, as he was serious about his factories, his wife, his children, his parties, his work, his art collection, his resort. The little group had just had lunch, at sea, aboard the tycoon's larger boat, a schooner. The speedboat, designed for him the year before, had just arrived that day. The tycoon asked who would like to join him for a spin to test it. The young American wife from Malibu, who had been overexcited about everything since dawn, said she would adore to go. Her husband, halfway through his coffee still, declined. The young Italian couple, having a serious speedboat of their own, went to compare. In starting off, the boat seemed much like any other, only in every way—the flat, hard seats, the austere lines—more spare. And then, at speed, the boat, at its own angle to the sea, began to hit each little wave with flat, hard, jarring thuds, like the heel of a hand against a tabletop. As it slammed along, the Italians sat, ever more low and loose, on their hard seats, while the American lady, in her eagerness, began to bounce with anticipation over every little wave. The boat scudded hard; she exaggerated every happy bounce. Until she broke her back.

She was sped to shore, of course, and then to Rome, by helicopter. Soon after that, she was well enough to fly back to New York. She recovered in Malibu. But violent things are always happening to the very rich, and to the poor, of course. Freak accidents befall the middle classes in their midst. Martin, our contributor, who spent one term at Oxford many years ago, and who has sounded English ever since, tends to say "How *too* like life" when he is drunk. Anything—a joke, a sigh, a quarrel, an anecdote—has upon him, at such times, this effect. He says "How *too* like life." When the American lady had her accident, Martin said how too like life all afternoon.

THE Dean of Cultural Affairs called a meeting of the representatives of our two departments on the question of jurisdiction in the Space on Film course, late one morning. Seven H.B.A.s attended this, because, not having thought or published anything in twenty years, and not having, like Professor Klein, careers near the mainstream of cultural life, they do not spend their lives entirely in idleness. They quarrel. The Dean, whose analyst is Franz, has the same girl who caused Edith to tear Max's four-leaf clover apart. The situation is, in every way, unorthodox. Franz was once suspended for a year from his analytic institute for having twice married his patients and divorced his wives. He spent that year as a therapist for children in our Guidance School.

Our branch of the university is accustomed anyway to jurisdictional disputes. Drama and Cinema grew out of a workshop that existed many years ago to remedy the accents of bright city girls, who could not afford college out of town. When such programs became unfashionable, the staff chose to become two faculties: Dramatistics, and Perspectives in Media. Within a year, the Media people chose to join the newer Department of Minority Groups and Social Change—which already offered History of Broadcasting 204, 301, and Seminar and whose course on Prostitution, Causes and Origins, was being televised. The Dramatistics people felt they could not attract students, or budget allocations, on their own. They added Film. Our department changed its name, and became what it now is. Our Drama people are trying to take over the English Department's course Creative Writing 101; Playwriting A. The English Literature people are beleaguered on another side. For twenty years, they have had "The Brothers Karamazov" (translated, abridged). The Department of Russian Literature, which teaches all its courses in translation now, wants Dostoevski back.

LOSS, OF PERHAPS LOVE, IN OUR WORLD OF CONTINGENCY

Think! Think hard. Try to remember
When last you had it. There's always

A logic to everything, and you are a part
Of everything, and your heart bleeds far

Beyond the outermost pulsar. Put your mind on
The problem, and under no circumstances look

In the mirror, for you might not
Recognize what you see there, and the night wind

Shuffles a torn newspaper down the street with a sound
Like an old bum's old shoe soles that he makes

Slide on the pavement to keep them from flopping off.
Shut your eyes, think hard, it doesn't really

Matter which end you start from—forward from
The earliest thing you remember, the dapple

Of sunlight on the bathroom floor while your mother
Bathed you, or backward from just now when

You found it gone and cried out, *Oh, Jesus, no!* Yes,
Forward or backward, it's all the same,

To the time you are sure you last had it. Violets,
Buried now under dead leaves (later snowdrifts), dream

How each, with a newborn, dew-bright eye, will see
You again pass, cleaving the blue air.

Oh, bestiaries!—

Myths, and moraines where the basalt boulders, moonlit, grieve,
And the dark little corner under your bed, where God

Huddles tight in the fluff-ball, like a cocoon, that He,
All-knowing, knows the vacuum won't find!

Think hard. Take a deep breath. As the thunderclap
Dissolves into silence, your nostrils thrill to the

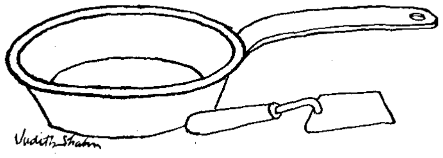
Stunned, new, electric tang of joy—or pain—like ammonia.

We must learn to live in the world.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

• •

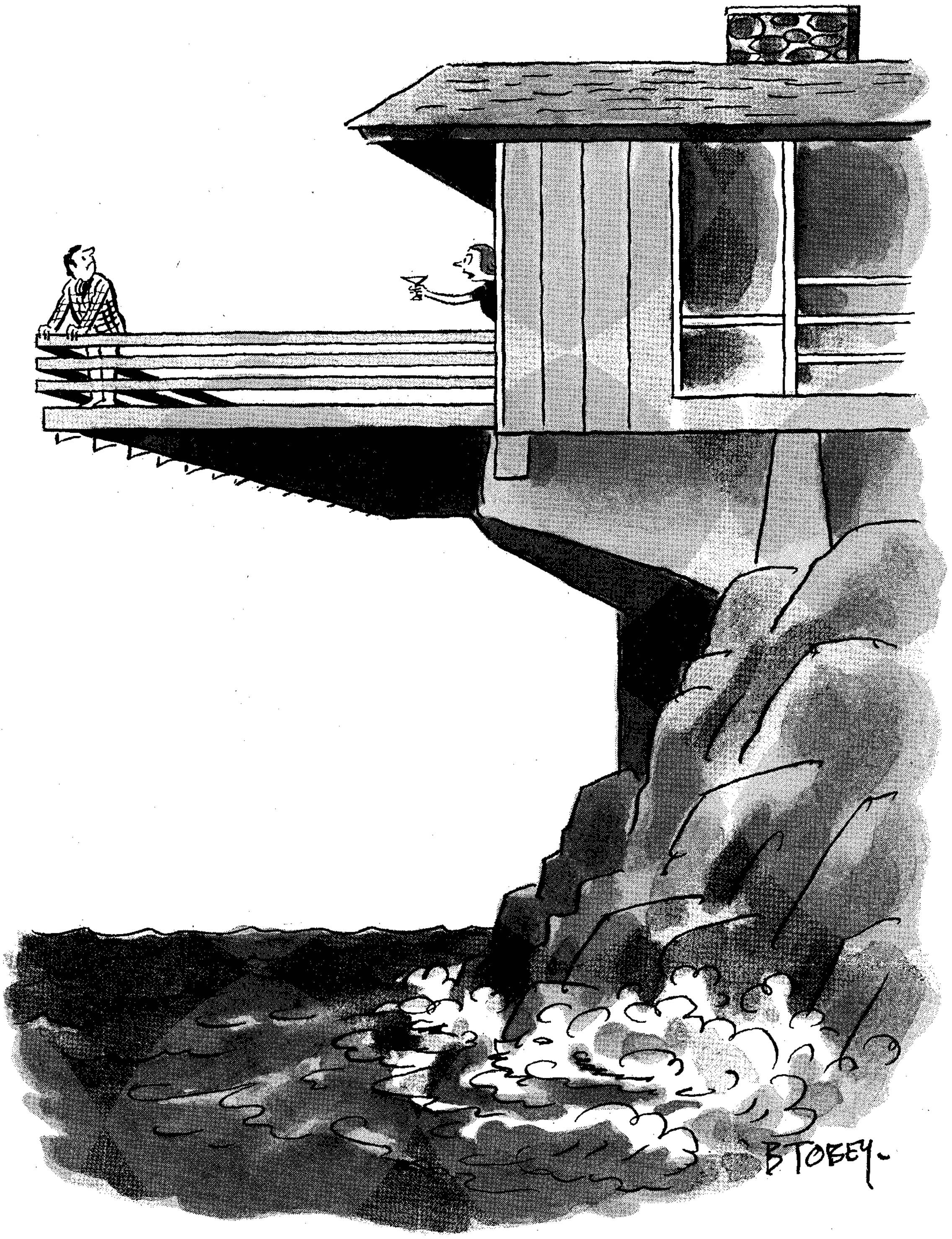
The Drama people have designs in other fields: Ibsen and Strindberg, in particular—which seems reasonable enough, since all the texts are plays. Ibsen and Strindberg, however, belong, with Swinburne, to the Department of Germanistics and Philology. Between 1938 and 1949, all German courses were unpopular. The German Literature people simply seized Ibsen and Strindberg—and by some misunderstanding, which was noticed too late, got Swinburne as well. There were no Drama people, at that time, to compete. Chekhov, meanwhile, for reasons that, I am afraid, are clear, is taught in the Classics Department (Greek 209c). The operative principle appears to be that if any thing or person mentioned in another department could conceivably be mentioned in your own, you have at least an argument to seize the course. One night when the Women's Studies Division



gets under way, we all expect there's going to be a coup.

CONSTITUENCY. Dennis, a rich, unintelligent, and not particularly well-meaning man, revelled in his favorite expressions. When he was certain of something, he said it was sure as God made little green apples. When he wanted no interference from someone, he would ask him to keep his cotton-picking hands off. When he felt superior to someone, he said he ate that sort of fella for breakfast. Since a good part of Dennis's day consisted in being certain, deploring interference, and feeling superior, he had occasion to use all these idioms, which he thought gruffly witty, several times a day. His appointments secretary, in whom he confided his impressions, of business, his home life, his diet, had a recurrent dream that she shot him.

LEWIS, the barber, discouraged conversation. Over the years, by keeping his face vacant and refusing to reply even to the direct questions of his customers, he managed to impose his own silence upon them. Florian, who worked the next chair, spoke incessantly and even sang sometimes. He flourished his towels. He gave advice. He danced around the little flames with which he scorched the hairstyles of his customers. Lewis addressed the subject of Florian only once, as far as anyone could remember. "Someday," he said, "I'm going to kill him."



"Not on your life! Come and get it."

• •

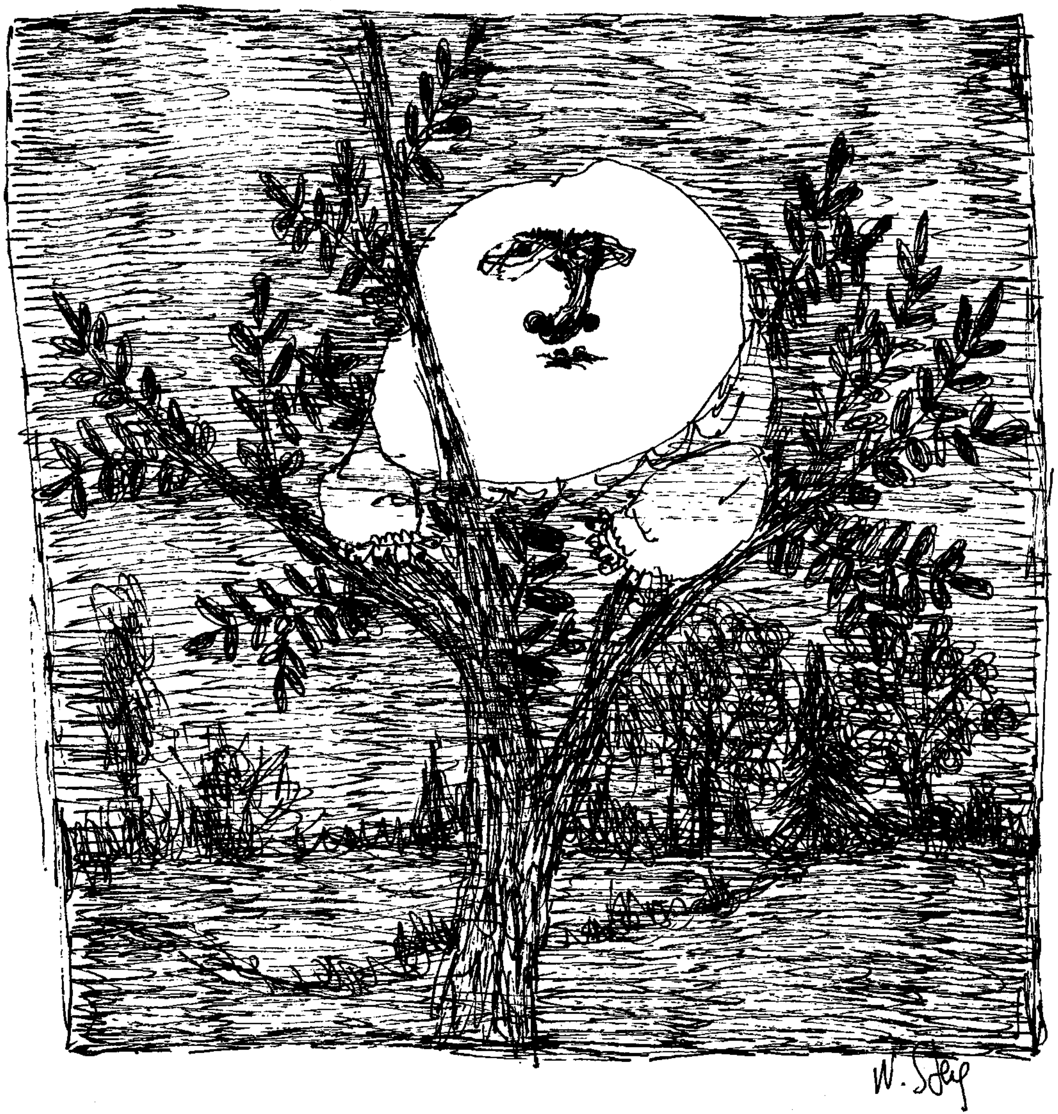
ABOUT money. When we had come from our public schools and our private schools, and our travels abroad, and our own education to our first solid jobs in the city, one of our golden couples gave a party to raise funds. The cause was desperate and just. Five haggard members of the group whose cause it was spoke eloquently on the terrace, sang sad songs, and afterward stood among us in the living room. There were servants. There was a bartender. The first odd thing was that the cups were plastic and the brands of Scotch, gin, bourbon, even beer, were unknown brands. We knew that charities ought not to waste money on overhead. But when the awkward moment of collection came, our most successful lawyer reached into his pocket and came up with change. One of the wives, who was just becoming known in fashion circles for her clothes, opened her purse, hesitated, and brought out a crumpled dollar bill. Checkbooks came out on every side. Checks for three dollars, two dollars, even a check for four dollars and eighty-two cents, were signed with a flourish and passed along. It became clear: nobody under forty gives anything to charity. Martin and Iris do contribute to the arts, but Martin wants to be on boards of trustees with the fathers of friends he went to Harvard with. A lot of the under-twenty-fives give every cent they have to weird sects they want to get their head together in. But nobody, as a matter of course, any longer tithes.

THE Art people, then, met our people, regarding Space. The meeting began quietly enough. "I particularly resent," Mel said, leafing to the fourth page of a nine-page memorandum the Art people had sent that morning, in reply to his own eleven-page memorandum of the night before, "your use of the word 'unconscionable.' It is inappropriate in a memoranda of this sort." "Memoranda" in all departments of our university is singular, "memorandums" plural. "Phenomena" is another singular, taking the plurals "phenomenas" and "phenomenae." I have also heard "phenomenums." Usage, for those of us who went to colleges and universities of other sorts, is always odd. A change of grade, for example, after semester's end, requires of the professor a signed slip. The professor must, without the help of Miss Fiotti from Fringe Benefits, fill in the line: Reason for Change of Grade. The Dean had such a form before him as we met. "Reason for Change of Grade," it read. "Cleracal Error." It was signed "Professor Leora J. Smith." Leora is our Permanent Head.

Within three wrathful hours—in which, at one point, our people understood the Art people to have implied our people were unqualified to teach a course our people heard as Spaces, Goldwyn-Giotto: Film and Fresca—we had resolved the question of Space on Film. It will be taught jointly, by our people and their people, in a seminar next spring. It will be listed under our people in the catalogue. If anything goes wrong, the star-struck illiterates in our department will join the reactionary pedants in theirs to blame it on Open Admissions, the program by which the university now lets all interested high-school graduates in. "Open Admissions" sounds like an outdoor confessional. It is another faculty excuse for doing less and earning more. "Standards are down," the H.B.A.s and holders of degrees in Film and Oral Science will say. "We have Open Admissions, after all." I won't be here next spring.

TALENT was blazing through the columns and onto the coffee tables. The physical-assault metaphor had taken over the reviews. "Guts," never much of a word outside of the hunting season, was a favorite noun in literary prose. People were said to have or to lack them, to perceive beauty and make moral distinctions in no other place. "Gut-busting" and "gut-wrenching" were accolades. "Nerve-shattering," "eye-popping," "bone-crunching"—the responsive critic was a crushed, impaled, electrocuted man. "Searing" was lukewarm. Anything merely spraining or tooth-extracting would have been only a minor masterpiece. "Literally," in every single case, meant figuratively; that is, not literally. This film will literally grab you by the throat. This book will literally knock you out of your chair. "Presently" always meant not soon but now.

Sometimes the assault mode took the form of peremptory orders. See it. Read it. Go at once. Sometimes it sidled up disguised as musing, in unanswerable-question form. Shall I tell you how much I . . . Should I even attempt to describe . . . or, Should I say unequivocally . . . A favorite strategy was the paragraph-terminating: Right? Followed immediately by Wrong. This linear invitation to a mugging was considered a strategy of wit. Many sentences carried with them their own congratulations, Suffice it to say . . . or, The only word for it is . . . Whether it really sufficed to say, or whether there was, in fact, another word, the sentence, bowing and applauding to itself, ignored. There existed also an economical device, the inverted-comma sneer—the "plot," or his "work," or even "brave." A word in quotation marks carried a somehow unarguable derision, like "so-called" or "alleged." It was hard to remember yesterday's polemic, to determine whether today's rebuttal was, in fact, an answer to it. Recalling arguments in order genuinely to refute them was an unrewarding



Moon Resting in a Tree

Wm Hamilton

"Francis, do you believe in make-believe?"

• •

exercise. A lot of bread, anyway, was buttered on the side of no distinction. God was not dead, but the Muse was extremely unwell.

"Mutual" meant common, shared, together, both, or simply somehow two-ish, as in our mutual hope, or mutual burden, mutual decision, mutual interest, mutual advantage, perhaps mutual camping trip. "Agony" could mean anything—usually, pending indictment. "Problem" and "personal tragedy" meant crimes. "Serene" and "out of touch with reality" meant a given speaker trying to clear himself by intimating that the boss was crazy. "He has suffered enough" meant if we investigate this matter any further, we will find out a lot. A sufficiency of suffering, in public life, consisted in a loss of face perhaps, or office, or, earlier, in getting caught, or having lived in dread of being caught, or in committing crimes, or having wanted to commit them. And if the real sufferer was the public man in violation of the criminal law, and a sufficiency of suffering lay in his various states of mind, then it was perhaps everyone else who got off too easily. When a President brought our national nightmare to an end by asking us to "bind up the internal wounds," we knew that we were almost in the clear.

While people tagged up on public codes and incantations, baby talk took over private conversation—naughty and cranky, in particular. Personal treachery and acts of violence were naughty. Citizens in the middle of small betrayals or murder trials described themselves as in a cranky mood. Murders, generally, were called brutal and senseless slayings, to distinguish them from all other murders; nouns became glued to adjectives, in series, which gave an appearance of shoring them up. The concept of the jig itself being up, however, had retreated into thrillers. Intelligent people, caught at anything, denied it. Faced with evidence of having denied it falsely, people said they had not done it and had not lied about it, and didn't remember it, but if they had done it or lied about it, they would have done it and misspoken themselves about it in an interest so much higher as to alter the nature of doing and lying altogether. It was in the interest of absolutely nobody to get to the bottom of anything whatever. People were no longer "caught" in the old sense on which most people could agree. Induction, detection, the very thrillers everyone was reading were obsolete. The jig was never up. In every city, at the same time, therapists earned their living by saying "You're too hard on yourself."

THE frail, serious four-year-old boy stood, arms outspread, at the foot of the staircase. He looked at his infant sister, who stood three steps above. "Jump, baby," he said, gravely, encouragingly. She summoned her courage, let go of the bannister, and jumped. He caught her, but since she was quite plump, she flattened him. "Good baby," he said, when his breath had returned. Then he went to his room, put on his pajamas, and lay down for a nap. Every day, when he got home from school, they repeated this process. It was his way of taking her education in hand.

AT twenty-six, Kate, though not promiscuous, had slept with most of the decent men in public life. When our first campaign spokesman returned from a press conference saying, "My dears, I've never *been* so buffeted," Kate left her job at the museum and took over a lot of the campaign's hardest work. On a summer Monday, after a morning rally, Kate was walking along Forty-second Street from the subway station. She saw a tall, young, scholarly-looking man obviously about to say something to her. "Excuse me," he said at last. He said he was from the Stanford urban-contaminations study. Kate said nothing. "Sidewalks," he went on, frowning slightly. "Sidewalk contamination." He said they were working on the right shoes of pedestrians. He wondered whether he might take a slide from hers? Kate nodded. She felt a flash of unease the moment she leaned against a wall and raised her foot to take the shoe off. He was already on the sidewalk, quietly licking the sole. No passerby took any notice. In another moment, he had stood up and walked away.

OUR committee, which means well but has as yet no name, no charter, and no acronym, meets every month. We drink and talk, and plan, and have dinners that begin with sherry watered down in turtle soup. At our last meeting, our distinguished painter, who is also rich, suggested that, for our next public symposium, we invite poets to speak, in prose, of their views of the contemporary world. The painter spoke at length of the unique vision poets have of things, their lack of venality or institutional affiliation; their quality, in short, of divine ecstasy.

"Have you known many poets, Mr.

Hardemeyer?" our distinguished historian, a lady, asked.

"Stacks," Mr. Hardemeyer replied.

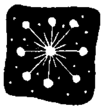
IT had been a bad day at nursery school. One of the class's six Kevins had been left in the Park. The children had been out there for an hour. The teacher noticed what she took to be a disreputable lingerer in the bushes near the pond. She went for the police. Kevin went to the statue of Alice and sat down. The teacher returned and put the children on the school bus. When they got back to the classroom, the teacher noticed she was one child short. Hysterical, she called the precinct and the mother. The officer on duty thought it best to have the mother wait at the station while a patrolman and the teacher went back to the Park to look.

Kevin, it turned out, had climbed down from the statue of Alice and found no one. A man, probably the original lingerer in the bushes, had taken him for a walk and bought him an ice-cream cone. Kevin had not wanted an ice-cream cone especially. Having incurred enough losses in one day, he respected his obligations in the matter of adults. He returned, with his cone, to the statue, and waited to be found. The patrolman and the teacher did find Kevin. They brought him to his mother, who had behaved admirably from the first. It turned out that every single child on the school bus had known that one of their Kevins was missing. They had not mentioned it to the driver, or their teacher, or each other. They took it that Kevin had been left, forever, for some reason, which would become clear to them, with patience, in the course of time.

HERE'S who, of course, is out there in this city: all those Kevins (the class also includes four Wendys), the teacher, the mother, our staff at the paper, Myrnie, Lothar, the Cardinal, the campaign staff, the committee, Lewis the barber, Mel, the unions, Bernstein, O'Malley, Garcia, Jones.

LOTHAR was on the board of a museum, two projects in urban renewal, a television network, a public utility, a college, a film institute, and a foundation, which, after several disheartening experiences with projects that became "controversial," confined itself to very expensive, highly critical studies of other foundations' work in dealing with the problems of the poor. Lothar knew, and was consulted by, many politicians, whom he numbered among his many closest friends. When, not infrequently, two such politicians were running against each other, Lothar was asked which one he favored. "All I can tell you," he would say, "is that they are both among my closest friends." If, however, there was a considerable difference in age between two friends running for a single office, Lothar gave one to know that, consistent with his openness to ideas, he preferred the younger man.

Lothar permitted—in fact, encouraged—his wife to take an interest. Myrnie liked to travel in the South. She took part in almost all of Lothar's public-service projects. Sometimes, rarely, she had occasion to worry about Lothar's state of mind. Lothar's early upbringing had been religious, fundamentalist. He was higher-church now, and had not been, in forty years, devout. An office building that he owned distressed him. It was vacant. It had been vacant for a long, long time. Myrnie noticed that Lothar was sleeping badly. It was not so much the money. Creative problem-solving had been the pride of Lothar's youth and middle age. There was, of course, the money question, too. Myrnie gave the matter thought. One evening when Lothar was at his health club, Myrnie invited the Cardinal for a drink. Myrnie and the Cardinal had met at board meetings of one sort or another. They had weathered scandals. They had been relieved, together, when the museum scandal was so rapidly replaced by the Equity Funding scandal, the Queens District Attorney's Ponzi-racket scandal, the famous-restaurants-with-sanitary-violations scandal, the Biaggi testimony-before-the-grand-jury scandal, the Soap Box Derby scandal, the firemen's-union strike-vote scandal; in fact, so many scandals, local, personal, and national, that it was hard to sustain attention to any single one.



Myrnie was not certain, in the case of the vacant building, what she expected the Cardinal to do, exactly. With some idea that he might levitate the building, or dissolve the spell upon it, or simply exercise his metaphysical authority in its direction, she waited for him. The Cardinal arrived, urbane, interested, but not, thank heaven, prying. He settled easily with his Scotch. With her characteristic delicacy and frankness, Myrnie outlined the problem to him. Over his second Scotch, he had it solved. A syndicate, of doubtful rectitude but of unquestioned financial

---

THE NOCTURNES

"Clear these memories off," he demanded,
Across the snow falling between them.
Then, suddenly friendly, he cuffed the boy's cheek
With his woollen glove, and spoke,
Throwing his gloves in the air.

It is not snowing. It is not December,

Except in sleep. Each morning the boy wakens
To the sound of a piano in a distant room:
The Nocturnes. He waits in the shadows
Of the hallway. A postcard arrives:
The lights of ships anchored in the dark,

And no message.

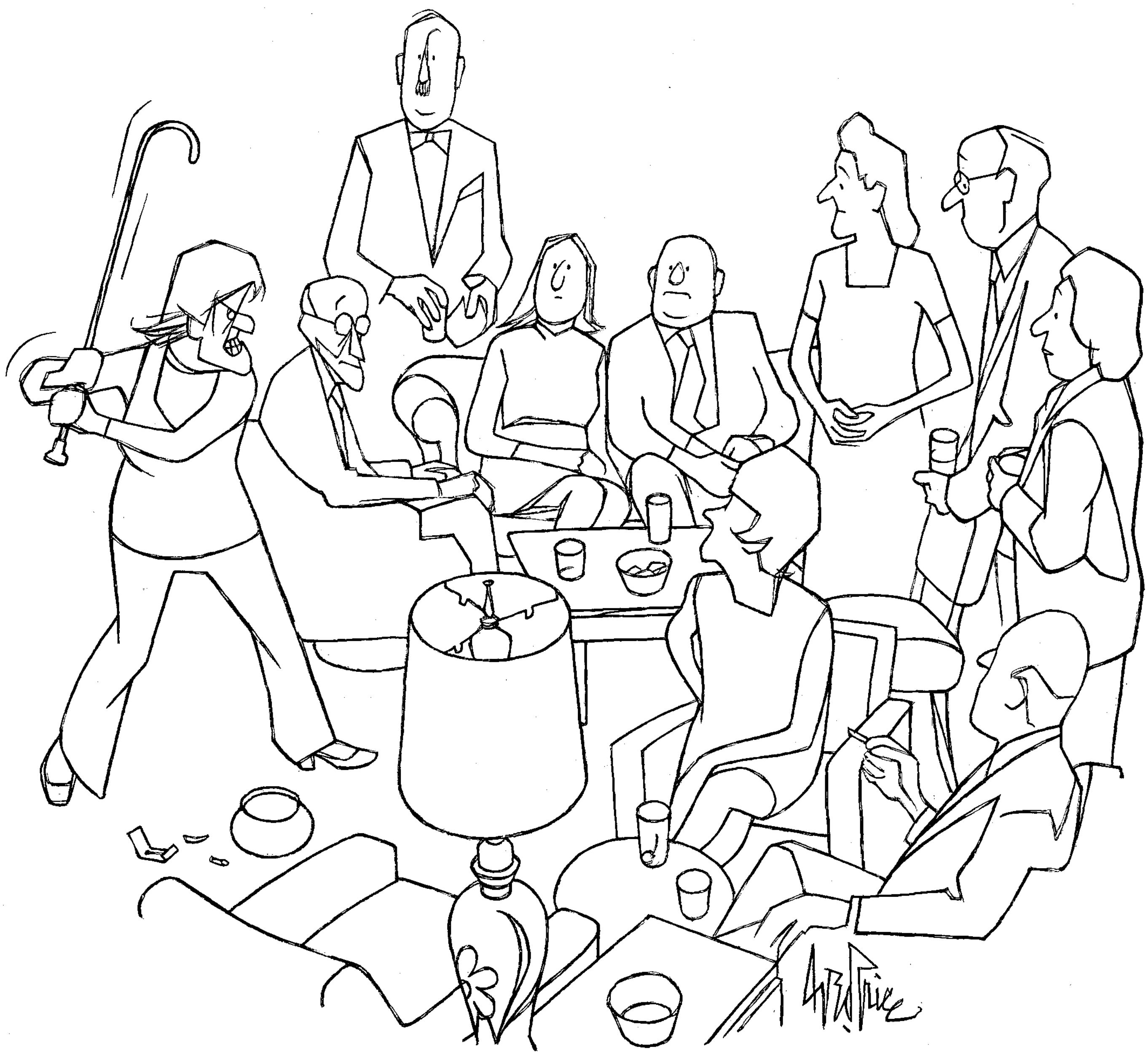
The boy's cool face scars before the mirror
Attempting to discover there—
Apart from the gray stillness of photographs—
Some indistinguishable past to grow into.
He thinks, at times, of his father as an aging lion,

Wandering the veldt of another continent.

Years later, he receives a card,
Forwarded from his old address,
Picturing ill-dressed children on a dusty street
In a distant city. "These have
What we have had—youth."

—WILLIAM LOGAN

• •



"The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate."

• •

stability, was run by an inhabitant of the diocese, who, though he had not specifically mentioned any need for an office building, most probably had such a need. One more Scotch, and the Cardinal departed. One more week, and the building was bought, as a headquarters for enterprises in jukebox-rental, private garbage collection, and parking lots.

LEWIS was an excellent barber. His customers—Lothar, Sam, the Dean, and the Cardinal among them—held him in high regard. There was also an eight-year-old boy whose hair Lewis had been cutting once every three weeks for five years. Last week, Lewis, having completed his haircut, removed the towel from the boy's shoulders and said, "You know, you'll have to pay me."

The boy stood with his hands in his pockets. "I can't," he said. "Dad's meant to pay."

"Hasn't paid me in six months," Lewis said.

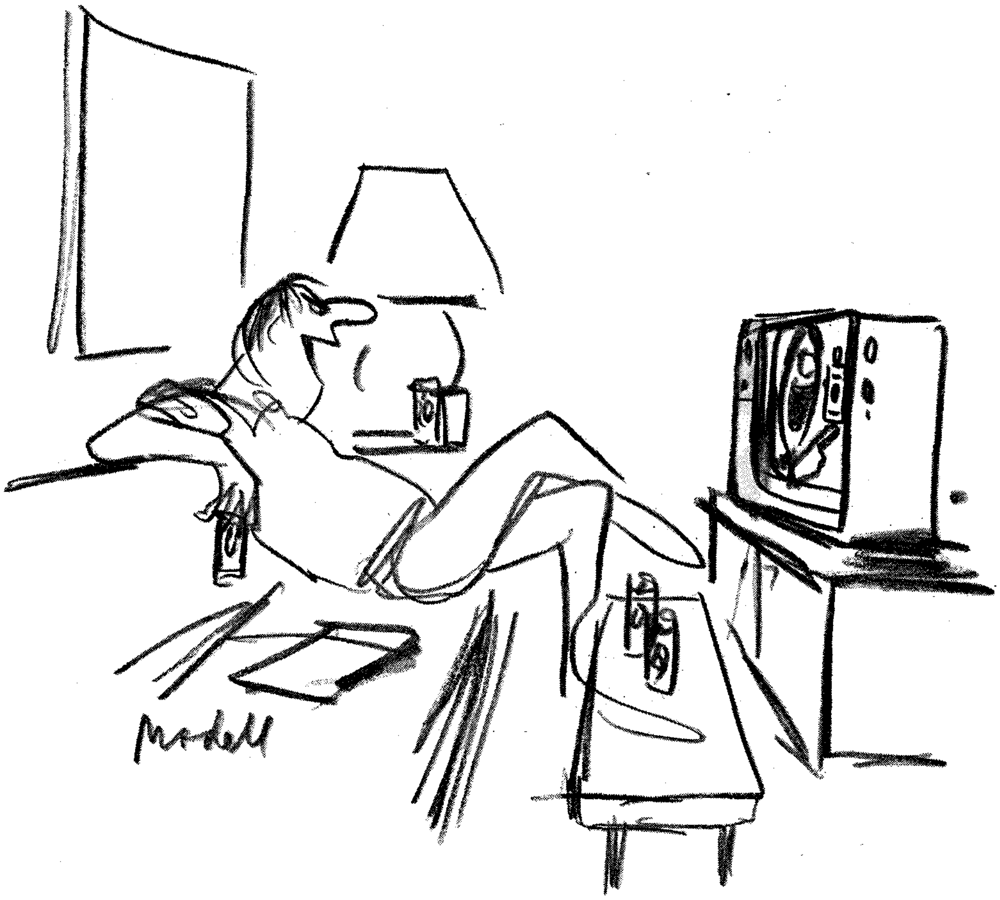
"He won't," the boy said. "Ever since he moved out, he says it's Mom's business."

"Your ma will have to pay, then," Lewis said.

"She says, under the settlement, Dad's got to pay."

"Please don't come back, then," Lewis said, "until somebody pays."

I WAS sitting next to the chairman of the committee, our renowned biographer. The dinner was, as it is quite often, at his club. The club is for men who have good manners and a connection of some sort with arts and letters. Twice a year, and throughout the year in selected dining rooms, the club waives its rules and lets escorted ladies in. For two courses, the chairman had pointed out to me paintings and other objects associated with high moments in the club's long history. By the cheese and salad, we had hit a lull. Mr. Hardemeyer, on my right, was muttering about "the wonderful insights of our African friends about nature." On the chairman's left, our married nun, member of the City Council, was taking down the phone number of the black psychiatrist on her left. Conversation had lapsed—definitely. The chairman and I inhaled to



"Who the hell do you think you're kidding?"

• •

speak at the same moment. "You were saying?" I said. "No, please," he said. I asked whether women's groups had ever protested the exclusion of women from the club. "Ah, no," he said. "No, no. Our wives and colleagues have their own club, don't you see." "Oh," I said. The subject had been a mistake. There just aren't so many subjects. "Well, I didn't mean your wives and colleagues so much . . ." He looked alarmed, then inspired. He offered to sponsor me for membership in his wives' and colleagues' club. This involved a misunderstanding so profound that it reminded me of the time when, to surprise me on a cheerful day, Sam's brother took me, without warning, to a full performance of "Parsifal." We gave the subject up.

THE coffee table seemed to be whale vertebrae, laminated, or enclosed in Perspex. All around the wall, there were tusks. A disagreeable cat and an old gray rag were lying on the piano. A bulldog, wrapped in a blanket, wheezed on the sofa, beside the spot where a drink had been spilled. The bachelors and divorced fathers sat, with their drinks and their girls, on the floor. It was late. Now and then, someone would get up to restore circulation. Immediately, the host's fine, hard-breathing bloodhound would bound into the room. "Down," Max would say as this creature wrapped himself around another guest. "Albert," I said. "Down." There would be the sound of ice in glasses, canine panting, Max and others saying "Down," and "Shame," and "Sit."

All the men in the room had drinks in both hands. They had tried to extricate themselves from conversations by saying, "I guess I'll have another drink. May I get one for you?" The trouble with this method is that it takes people right back where they came from; it is impossible to approach with one lady's gin-and-tonic another lady who may be drinking Scotch. Escape procedures, however, were in full force. Some people, in a frenzy of antipathy and boredom, were drinking themselves into extreme approximations of longing to be together. Exchanging phone numbers, demanding to have lunch, proposing to share an apartment—the escalations of fellowship had the air of a terminal auction, a fierce adult version of slapjack, a bill-payer loan from a finance company, an attempt to buy with one grand convivial debt, to be paid in future, an exit from each other's company at that instant.

The inside-dopester, having been, according to the morning paper, wrong again, was ranting slightly. "Warren *Bur*ger," the baby-food tycoon was saying to the assassination theorist. "*He's* no friend of the Establishment." A young professor from Iowa, who was in the city for a lecture series on Wordsworth and the Lake Poets, spoke of his closeness to his own students, with several of whom he had had affairs, although he did not believe, in the academic context, in shacking up. He was preoccupied with his brightest student, a girl, with whom, during office hours, he engaged in—he wished there were an Anglo-Saxon word for it—fellatio. I said I thought it was sort of a metaphor for education, wasn't it. Then I thought I had gone too far. But no. He said, "Well, exactly." We all watched the "Eleventh Hour News," which went on, of course, at the Twelfth Hour. Sam and I drove out to the country. It was very late. We stopped for coffee at an all-night dairy-and-diner on the way. A man got out of a truck, came in, ordered a milkshake, put his wallet on the counter, and mumbled something. Then he left, looking angry. "He asks me for a package of rubbers," the man behind the counter said. "I mean, this is a dairy." When our car broke down near the highway exit to the farm, a boy with a sign reading "Boston" trotted over. He thought we were slowing to give him a lift.

WE may win next year. We may lose it all. It is not going as well as we thought. Posterity, anyway, does not know everything. The simplest operations of life—voting, filling out returns, remembering whether or not one has taken a pill—are very difficult. Sam leads an exemplary life, and I can't cook. As is clear, however, from the parking regulations, there are situations in which you are not entitled to stop.

—RENATA ADLER

•

I took advantage of the opportunity, and told her that my old master, Van Helsing, the great specialist, was coming to stay with me, and that I would put her in his charge conjointly with myself; so now we can come and go without alarming her unduly, for a shock to her might mean sudden death, and this, in Lucy's weak condition, might be disastrous to her.—*From "Dracula," by Bram Stoker.*

Nine times out of ten.

CATCHING UP WITH THE NEWS

(ITEMS THE "TIMES" FOLLOW-UP HAS NOT YET FOLLOWED UP ON)

"PROBLEM" SKYSCRAPER

RiverWest Tower, the 60-story Wall Street office building completed in 1971, was still unoccupied by November, 1974, and an Apex Realty spokesman admitted at that time, "We seem to have a problem in the general area of tenant acquisition." When mounting losses subsequently exceeded the $800-million mark, Apex swiftly adopted its "ruralization plan," removing the skyscraper from Manhattan and placing it horizontally in a meadow near Harrison, N.J. Sales are brisk, says Apex, on its 8-foot-wide, economy-rate condominiums with "luxuriously high ceilings that you won't find anywhere else."

VICTIM

Freak-accident victim Charles Sneaderly, of Pleasant Valley, Pa., who was "laminated" while working the night shift at Universal Plastics, is "doing fine," according to a family friend, while the ensuing lawsuit moves slowly through the courts. In the meantime, says the friend, "Charlie enjoys lying on the rug in the living room, or leaning between a couple of really good books on the shelf."

AID CUTOFF

The small but independent Republic of South Ampala had received $35-billion in U.S. military aid over the last 20 years, as well as extensive development loans, a mutual-defense pact, and a highly favorable currency-exchange rate, when Senate investigators concluded that the little nation did not exist—nor had it ever existed. Now the Central Intelligence Agency admits it "may have" created South Ampala, but adds that "no records are available at this time." Senate supporters of the intelligence agency say that, in any case, "it was a most useful and productive way of testing our policies."

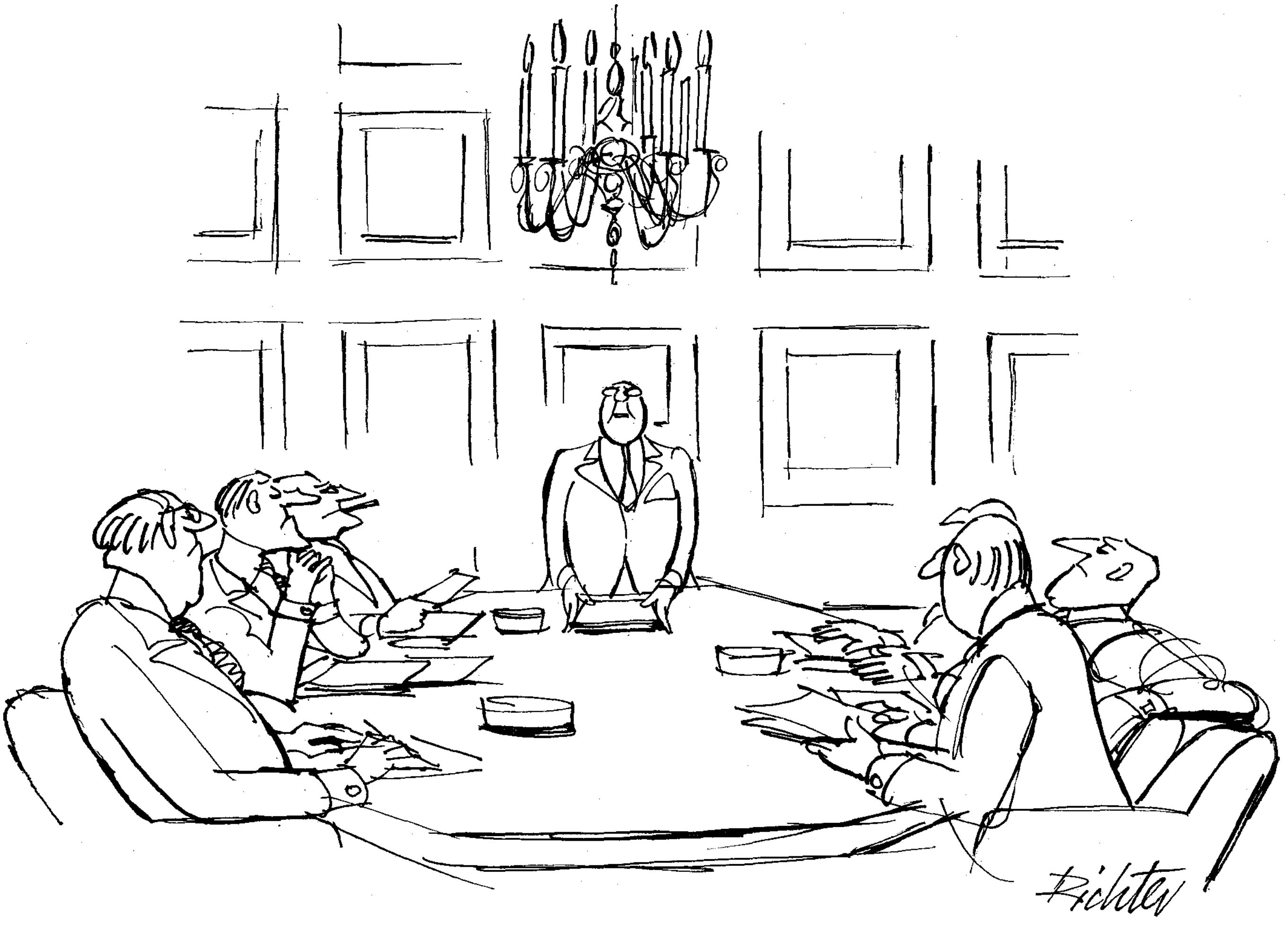
RECALL

Connoisseur Foods, Inc., feared financial loss in June, 1974, when it was ordered by the Food and Drug Administration to recall 50,000 cans of lobster bisque from stores across the nation. The cans were considered suspect when, according to a supermarket owner, "they swole up to twice their normal size, and the labels kind of shrivelled and turned green." A consulting firm advised Connoisseur to "reorient their marketing," which has resulted in an upturn for the company since the soup has gone on sale as a weatherproof house paint and sealer. "Once it hardens, and the smell is gone, you can't beat it," one hardware dealer claims.

FLYING HIGH

Hang-glider enthusiast Glenn Wassfossler, 17, "took off" from the nosepiece of Theodore Roosevelt's pince-nez at Mt. Rushmore on July 11, 1973, declaring that he would "stay up until the thrill is gone." He has since crossed the nation a number of times, going South for the winter but otherwise following no special plan. A vegetarian by choice, he "zooms in" on orchards for fruit in season. On his 19th birthday, Wassfossler "hung" over his home town of Rapid City, S.D., long enough to be sent a birthday cake by kite from his family and other well-wishers gathered below.

—JAMES STEVENSON



"So much for the wheeling, gentlemen. I propose we adjourn and proceed with the dealing after lunch."

REFLECTIONS

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

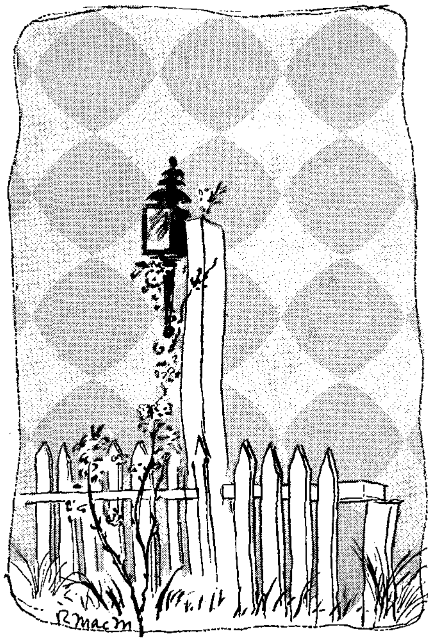
> Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
>
> Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
>
> But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ONE of the ceremonies arranged by the United States Civil War Centennial Commission commemorated the Gettysburg Address. At that ceremony, the poet Robert Lowell said, "The Gettysburg Address is a symbolic and sacramental act. Its verbal quality is resonance combined with a logical, matter-of-fact, prosaic brevity." The main intent here will be to comment on the last clause of the Address, with its famous triad of prepositional phrases. However, the "resonance" that Lowell spoke of should be noted briefly. That resonance, occurring on "a great battlefield" in "a great civil war," gives the Address its testamentary quality, and underlies the plea for a renewed dedication.

> Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation . . .

That the nation's birth date is July 4, 1776, is something we cannot imagine as having ever been in dispute. Yet it was not something taken for granted by Lincoln or perfunctory for him. In his years of argument against the extension of slavery to new territories, Lincoln repeatedly appealed to the Declaration of Independence. His opponents resorted to the Constitution, with its covert references to the institution of slavery, as decisive for issues of policy regarding the extension. In effect, they took the adoption of the Constitution as the juridical birth date of the nation. Lincoln's appeals to the Declaration could make a small anthology. For example, in a speech delivered on June 26, 1857, in Springfield, Illinois, three months after the Dred Scott decision: "In those [early] days our Declaration of Independence was held sacred by all and thought to include all; but now, to aid in making the bondage of the negro universal and eternal, it is assailed and sneered at and construed, and hawked at and torn, till, if its framers could rise from their graves, they could not at all recognize it." Again, in his 1858 debates with Stephen Douglas: "I have insisted that, in legislating for new countries where it [slavery] does not exist, there is no just rule other than of moral and abstract right! With reference to those new countries, those maxims as to the right of people to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' were the just rules to be constantly referred to. There is no misunderstanding this, except by men interested to misunderstand it." The remarks that Lincoln made in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, on February 22, 1861, ten days before his Inauguration, express his conviction about the guiding power of the Declaration of Independence:

> I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return . . . that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence.
>
> Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.



At that place and time, Lincoln spoke in deeply personal tones. (Indeed, on the night before, he had received a warning that there was a plot to assassinate him when the Presidential train taking him to Washington would pass through Baltimore.) However, what he said should be looked at apart from the fervor with which he said it.

A term from the Greek political lexicon can help to convey what Lincoln was at some pains to say. In Aristotle's political philosophy, the *politeia* is what gives a particular *polis*—a particular city or state—its distinctive character. There is no single English word that will serve as a translation of "*politeia*," but its meaning can be expressed by speaking of the formative principles that shape a political community. By analogy with the relation of soul to body in living organisms, Aristotle thought of the *politeia* as the soul of the body politic, because it is the animating principle that gives form

and purpose to a political community. The *politeia* is, therefore, antecedent to and deeper than the constitution. The constitution, which consists in a definition and arrangement of offices, is devised to accord with and to serve the *politeia.* Substantive legislation under the constitution represents an effort to direct the political life in conformity with the *politeia.* In Aristotle's lexicon, a "revolution" is a change in the *politeia.* Any constitutional change or any major legislative policy in strong and durable violation of the *politeia* is a revolution.

It is clear from the words that Lincoln spoke in Independence Hall, and from his persistent invocation of the Declaration in many contexts, that he held the American *politeia* to have been revealed in the Declaration of Independence. The nation was born—one might say "besouled"—with the Declaration. Against Stephen Douglas, who proposed to allow each new territory to decide for itself whether it wanted the institution of slavery, and also against Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, who interpreted the Constitution as prohibiting any federal act to prevent the extension of slavery, Lincoln always appealed to the controlling authority of the Declaration, with its pivotal assertion of the equality of men. Any sophistical evasion of that proposition or any policy contravening its exigencies would be a revolutionary breach of the *politeia.*

THAT Lincoln began his Address by fixing the birth date of the nation as the year of the Declaration cannot, therefore, be passed over lightly, as if it were a mere rhetorical flourish. He continued:

> . . . a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and *dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.*

Matthew Arnold, who prided himself on his ability to discern touchstones of great style, is reported to have said that he stopped reading when he came to the phrase about the dedication to a "proposition." Lincoln's instinct for style caused him no qualms over the use of that word to designate an object to which men can be dedicated. In traditional logic, a proposition is a sentence setting forth something judged ("held") to be either true or false. In the first line of the second paragraph of the Declaration, that men are equal is held to be true and so is declared in a proposition.

Lincoln looked upon the proposition about human equality not as a hypothesis worth examination, or as a postulate for a kind of experiment, or as a beneficent sentiment. For him it was a truth affirmed. He was, of course, obligated to state what he understood the proposition about human equality to mean—what he thought that the signers of the Declaration had meant.

Shortly after the Dred Scott decision, Lincoln learned from a speech by Stephen Douglas what Douglas thought that the signers had meant. Douglas said:

> No man can vindicate the character, motives, and conduct of the signers of the Declaration of Independence except upon the hypothesis that they referred to the white race alone, and not to the African, when they declared all men to have been created equal; that they were speaking of British subjects on this continent being equal to British subjects born and residing in Great Britain; that they were entitled to the same inalienable rights, and among them were enumerated life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The Declaration was adopted for the purpose of justifying the colonists in the eyes of the civilized world in withdrawing their allegiance from the British crown, and dissolving their connection with the mother country.

Lincoln, in his Springfield speech in June (delivered two weeks after the Douglas speech), referred to that read-

"Tod Blaker's firm is headquartered in New York, but I believe he and Sally are domiciled in White Plains."

ing of the proposition by Douglas, found it ludicrous, and could not refrain from somewhat prolonged ridicule of it:

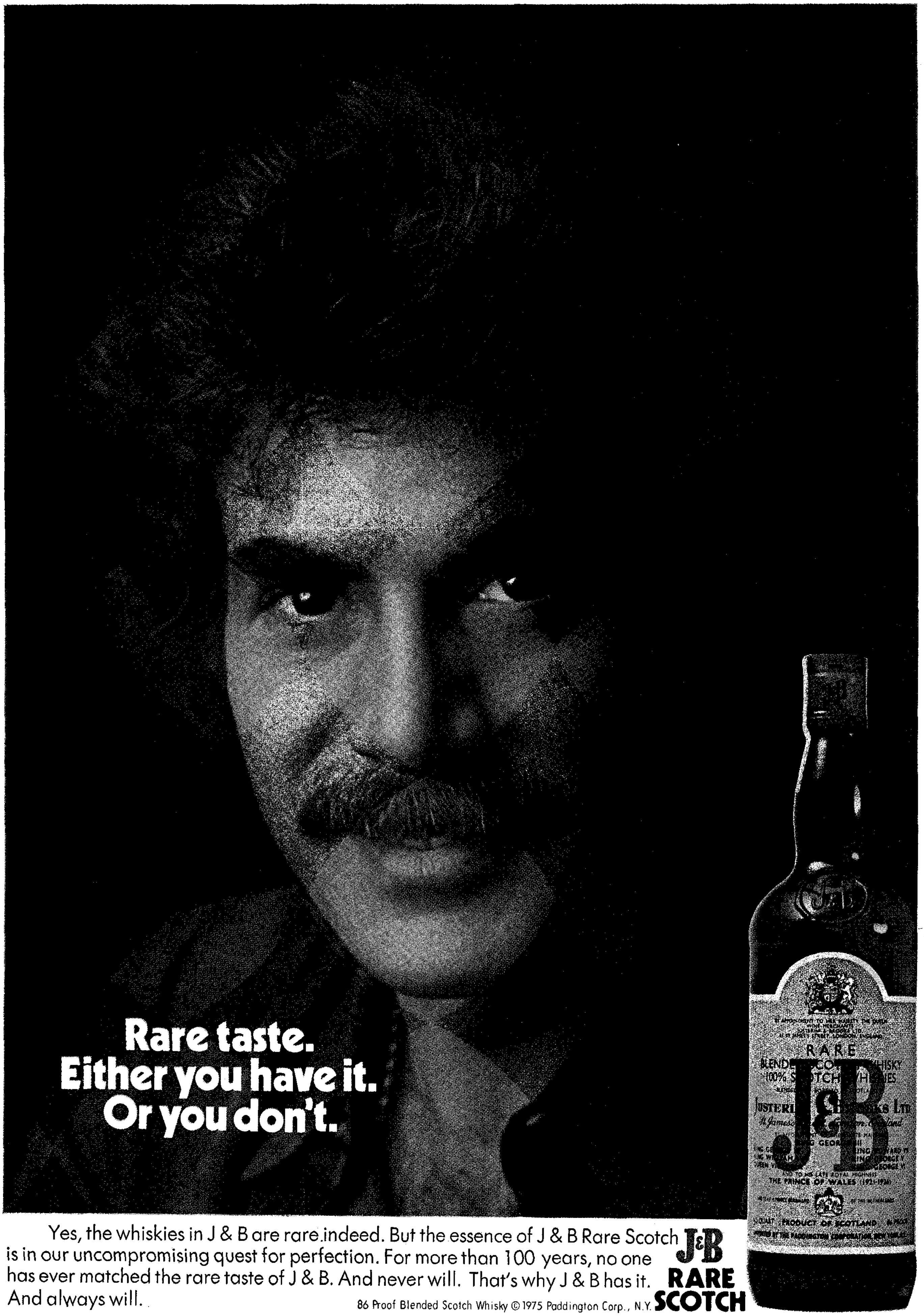
> My good friends, read that carefully over some leisure hour, and ponder well upon it; see what a mere wreck—mangled ruin—it makes of our once glorious Declaration.
>
> "They were speaking of British subjects on this continent being equal to British subjects born and residing in Great Britain"! Why, according to this, not only negroes but white people outside of Great Britain and America were not spoken of in that instrument. The English, Irish, and Scotch, along with *white Americans, were included, to be* sure, but the French, Germans, and other white people of the world are all gone to pot along with the judge's inferior races.
>
> I had thought the Declaration promised something better than the condition of *British subjects; but no, it only meant* that we should be equal to them in their own oppressed and unequal condition. According to that, it gave no promise that, having kicked off the king and lords of Great Britain, we should not at once be saddled with a king and lords of our own.
>
> I had thought the Declaration contemplated the progressive improvement in the condition of all men everywhere; but no, it merely "was adopted for the purpose of justifying the colonists in the eyes of the civilized world in withdrawing their allegiance from the British crown, and dissolving their connection with the mother country." Why, that object having been effected some eighty years ago, the Declaration is of no practical use now—mere rubbish—old wadding left to rot on the battle-field after the victory is won.
>
> I understand you are preparing to celebrate the "Fourth" tomorrow week. What for? The doings of that day had no reference to the present; and quite half of you are not even descendants of those who were referred to at that day. But I suppose you will celebrate and will even go so far as to read the Declaration. Suppose, after you read it once in the old-fashioned way, you read it once more with Judge Douglas's version. It will then run thus: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all British subjects who were on this continent eighty-one years ago, were created equal to all British subjects born and then residing in Great Britain."
>
> And now I appeal to all—to Democrats as well as others—are you really willing that the Declaration shall thus be frittered away?—thus left no more, at most, than an interesting memorial of the dead past?—thus shorn of its vitality and practical value and left without the germ or even the suggestion of the individual rights of man in it?

Lincoln was equally outraged by the words of Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott decision:

> And if the Constitution recognises the *right of property of the master in a slave*, and makes no distinction between that description of property and other property owned by a citizen, no tribunal, acting under the authority of the United States, whether it be legislative, executive, or judicial, has a right to draw such a distinction, or deny to it the benefit of the provisions and guarantees which have been provided for the protection of private property against the encroachments of the Government.... The right of property in a slave is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution.

Against such statements by Douglas and Taney, Lincoln had to offer his own interpretation of the Declaration, and, especially, to "vindicate the character, motives, and conduct of the signers of the Declaration of Independence" on some other hypothesis than Douglas's "that they referred to the white race alone." In his Springfield speech, Lincoln did precisely that:

> Chief Justice Taney, in his opinion in the Dred Scott case, admits that the language of the Declaration is broad enough to include the whole human family, but he and Judge Douglas argue that the authors of that instrument did not intend to include negroes, by the fact that they did not at once actually place them on an equality with the whites. Now this grave argument comes to just nothing at all, by the other fact that they did not at once, *or ever afterward*, actually place all white people on an equality with one another. And this is the staple argument of both the chief justice and the senator for doing this obvious violence to the plain, unmistakable language of the Declaration.
>
> I think the authors of that notable instrument intended to include *all* men, but they did not intend to declare all men equal *in all respects*. They did not mean to say all were equal in color, size, intellect, moral developments, or social capacity. They defined with tolerable distinctness in what respects they did consider all men created equal—equal with "certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This they said, and this they meant. They *did not* mean to assert the obvious untruth that all were then actually enjoying that equality, nor yet that they were about to confer it immediately upon them. In fact, they had no power to confer such a boon. They meant simply to declare the right, so that enforcement of it might follow as fast as circumstances should permit.
>
> They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society, which should be familiar to all, and revered by all; constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its in-


Rare taste.
Either you have it.
Or you don't.
RARE
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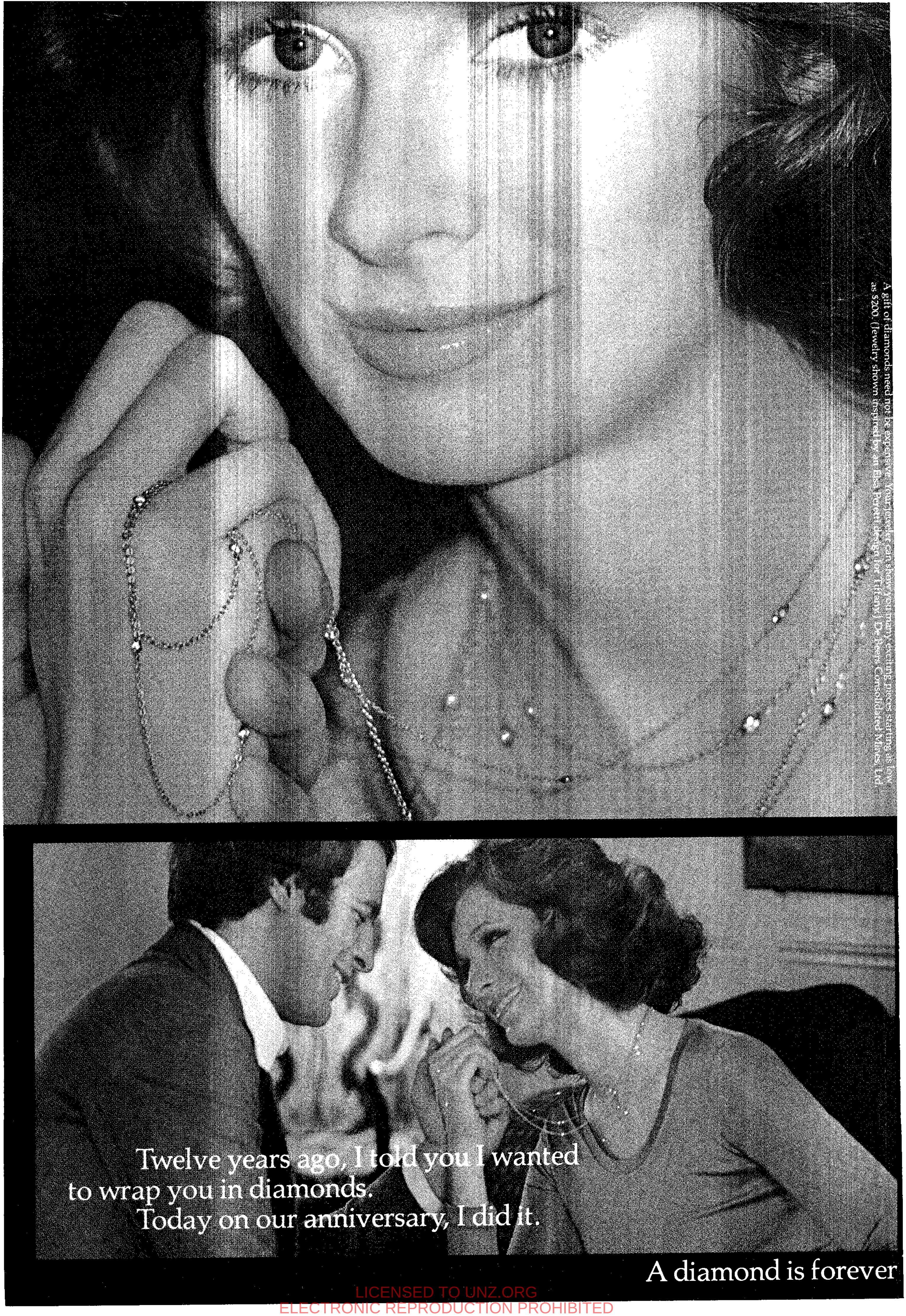

Twelve years ago, I told you I wanted
to wrap you in diamonds.
Today on our anniversary, I did it.
A diamond is forever

A gift of diamonds need not be expensive. Your jeweler can show you many exciting pieces starting as low as $200. (Jewelry shown inspired by an Elsa Peretti design for Tiffany.) De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

fluence and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people of all colors everywhere. The assertion that "all men are created equal" was of no practical use in effecting our separation from Great Britain; and it was placed in the Declaration not for that, but for future use. Its authors meant it to be—as, thank God, it is now proving itself—a stumbling-block to all those who in after times might seek to turn a free people back into the hateful paths of despotism. They knew the proneness of prosperity to breed tyrants, and they meant when such should reappear in this fair land and commence their vocation they should find left for them at least one hard nut to crack.

I have now briefly expressed my view of the meaning and object of that part of the Declaration of Independence which declares that "all men are created equal."

TO return to the Gettysburg Address, it goes on as follows:

> Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

Was it unseemly to speak of the terrible Civil War as a "great" war, of Gettysburg as a "great" battlefield? Lincoln was surely not speaking of the intensity or of the unexpected duration of the war. He was thinking of the magnitude of the issue that was being tested. It was not just whether *this* nation but whether *any* nation so conceived and so dedicated could long endure.

With the words "or any nation," Lincoln raised the question of the worldwide significance of the American model. Washington had said, in his First Inaugural Address, "The sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as *deeply*, perhaps as *finally* staked, on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people." Washington was echoing what every other major Revolutionary leader—John Adams, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson—had said about the world meaning of the American Revolution.

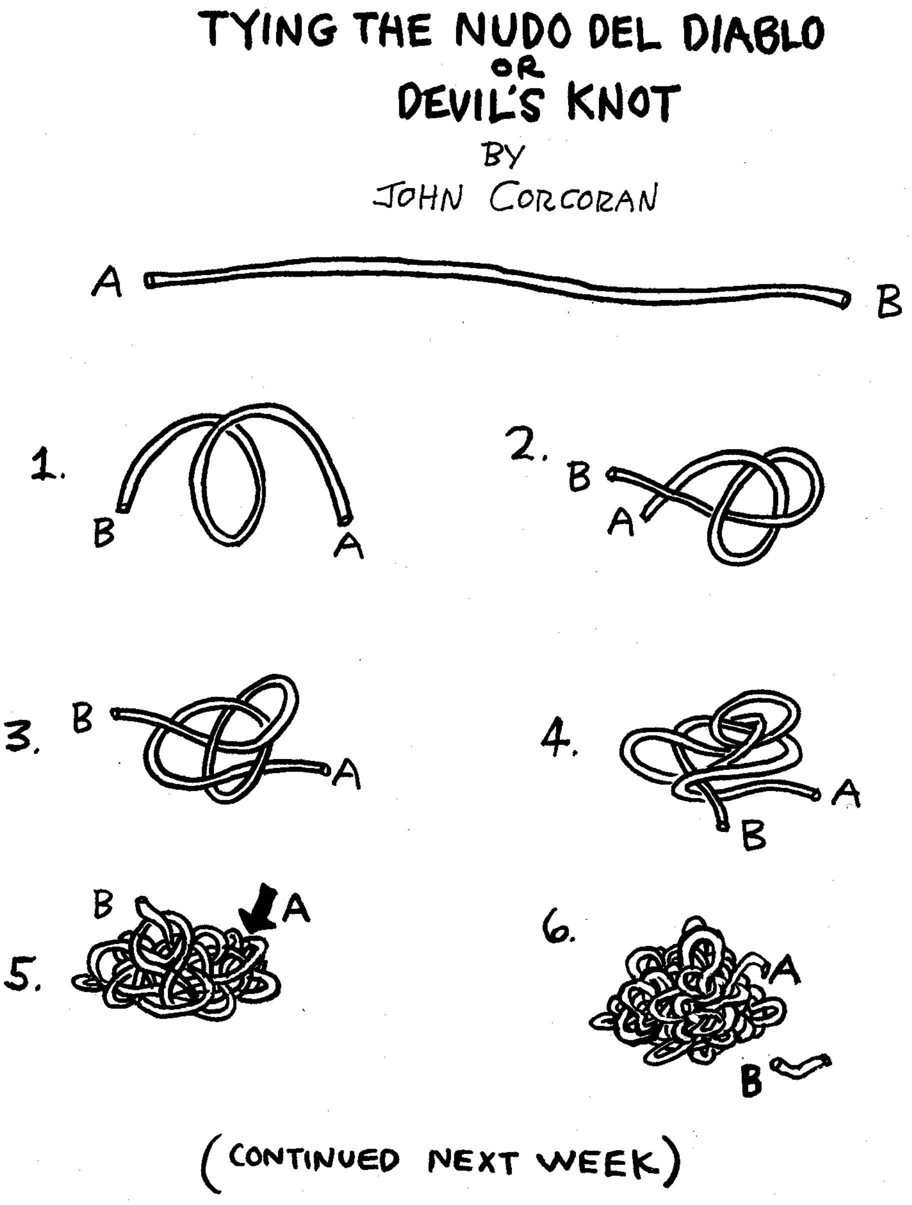
Lincoln had many times spoken in the same vein. On the day before his speech in Independence Hall, he addressed the New Jersey Senate. After recalling his boyhood reading, in Parson Weems's "Life of Washington," of the military struggles around Trenton, he said:

> I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing—that something even more than national independence; that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world [for] all time to come—I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made, and I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be a humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this, his almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of that great struggle.

For Lincoln, what came into being with the war that gave the nation its birth, and held out a great promise to the people of the world for all time to come, was *the* issue in the Civil War. None of the Federalist Papers had been more cogent and persuasive than those which argued that progress toward "a more perfect union" was the absolutely necessary condition for a good test of "the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people." Failing a firm and durable union, the American continent, argued the Federalists, would recapitulate the internecine history of Europe.

Lincoln was convinced that saving the Union was something fateful for all mankind and all future history. Even though, as he said in his Second Inaugural Address, everyone knew that "a peculiar and powerful interest" in the institution of slavery "was, somehow, the cause of the war," the perpetuation of the Union was more important than the fate of slavery in the country. On that point, Lincoln had been fiercely lucid fifteen months before he spoke at Gettysburg. An old friend of his, Horace Greeley, in an open letter entitled "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," published in the New York *Tribune* of August 20, 1862, had accused Lincoln of harboring pro-slavery sentiments. Lincoln answered him in a personal letter:

> As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt.
>
> I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be



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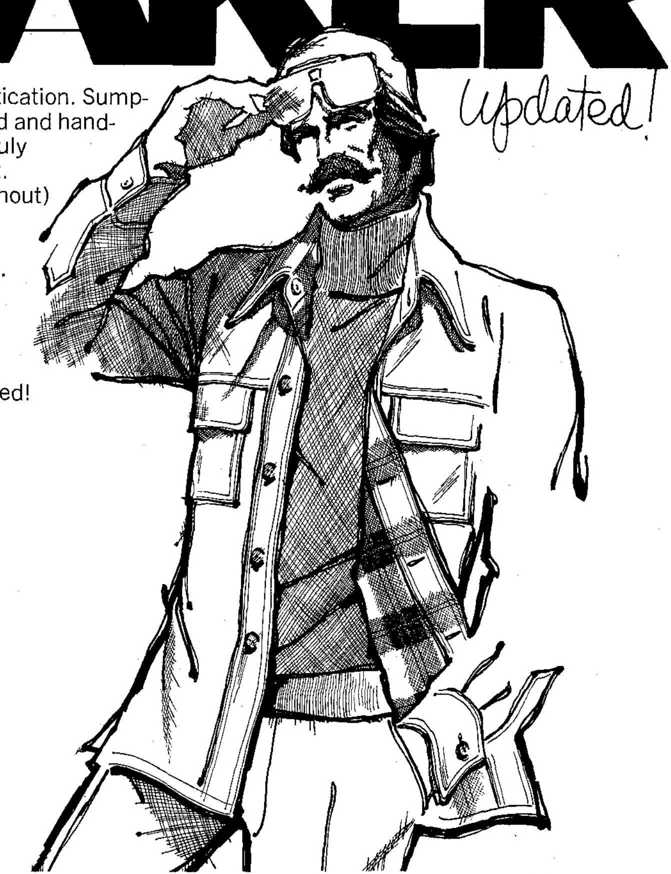

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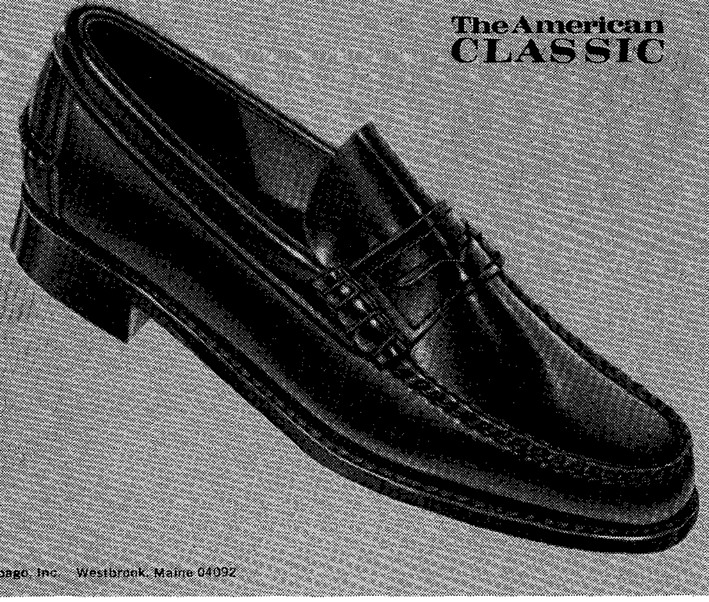

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> those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.
>
> I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.
>
> Yours, A. LINCOLN

Despite the reiteration, "saving the Union," taken by itself, quite evidently did not yield the moral justification for the Civil War. Saving the Union was of such awesome importance only because the preservation of the Union was indispensable to this nation's promotion of "that something," struggled for in the War of Independence, which "held out a great promise to all the people of the world [for] all time to come." This point becomes clear at the end of the Address.

After words of deep respect for the dead, Lincoln turns to what the living must take from the dead:

> It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

"The unfinished work," "the great task remaining before us," "that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion"—these are articulated in the last two sentences of the Address, the second of which includes statements of purpose. The first purpose concerns "this nation"—that it "shall have a new birth of freedom." The second concerns the historical future of an idea, the idea of democracy—that

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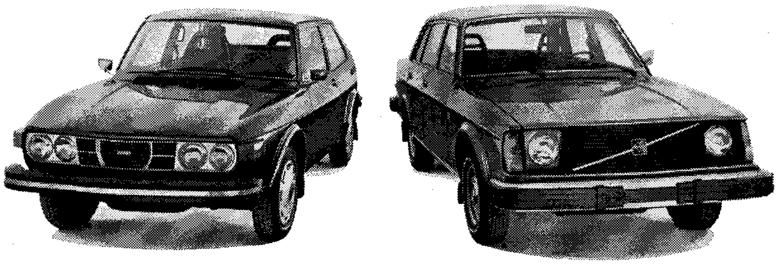

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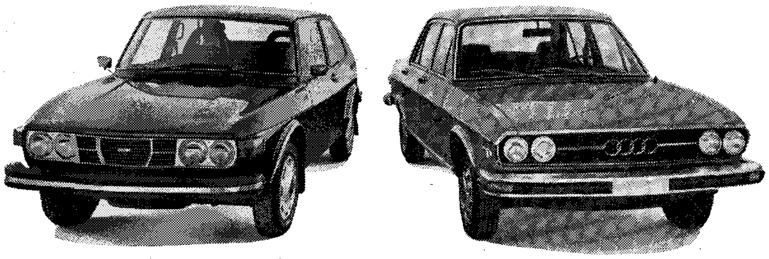

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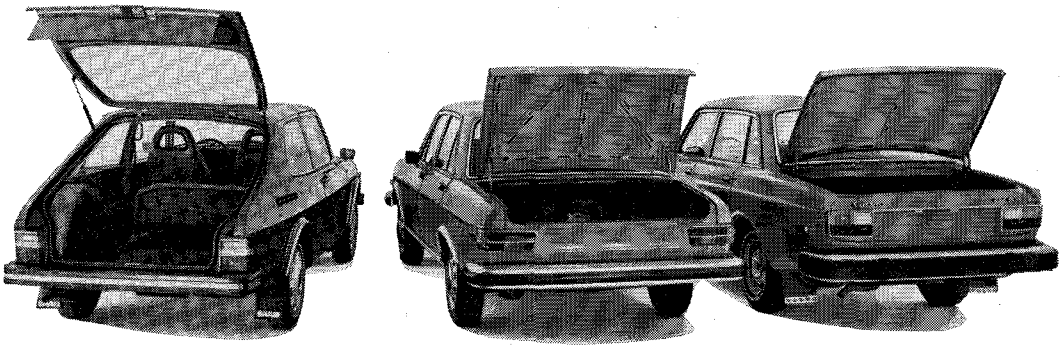

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it "shall not perish from the earth."

Some, if not all, of the Revolutionary leaders believed that somehow, by the very circumstances of the nation's birth, the idea of democracy was held in trust by America. For Lincoln, it was precisely that trust which was being tested in "a great civil war."

LINCOLN formulated the idea of democracy in what has become a world-famous triad of prepositional phrases: "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

This tripartite formulation has acquired widespread talismanic power. It has always been invoked by the American people as an inspired formula. However, if we take this triad of prepositional phrases as a compressed but accurate definition of the idea of democracy it is necessary to ask a number of questions that aim at explicating its meaning. We are led to such questions by the comments of Bertrand de Jouvenel, a distinguished French political philosopher and political scientist. In a paper entitled "What is Democracy?," which was prepared for a conference of scholars on Representative Government and Public Liberties in the New States, held, under the auspices of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, on the island of Rhodes in 1958, de Jouvenel found Lincoln's formula a ludicrous failure, even something of a hoax. (Another denigration of Lincoln's formula can be found in Giovanni Sartori's "Democratic Theory," published in 1962 by Wayne State University Press. Sartori writes, "It is symptomatic that this aphorism defies analysis and poses insoluble problems of interpretation. . . . The truth is that Lincoln's words have stylistic impetus rather than logical meaning. As they stand they constitute, strictly speaking, an inexplicable proposition.") De Jouvenel's findings are useful as yielding the questions that we must ask about Lincoln's formula.

In regard to "government of the people," de Jouvenel writes, "Let me first note that any de-facto authority habitually obeyed and acknowledged by a people is its government; the first term, therefore, merely tells us that a government must be obeyed and acknowledged by the people; if not, it is not the government of the people, but then it is no government at all."

In regard to "government by the people," de Jouvenel interprets the phrase to mean that "all decisions are jointly taken by all members of the community assembled for that purpose," and this, he says, describes "no

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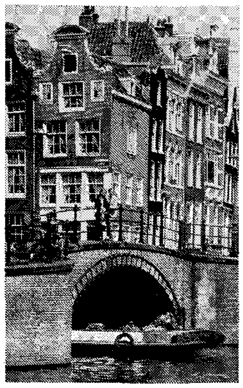

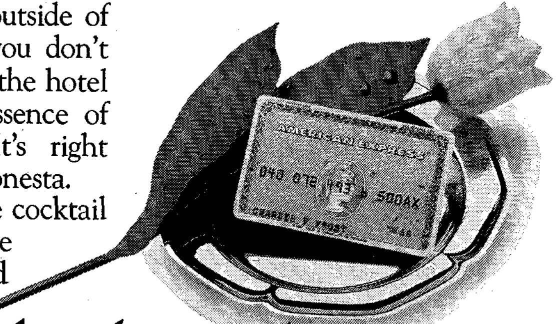

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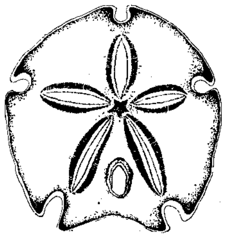
government as we know it;" it is applicable in Western history only to ancient Athens and a few anomalous, small, short-lived communities.

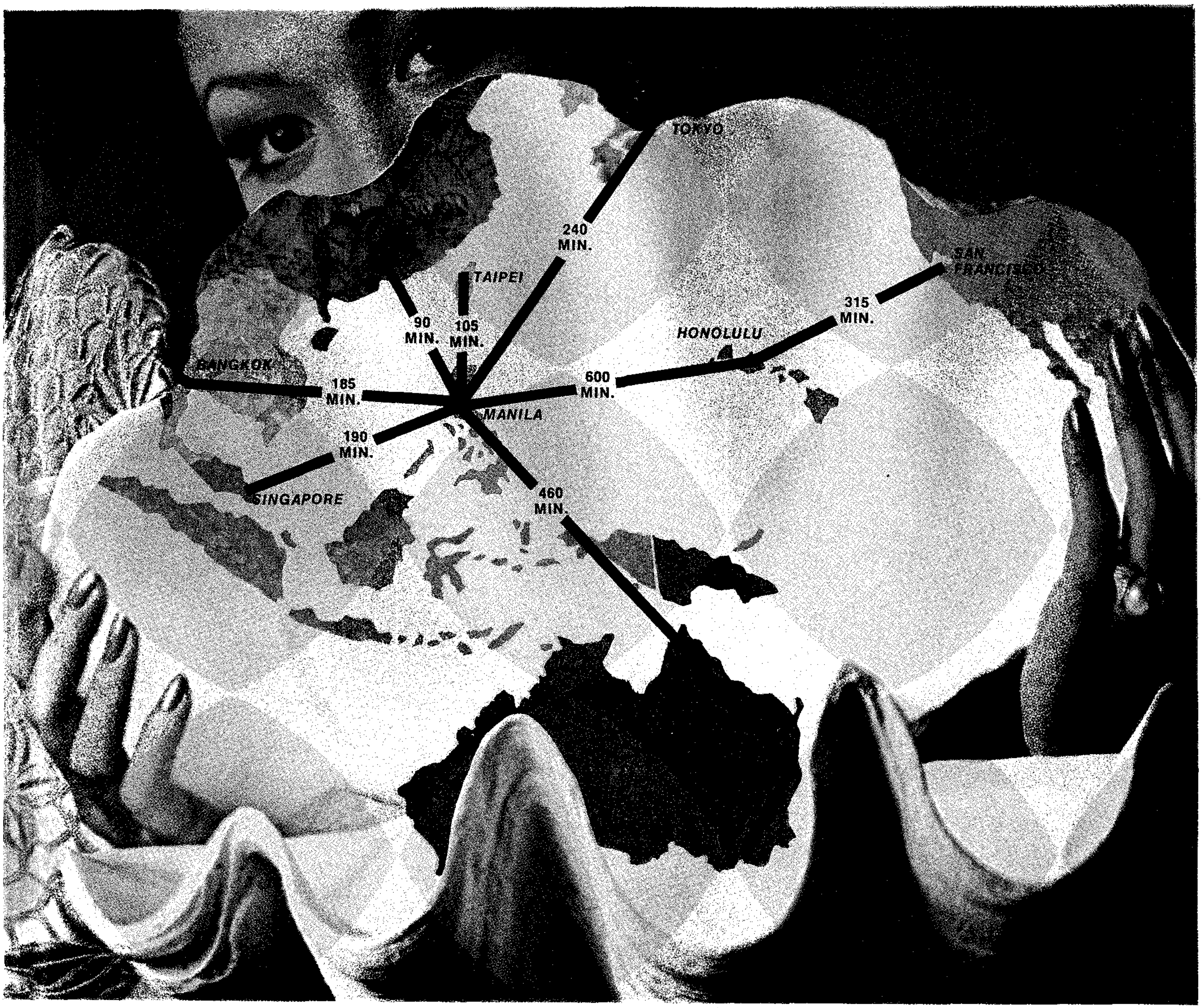
In regard to "government for the people," de Jouvenel writes, "The last term reminds us that a government has the moral obligation to seek the good of the people; this is valid for a government of whatever origin or form." Accordingly, in his view Lincoln's third phrase in no way catches anything distinctive about democracy.

Our response to de Jouvenel must begin by conceding that the only way to counter his attack is by treating Lincoln's triad of phrases as an oracle—compressed, cryptic, expressing deep truths.

GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE: Grammarians have long noted the ambiguity in the use of the genitive case. On the one hand, the phrase "the love of God" can be used to designate the love that man directs to God, as an object of love. The genitive is then an objective genitive. On the other hand, "the love of God" can be used to designate the love that God has for man. The genitive is then a subjective genitive. Lincoln's oracular "of" is what might be called a deliberate double genitive. He did not need to be told by de Jouvenel that "government" is a relative term, so that where there is "government" there has to be a "governed." Democracy is not anarchy. It involves government and therefore also persons who are governed—the objects of government. (Even in so-called "direct democracy," there is a distinction between the people as governing and the people as governed.) Hence the phrase "government of the people" involves an objective genitive: the people are governed. However, in a democracy that is genuine the people are governed by a government that is *theirs*—by a government that belongs to them, as an instrument belongs to its user. It is therefore necessary to distinguish between a people conceived as *submitting to a government that claims* to derive its authority and power from sources wholly extraneous to them (as is the case in an absolute monarchy or a despotism) and a people conceived as submitting to a government that derives its authority and power from their consent. Given the privileges of the oracular style, Lincoln's first prepositional phrase contains a subjective genitive at the same time that it contains an objective genitive. In two passages often considered as probable sources for Lincoln's triad of phrases, the subjective genitive had made a firm appearance. Daniel Webster, in his famous Reply to Hayne, delivered in the Senate on January 26, 1830, a speech that Lincoln is known to have read and valued, had used these words: "The People's government; made for the People; made by the People; and answerable to the People." In a major opinion—McCulloch v. Maryland, handed down in March of 1819—Chief Justice John Marshall had written, "The government of the Union . . . is, emphatically and truly, a government of the people. In form and in substance it emanates from them. Its powers are granted by them, and are to be exercised directly on them, and for their benefit." That subjective genitive calls attention to the fundamental distinction between constitutional and despotic government—a government of laws as contrasted with a government by men. Constitutional government is government that derives its authority and power from the consent of the people, and is therefore *their* government. Constitutional government takes different forms: it is oligarchical or democratic, depending on the meaning of the words "the people" in the phrase "government of the people," and in the two other phrases as well. If "the people" stands for the whole human population of the political community—all except the few who can be justly excepted, such as infants and hospitalized mental incompetents—then we have the specific form of government known as constitutional democracy. Lincoln's adherence to the proposition about human equality in the Declaration, together with its consequent avowal of the possession by all of the same inherent and inalienable human rights, must persuade us that when he spoke of "government of the people, by the people, for the people," he had constitutional democracy in mind, and not merely as one specific form of government among others but as the most just form of government—more just than a constitutional oligarchy, in which the consenting people are a privileged few, and much more just than a despotic or absolute government, in which the people are the subjects of a government that is in no sense theirs, because it in no way involves their consent or participation.



Before we turn to the two other



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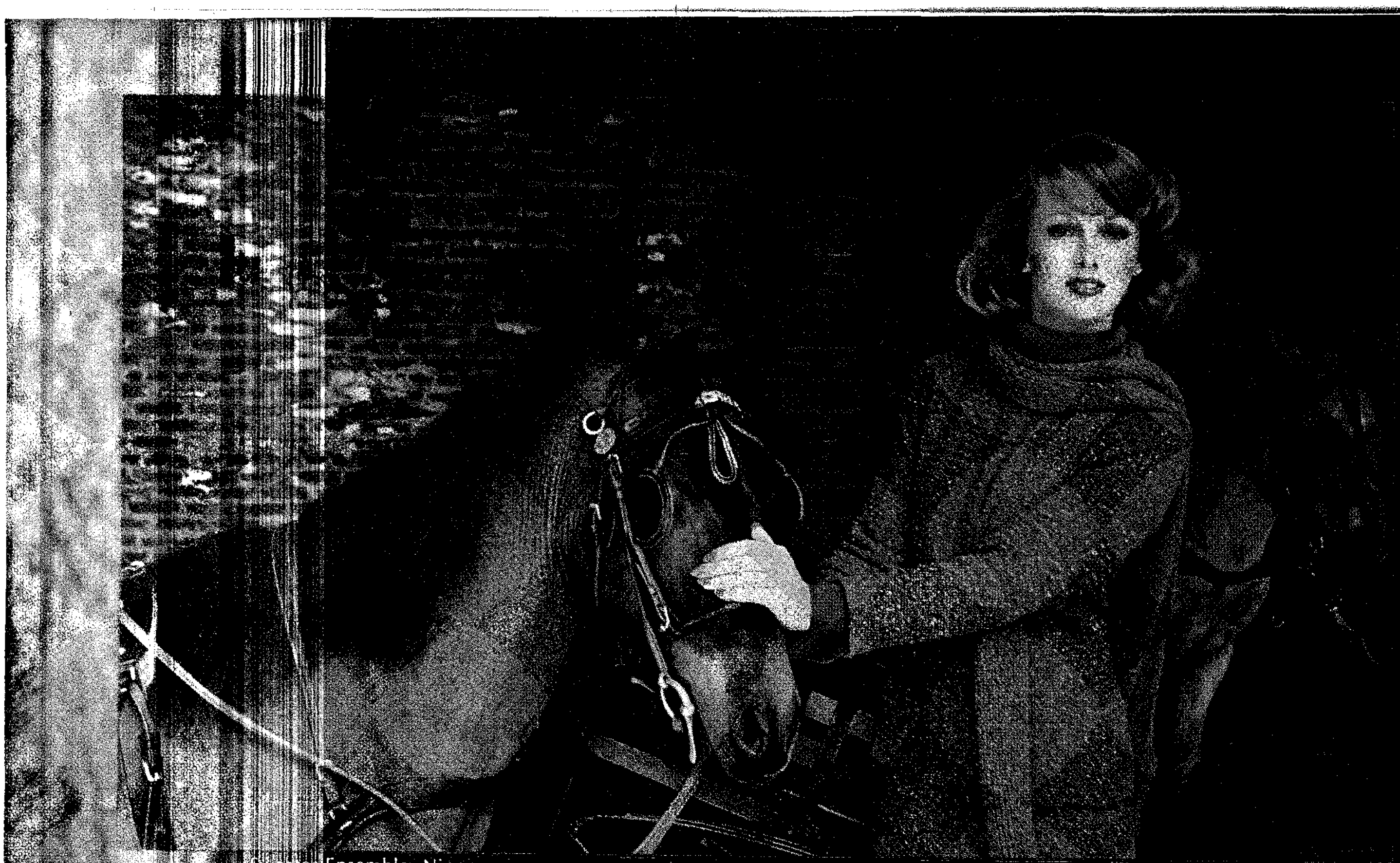

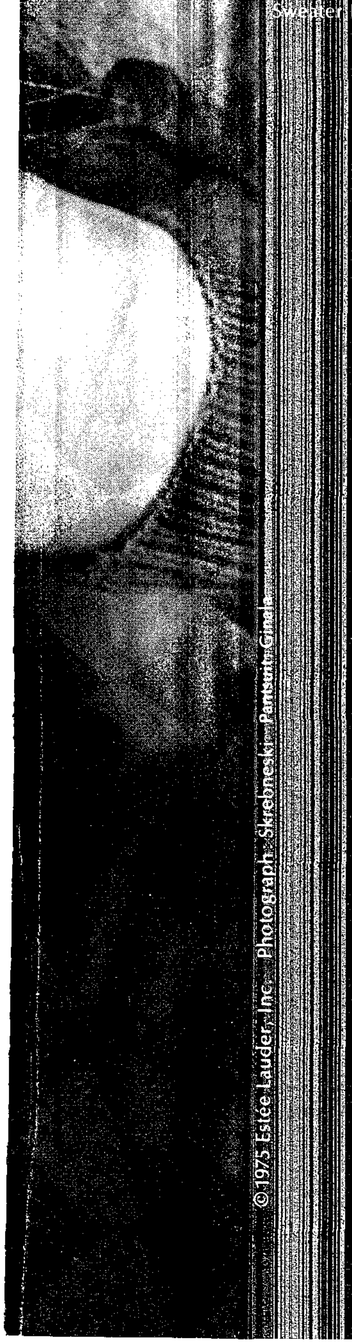

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prepositional phrases, let us concentrate a moment more on the significance of the subjective genitive in the initial phrase—"government of the people." Its significance can be summarized in the following propositions, which any defender of the rightness of constitutional government should affirm as true. They provide us with the definitive solution of a problem that has persisted through the whole tradition of Western political thought—the problem concerning the source of the authority and the grounds for the legitimacy of governments:

(1) Authority is possessed by a government not merely as a result of the de-facto submission of the governed to the power it is able to exert over them.

(2) A government has genuine authority—the right to govern—only when such authority is conferred on it, or transmitted to it, by acts of the people as its consenting constituents: originating, constitutive acts; interim acts of consent; and periodically recurring electoral acts.

(3) While such authority is possessed and exercised by the officeholders, or officials, of a constitutional government, it is held and exercised by them in dependence on the people, to whom it principally and inalienably belongs.

(4) Just as in the physical world an instrumental cause, such as the painter's brush, has its causal power imparted to it by the principal cause, the painter's art, so in the political realm the governing bodies in a constitutional government function as an instrument empowered by the people.

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE: At the time that Lincoln spoke, he was the head of a government of a not so very small society. It is way off the mark for de Jouvenel or anybody else to suggest that Lincoln, in a spasm of rhetorical excitement, tried to imply that the government of the United States was a government of everybody by everybody—government by an assembly of all the citizens, as in Athens or in a New England town.

The leaders of the Revolutionary and Constitutional period had spoken of "self-government" even though, because of the size of the society, such government would involve representation in a legislative body rather than the direct participation of the citizens in a public assembly. In Federalist Paper No. 39, Madison wrote, "It is evident that no other form [of government] would be reconcilable with the genius of the people of America; with the fundamental principles of the Revolution; or with that honorable determination which animates every votary of freedom to rest all our political experiments on the capacity of mankind for self-government." The fathers of the republic were not intimidated by the paradoxes often supposed to lie in the term "self-government." To discount those paradoxes, largely verbal, it is necessary to be aware, as they were, of the relation between rulers and ruled under a constitutional government.

Many centuries before, Aristotle had pointed out that under a constitutional government the citizens rule and, in turn, are ruled. They are both rulers and ruled. The office of citizenship is the primary and permanent office in a constitutional regime; all other offices, including that of the chief magistrate, are secondary offices, for which citizens are eligible, and which some of them fill for a period of time, to resume their status as private citizens when they leave public office. In a constitutional democracy, therefore, the people—the body of citizens constituting the ruling class—must be regarded as the permanent, principal rulers. The officeholders—the public officials, or magistrates, to whom the administration of the government is entrusted while they hold office—are, by contrast with the citizens, the transient, instrumental rulers, directly or indirectly elected by the people, and responsible to them. This relationship between private citizens and public officials may be concealed by our verbal habit of referring to officialdom—the collection of temporary officeholders or magistrates—as "the government." We may speak of a "change of government" when one set of officials leaves office to be replaced by another, but actually it is only a change in the administration of the government. The framework of government remains unchanged, and in that framework the citizens remain the principal rulers, with the temporary occupants of public offices functioning as their instruments of self-government. (Lincoln's language in his First Inaugural is worth noticing. In reference to taking care that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the states, he said, "Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary.")

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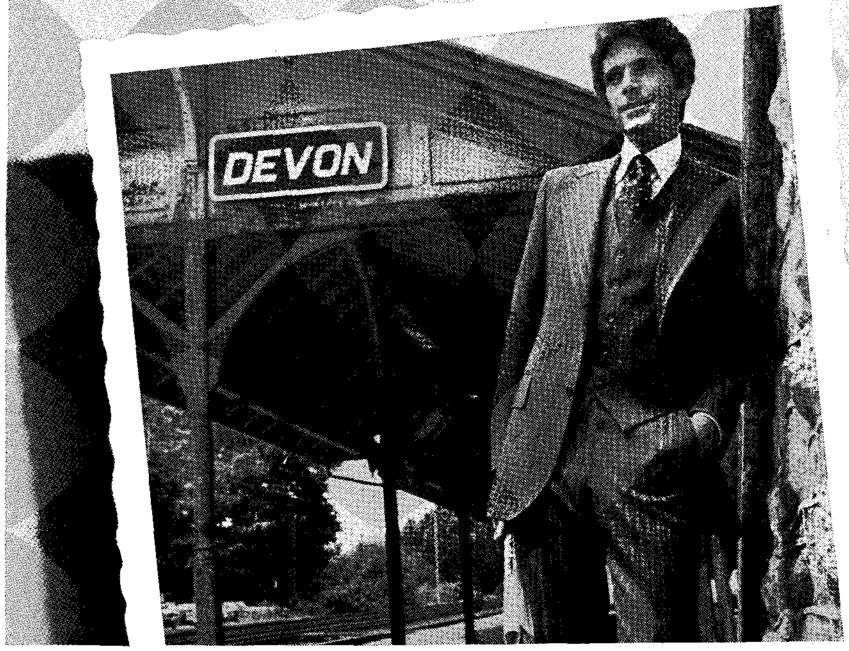
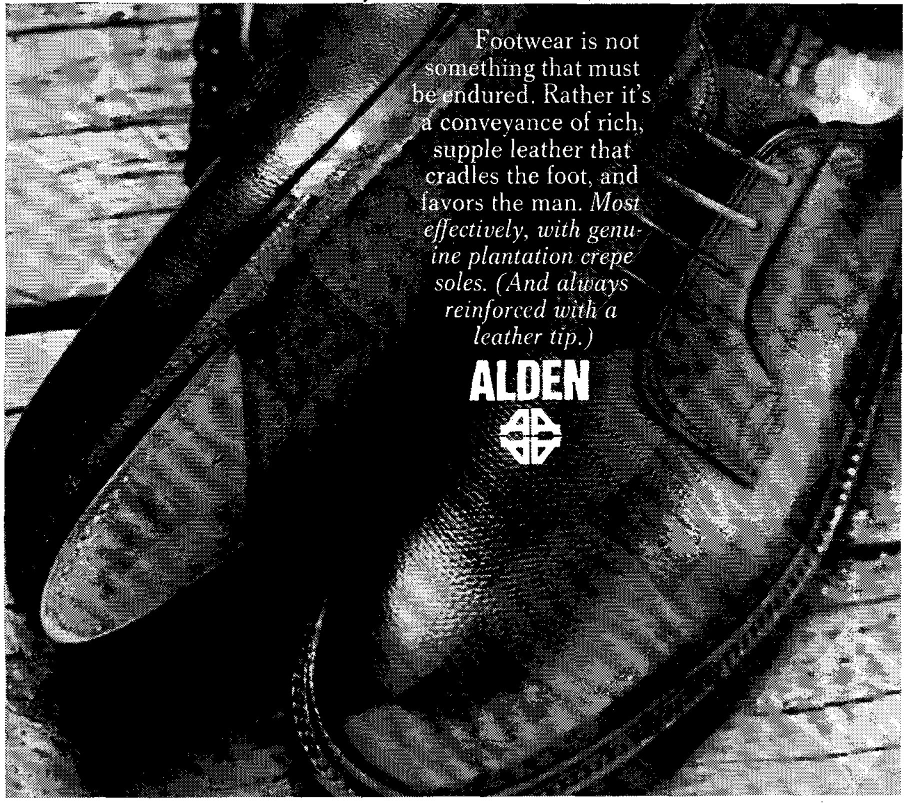


NOT TO BEAR, BUT TO BE BORNE.



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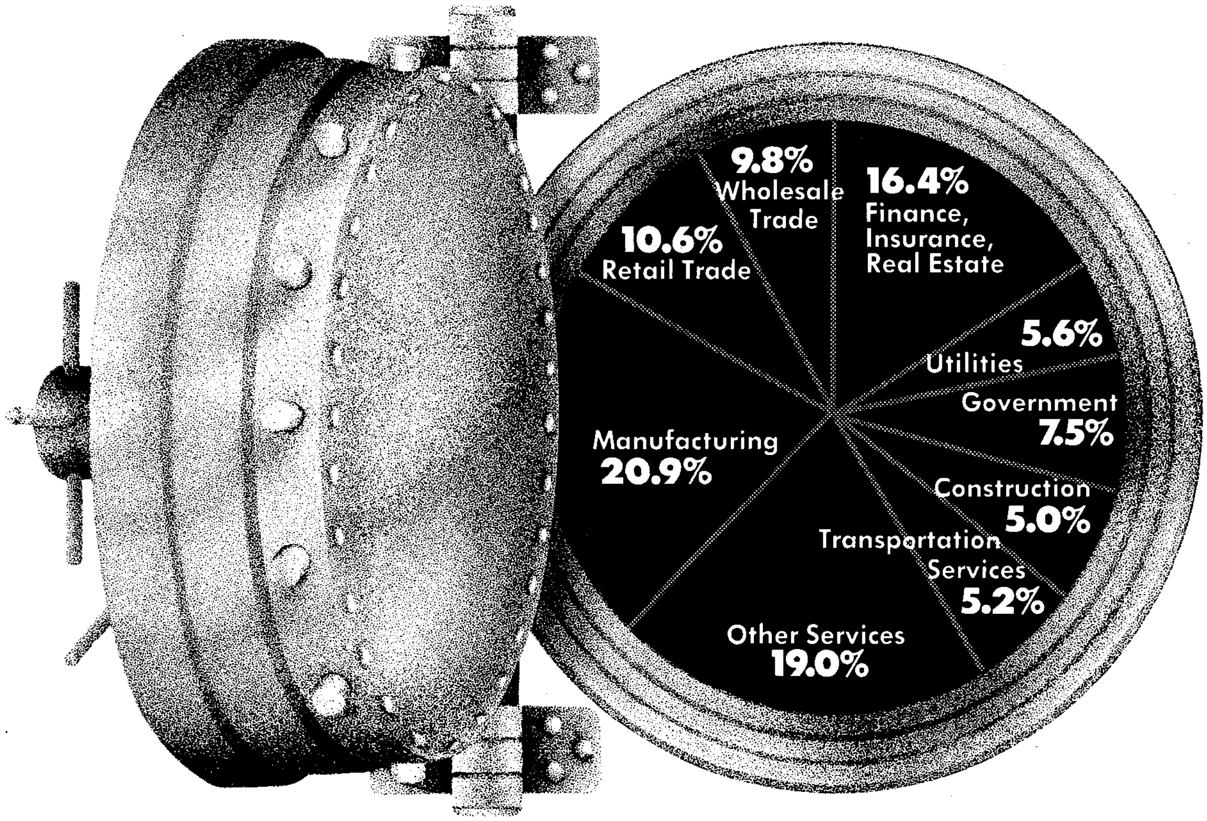
Constitution. Neither the authority nor the power belongs to him personally; rather, both belong to the office he holds, and he exercises them only as an officeholder. His exercise of them is subject, even concurrently with that exercise, to such critical inspection and control by the people as will not render him impotent to perform his designated instrumental functions. In addition, he is liable to impeachment and removal from office when he exceeds the Constitutional authority vested in his office or usurps powers not allotted to him, just as when he commits other high crimes and misdemeanors. A constitutional government is thus a government of laws in the sense that no man is above the law and no man has political authority or legitimate power except that which is conferred upon him by the people, who govern themselves through the services of their political instruments—public officials, or officeholders.

To say that a constitutional democracy is both government *of* the people and government *by* the people is to say that the people are both the constituents of government, through acts of consent to the constitution they have adopted as the framework of government, and enfranchised citizens participating, by the exercise of their suffrage, in self-government—not directly but indirectly, through their representatives, upon whom they have conferred the authority to administer the functions of government.

GOVERNMENT FOR THE PEOPLE: As de Jouvenel pointed out, the phrase, taken by itself, refers to something that is common to all forms of government which are just; namely, that they consist in government for the public good—the good of the governed, or the community as a whole—and not government in the service of the private interests of those who administer the functions of government.

However, democratic governments are charged with doing more *for* the people than are benevolent monarchies or wise aristocracies, precisely because constitutional democracy is fundamentally an experiment in self-government. Just as government *by* the people takes on a special significance from the fact that it is, first of all, government *of* the people, so government *for* the people draws its full force from the antecedent fact that it is both government *of* and government *by* the people.

The idea of democracy presupposes that all men are not only equal under



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the law but equal as well in their claim to the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness which a just government must try to secure for them. Accordingly, democratic governments have an obligation that is inherent in the idea of democracy but alien to the idea of monarchy and the idea of aristocracy—the obligation to secure for all men the rights to which all men have an equal claim.

The statement in the Preamble to the Constitution of the purposes of our government offers a definition of the common good. Of the six purposes, or objectives, of government there stated, the last calls for something that is specific to a constitutional democracy and enlarges—and immeasurably deepens—the conception of the common good. No other form of government is called upon by its constituents to "secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity."

Being a limited government, a constitutional democracy is restrained from invading certain precincts of purely personal liberty. Being accountable to the people, it not only must respect but also must strive to enhance those freedoms which the people need for the mature, critical control of government—freedom of thought, freedom of expression, freedom of association and of public assembly, freedom to dissent and to petition for the redress of grievances. Because the idea of democracy entails such additional things that a democratic government is obliged to do *for* the people, democracy is preëminently "government for the people," and therefore, as Jefferson thought, the only truly just form of government.

If the idea of democracy became at this nation's birth something that the nation regarded itself as holding in trust for the world and for the future, and if Lincoln's oracular triad of prepositional phrases indeed epitomizes that idea, then we have been right in regarding Lincoln's last sixteen words as the focal point of the American testament.

—MORTIMER J. ADLER and
WILLIAM GORMAN

●

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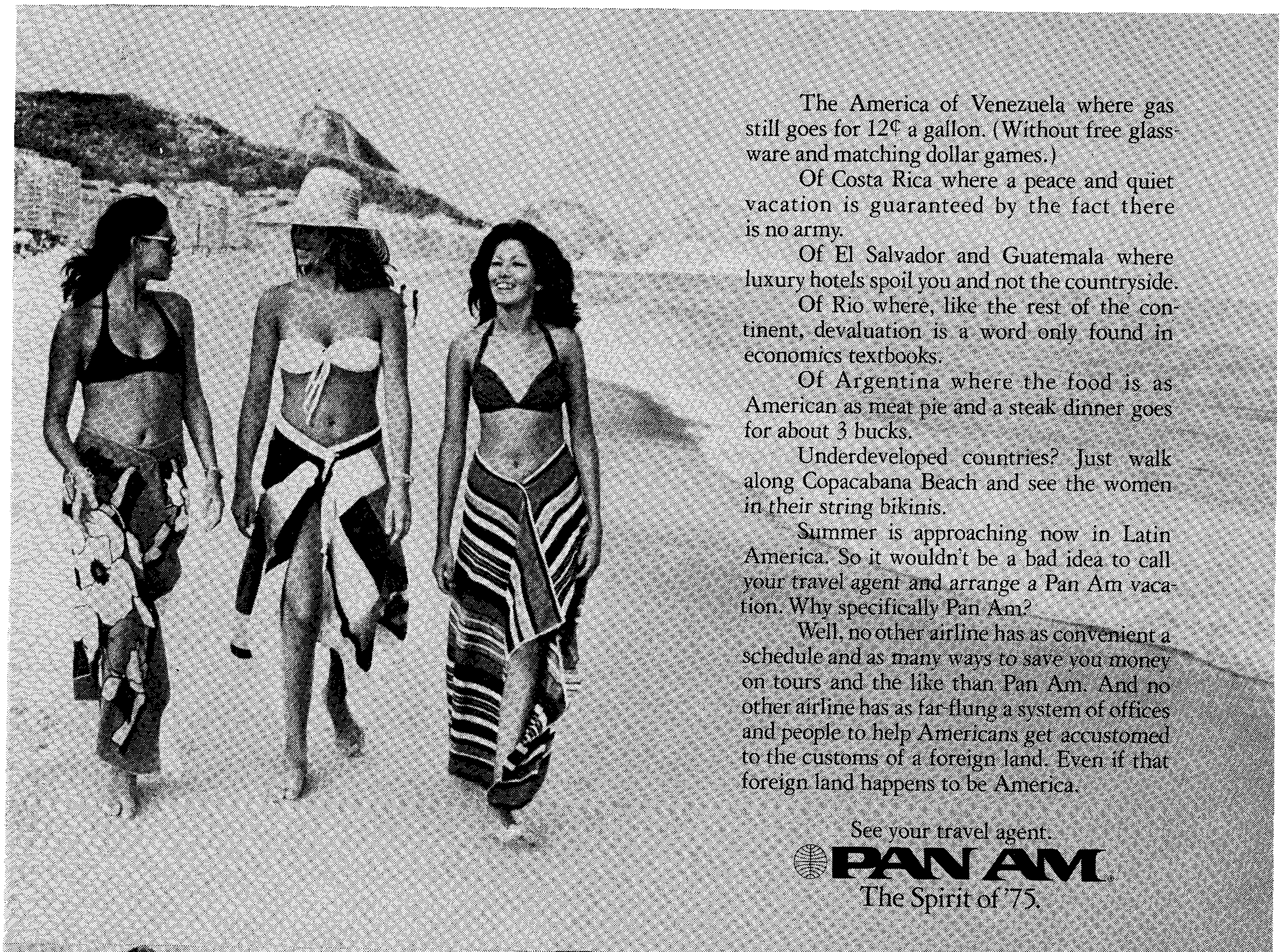

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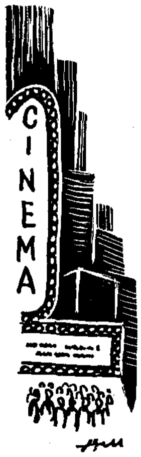
THE CURRENT CINEMA

John Ford



JOHN FORD occupies a unique place in American cinema. Though he was born of two strongly Irish immigrants, in 1895, his films set in Ireland seem diluted compared with his films set in America, in which his sensibility about the sweep of the country's history reflects the exceptionally American fact that his parents chose to inhabit this land instead of being its citizens by accident of birth. Even some of his earliest films are clear predecessors temperamentally of great later works like "Stagecoach" (1939), "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940), "My Darling Clementine" (1946), and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" (1949). All his films may be large-scale, but they have a warm intimacy of observation. Ford always had an intense talent for dailiness, and his films about America's past exude a strong feeling for the household zone of history. For all the vitality of his narrative technique, character was of more consequence to him than plot. Ford was urgently interested in the matter of how an individual behaves when he is pushed to the limit—which is to say that Ford's nature was theatrical, since all drama, whether tragedy, comedy, romance, or farce, catches people at moments of extremity. But the events of a Ford film unfurl in no hurry. There is always time for the establishment of a mood belonging to a character, or for Ford's view of a piece of behavior. He was much stirred by moments of mourning and moments of forgiveness. The elegances of sexual intrigue were of no interest to him. There was a deep chivalry at work here, and a presiding interest in the triumphs achieved by people who are themselves ultimately defeated: one thinks of the vanquished heroes of "The Long Gray Line" (1955), "The Searchers" (1956), "The Wings of Eagles" (1957), "The Last Hurrah" (1958). It is significant that the first film he made after the Second World War was "They Were Expendable" (1945), which was about the First Philippine Campaign, for Bataan and Corregidor, in 1942, one of America's most afflicting losses among remembered battles.

Ford's pictures create a stratified moral structure in which ethical truths can be trusted to prove themselves even if the proving costs the exponents damage. Men and women—though there are not many interesting women in Ford's pictures—exist as models for others and as promontories of divine goodness. They are individuals only incidentally. Ford's Catholicism affects the nature of his films to a notable degree, considering how subordinate a hand he generally credited himself with in his scripts. He liked to think of himself as a jobster, and made much too little of the idea that he stamped his work indelibly with his beliefs. It could be said, though, that his films are anti-intellectual, and that this accounts for the sticky muddle he made in "The Fugitive" (1947) of the graceful dubieties of Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory." The flickering verve of his films lies in their concreteness. We are in a laconic, fraternal, high-spirited, free-booting world, which is seen always from the point of view of the infantryman, and in which the infantryman stands for the group. In Ford's Westerns, there are remarkably few of the solitary shoot-outs that have made the standardized Western hero's lone swagger down Main Street represent such a shrivelled idea of courage. Ford was concerned not with conflicts through saloon doors but with conflicts of interest: migrant workers at odds with droughts, upstart officers at war with the West Point brass. For him, contact with the open air leads to virtue. He bestows on the American past a mixture of meditativeness and awe, and it is part of his achievement that he tells us more about our feelings for history than about the record. He summons up the America of Lee, Lincoln, Twain. A poignantly adhered-to state of order reigns over the moments of convulsive historical development which so many of his movies recount. There are visible annexes of this feeling for the regulated and concordant in his scenes about families, in the number of men who wear uniforms, and in the proportion of his characters who are doctors (in "The Hurricane," of 1937, for instance; in "Stagecoach;" in "The Horse Soldiers," of 1959).

A Beethoven-musicologist friend who has learned to read Beethoven's musical shorthand has deciphered long-buried evidence of ideas that Beethoven was later to develop or reconsider in writing the matchless quartets. Equivalent scholarship and love of art have gone into the Museum of Modern Art's patient preservation program of films of John Ford made between 1917 and 1937. To quote Eileen Bowser, an associate curator of film at the museum, "A few years ago, Twentieth Century-Fox agreed to make available its surviving nitrate studio prints and negatives for the museum to copy on acetate stock, insuring that these films would continue to live long after the nitrate has turned to powder." The museum is in the midst of showing us its rescue work. As far as it can, and where the decay of the nitrate print does not prohibit projection, it is screening the original nitrate prints rather than the copies. The nitrate prints are beautiful, with the peculiarly sharp, silvery quality of black-and-white which has been lost since the coming of acetate, and which all the technological accomplishments of later cinema have never compensated us for. John Ford himself had little use for the novelty of the wide screen, which gave him what he called "a lot of real estate" on each side of the people he wanted to show; and until the end of his life, in 1973, he continued to prefer black-and-white to color. "Why?" asked the American film director Burt Kennedy once, in a published dialogue. Ford said, "You like spinach? It's all a matter of taste."

Ford's special reverence for doctors is plain among the films at the museum in "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936). The plot is based on the true story of Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd, who set John Wilkes Booth's fractured leg after Booth had killed Lincoln. Mudd was arrested for doing his job as a physician, and sentenced to life imprisonment in Fort Jefferson, the disease-riddled Civil War prison on Shark Island, off the Florida coast. After a racking and unsuccessful attempt to escape, he won executive pardon for his bravery during an outbreak of yellow fever. Ford's Dr. Mudd (Warner Baxter)—the script is by Nunnally Johnson—is typically untriumphant both in escaping and in doctoring. He is simply an ordinary physician whom crisis amplifies.

To extend the terms of the profession, there is also the benign medicine man played by Will Rogers in "Steamboat Round the Bend" (1935, and also at the museum). The Doc is the proprietor of a rackety steamboat that goes in for a race with the handicap of

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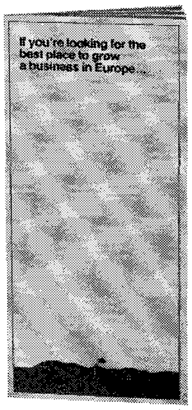
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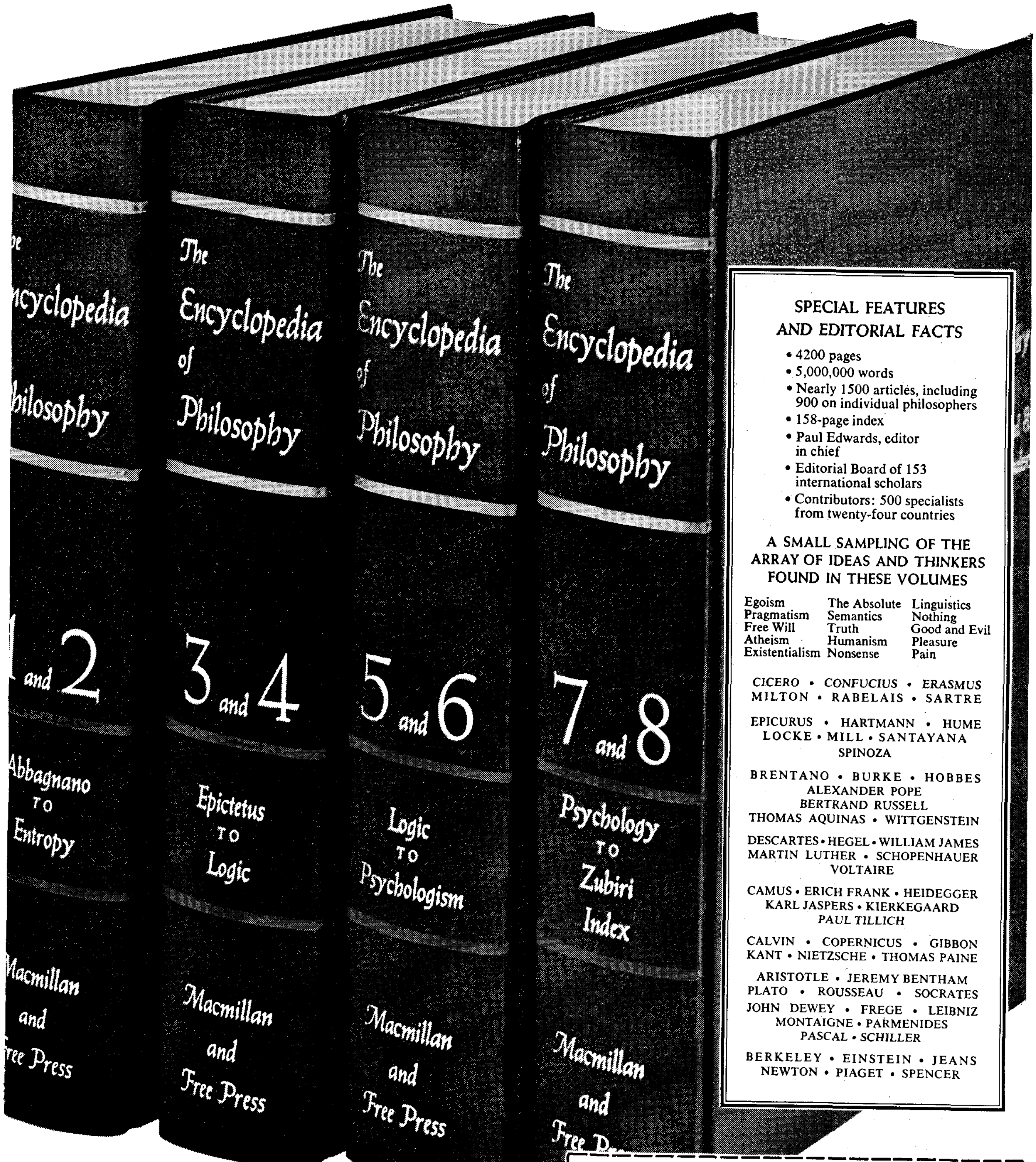
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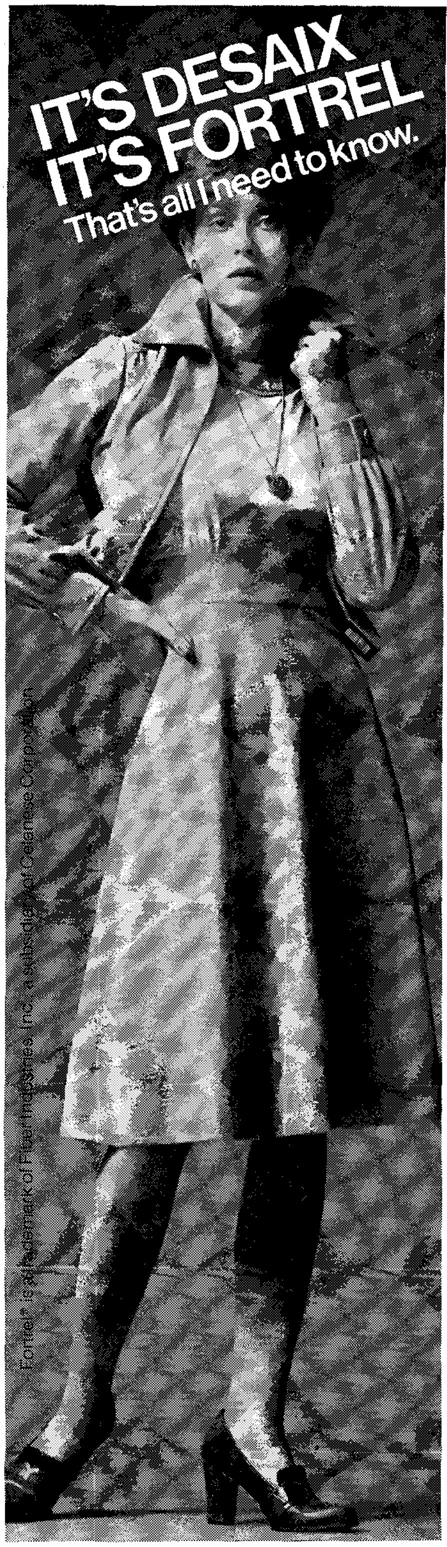
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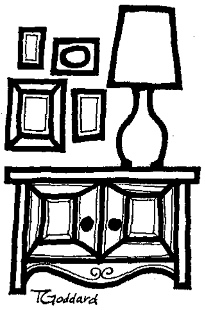
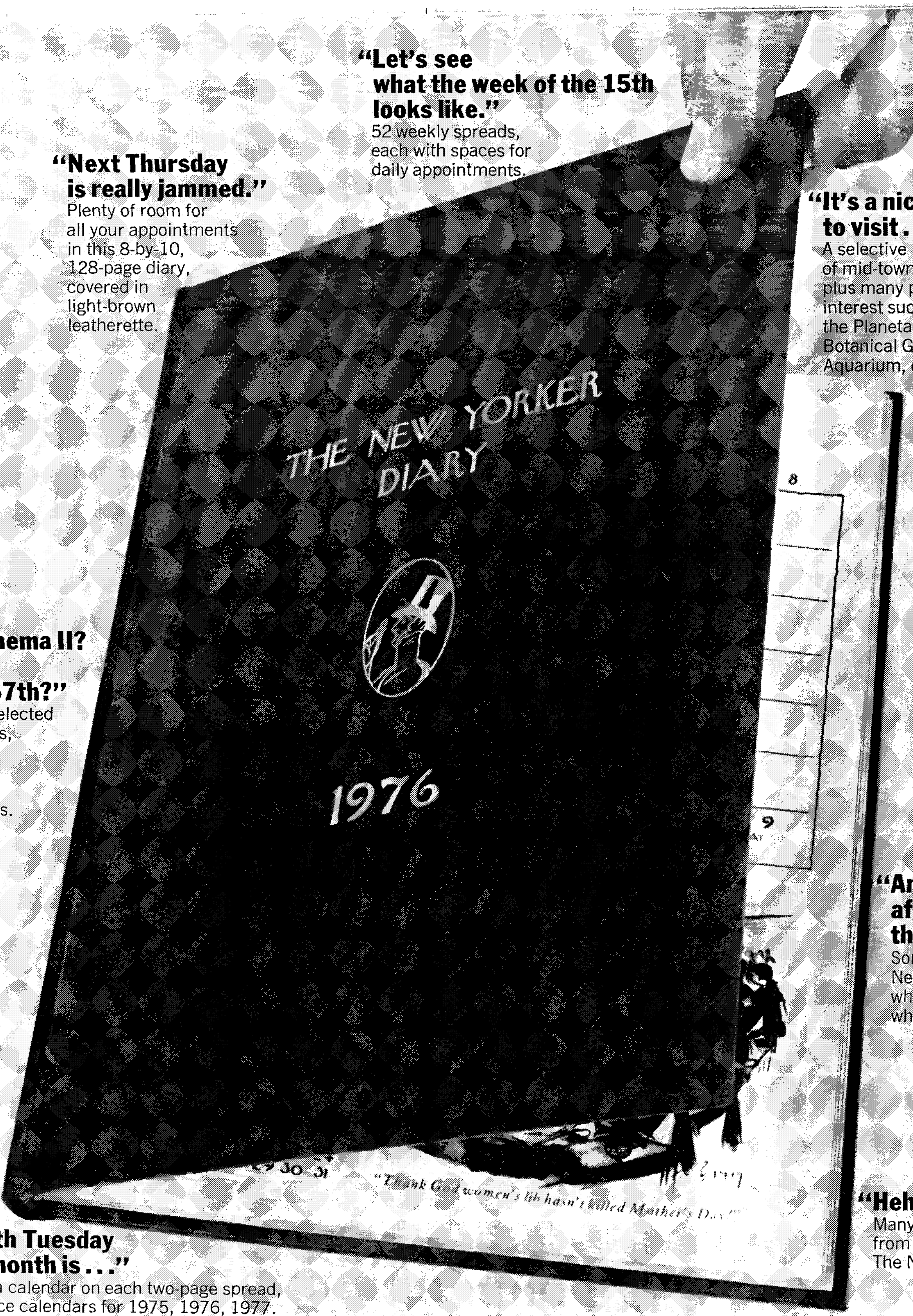
seeming to be made of scrap iron and old boots. Will Rogers gives a tender comic performance that takes its own sweet time. Among other things, the character has to deal with a hypocritical preacher, dressed in a flowing white robe and a silk hat, who is vehemently teetotal as he gives a sermon to a boatload of swiggers. Later, there is a fine pause in which the Doc considers the case of a truculent, scared runaway girl who is trying to shout herself into feeling grownup. "I got some hot coffee," he says after looking at her with careful concern.

Ford's talent for a particular kind of luminous, mischievous gangster comedy is not to be underrated in favor of his more obviously serious pictures (though I don't care much for a flappy Moss Hart comedy, in the current showings, starring Wallace Beery and named "Flesh," which was made in 1932). This talent is represented at the museum in a splendid example called "Up the River" (1930), with Humphrey Bogart and Spencer Tracy: Bogart's second film, Tracy's first. Bogart's job in prison is to take down the details of incoming criminals' biographies. He questions a gentle girl who seems destined to be his first love; after she had finished telling fortunes, she says, looking fragile, she would recommend certain oil stocks. Spencer Tracy, already exhibiting the stoic energy onscreen that made audiences assume he wasn't doing anything (a quality that often defines great film acting, including Brando's), asks the girl if she's really stuck on the Bogart character or if there's a chance for him to muscle in. He seems to have an attachment to impossible aspirations. On arriving at the jail, he asks for a cell with a double bed and a southern exposure. Bogart gets out of prison and back to an iron-bar mother who supposes him to have been in China. To have to reply "Coming, Mother" every time she shouts for him obviously strikes him as worse than jail. Spencer Tracy and another escaped convict—after aiding Bogart—break back into prison, because they want to play on the convicts' baseball team. The film is laxly funny, terse, idiosyncratic; made from a screenplay by Maurine Watkins, it has some of the flavor of a movie by Preston Sturges.



If one had to begin to make up a "typical" Ford film, I suppose it would include John Wayne, scenes in Monument Valley, a dance, a fight, a funeral, a train, the steaming breath of horses. It would have his comedy, his intense and sustained gravity, his feeling for theatricality in landscape. It would have his particular use of light: something on fire at night, scenes in bright sun seen through the frames of windows or of openings in darkness. It would have an ideal Ford stock cast: to give us, perhaps, Hank Worden's bad jokes, Ward Bond's blunt candor, Jack Pennick's agreeable dopiness, Victor McLaglen's air of an Irish bouncer, and Henry Fonda's look of being the President we need. There would be no lechers, and few cardinal sins; instead, there would be pugnacity and boozing to stand for the hedonist vices that Ford's Irish soul permitted. The period would be one in which society is on trial: during a war, or amid a popular crisis, or winning some sort of Pyrrhic victory. Events would take place in a succession as easygoing as Ford's attitude toward his own past, and the nation recorded would be the America that died in the Civil War, if it ever existed. (John Ford used to recall that his father had four brothers who fought in the Civil War: one on the Confederate side, two on the Union side, and one on both—"He got *two* pensions.") At the end, the central figure would characteristically fend off society's endearments and soft comforts; a Ford hero exemplifies an ideal of self-sacrifice that is as convinced as Abraham Lincoln's renunciation of his law practice to change American history. But even including all this, would one arrive anywhere near, say, "Young Mr. Lincoln" (1939), with its detail and veracity about small-town myth? With its Independence Day log-splitting contest, its tug-of-war won by hitching a rope to a mule cart, its adjudicator of a pie contest who chooses between apple and peach with the gravity of a Supreme Court judge? Its performance by Henry Fonda of a young Mr. Lincoln whose impulse not to respond overfast seems the product of country stock? Its wonderful sequence about two country brothers caught up in a murder of which each is accused of being guilty, and about their mother, who, in a Solomon situation, refuses to save one child at the expense of the other? Everything in this sequence is opacity and muffled sound; would anyone but Ford have shot it so?

"Young Mr. Lincoln" is too well known and comes slightly too late in



"Let's see what the week of the 15th looks like."
52 weekly spreads, each with spaces for daily appointments.

"Next Thursday is really jammed."
Plenty of room for all your appointments in this 8-by-10, 128-page diary, covered in light-brown leatherette.

"It's a nice place to visit . . ."
A selective list of mid-town hotels plus many places of interest such as the Planetarium, Botanical Garden, Aquarium, etc.

'It's at Cinema II? Is that at 58th or 57th?"
A listing of selected movie houses, theatres, museums, galleries, sports arenas.

"And then, after theatre . . ."
Some notes on New York night life — where to go, what to do.

"Heh, heh"
Many cartoons from the pages of The New Yorker.

'The fourth Tuesday of next month is . . ."
Three-month calendar on each two-page spread, plus reference calendars for 1975, 1976, 1977.

For Appointments
For Reference or just
For Laughs
The New Yorker 1976 Diary. $10.
Use the coupon to order by mail. Please add $1. per diary for shipping and handling.
New York residents please add sales tax. Or reserve your copy now at a fine store near you.

The New Yorker
Suite 1102
25 West 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

Yes, please send me_____copies of The New Yorker Diary. I've enclosed my check for $_____.

NAME ADDRESS CITY STATE ZIP
702

Ford's career to be in the museum's program, but at least two films that are in it are just as typical, startling, and deeply affectionate about the on-running of American history. One is "The Iron Horse" (1924), about the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. The element of profit-making cynicism that must have gone into the building of the railroad is here veiled in a feeling of idyll. Though we are watching something in the movement of history which must have been rushing and harsh, Ford makes it seem lyric. Davy Brandon (George O'Brien) and his father *want to pioneer the wilderness*. The father is killed by a two-fingered renegade in an Indian raid. An evil creature named Bauman, jockeying to make a mint, fails in maneuvers to get the tracks to run through his property, but he persuades the Indians to attack the railroad that is being built with such fierce difficulty. Many of the workers are Chinese. ("Say, boss, there's no getting on with these furriners. I knocked five of them down and even then they wouldn't work," remarks someone in a subtitle. This is an example of Ford's raucous sense of irony, I believe, not of his occasional bigotry.) The film is full of shots packed with differentiated, expressive faces: faces of people watching a scrap in a saloon, fighting Indians, lugging heavy railroad ties, being nearly mowed down by stampeding buffalo. There is a battle characteristically shot in the doorframe of a semi-built log cabin. The cabin is a place hardly begun, like the lives of the pioneers. The train represents the force of events; the figures seem small, and they are either swept along or left behind. A white man is killed in railroad festivities, and his widow falls on his grave as the train chugs on. An Indian is killed in an attack on the railroad, and a dog sniffs his body as the train heaves its way across the continent to link up with the tracks from the East. Ford was only twenty-nine when he made "The Iron Horse," but it already bears his marks. A powerful humor, camaraderie, and respect for courage are active in this reverie about endeavor, which was partly shot in no circumstances for dreaming: in a temperature of twenty degrees below zero.

The Museum is also showing "Three Bad Men" (1926), which is better still. This one was written by Ford and John Stone from a novel by Herman Whitaker, and beautifully photographed by Ford's great colleague George Schneiderman (co-photographer of "The Iron Horse"). It is 1876 in the West. Gold-rush time, land-rush time. In an iris shot we see a tree being felled. We open up to a wilderness. Three rakish bad men (George O'Brien, J. Farrell MacDonald, Tom Santschi), who are furtively heroic but decline to see their heroism at all *seriously*, take over the *marrying-off* arrangements of a flower-faced but spunky girl. One of the trio wears a battered stovepipe hat. Another, Mike, is a mess. Every frame of the crowd sequences has the sort of ardent vivacity that so often makes Ford remind one of Griffith. The great land rush is first shown in a pan shot of thousands of wagons and horses waiting in line for the stroke of noon. Then the stampede begins. A wheel comes off a cart. Wagons spill and splinter. A baby is dropped, and it is then picked up by someone at full gallop who has nothing to do with it. A high-wheel bicycle is dragged by a horse. One tired nag won't move above a walk, though the hordes of others go pell-mell. There are characteristic Ford scenes to do with the use of light: a prospector's tent lit up with gunpowder, burning wagons sent pelting toward a church in order to set it on fire, people in the church being rescued by men with flares. This is a major film, and an especially important one for the museum to have rescued. Its comedy, self-amusement, and poetry are rare. So is the direction of the acting. We are in an epic world warmed by domestic detail and by teasing, protective insights into the characters of men under stress. The members of the cast play together like a company of Russians. In the end, after saving their girl, Ford's three musketeers meet tragedy one by one. But Ford himself would not have approved of the word "tragedy." He once said, "Tragedy is never wholly tragic. Sometimes tragedy is ridiculous." In "Three Bad Men" he directed as serious a tragedy as could be imagined, yet also made it blithe.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

• •

Yankee catcher Thurman Munson became a father again when his wife gave birth to son Michael Anthony in Canton last Tuesday, completing his work for a master of arts degree in athletic administration at Montclair State in New Jersey.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Ah, the academic life!

The sheltered mink...
luxurious natural Demi-Buff®
Saga mink from Scandinavia
collared with tip-dyed
Russian sable, slipcovered
with natural poplin rain shell.

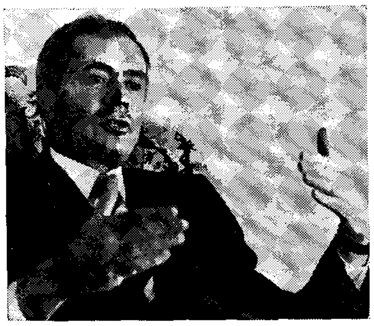
Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth
Bal Harbour • Atlanta • St. Louis

It would take eighteen 30-second TV commercials to tell you what's on this page... and other reasons why I like print.

By Al Hampel

Executive Vice President and Director of
Creative Services,
Benton & Bowles, Inc.



When I was a kid, I sold magazines door to door. I didn't do it for the money because they paid you in prizes. I did it because it was the only way I could get to read the magazines.

Of all of them I liked Liberty the best. Before there was Evelyn Wood, there was Liberty magazine. Liberty gave you the reading time for every article.

You have now read about 65 words of this ad or about 30 seconds of TV copy—and, see, we have only just begun.

I will not deny that writing TV commercials can be exciting and producing them can be glamorous, sometimes even fun. But for me there's still no kick to compare with filling a page with copy—even though I find it more difficult to do than TV.

Without the benefit of motion and bedazzling optical effects, without the impact of music and sound, I know copywriters who become paralyzed with fear at the thought of writing a print ad. Can you blame them? They are part of the generation of TV baby copywriters whose experience with print is limited to an occasional trade ad or a cents-off promotion. The shortage of good print writers is acute and so is the shortage of good print ads.

Print-the amazing new medium.

I sometimes wonder what would have happened if print had followed TV as an advertising medium. Think of print as a *brand-new* medium and the possibilities become astounding. Imagine a new form of advertising that lets you stretch out and sell your product in ways that no 30- or 60-second time span could possibly handle. For example, if you sell toothpaste for cavity prevention on TV, in print you can reveal ten ways you can get children to brush with your toothpaste—a story too long to be squeezed into a TV commercial.

Even in less than single-page units you can often say more than you can in a TV commercial. Grab your prospect with a provocative headline and an interesting visual, write bright informative copy, make it easy to read, and smaller space becomes no obstacle to good print advertising.

Great recipe for selling.

It may look like just another ad to you, but to the woman of the house it's tonight's dessert—or Saturday night's dinner. Any food or beverage advertiser who doesn't consider print for recipes or serving suggestions does so at his own risk.

And in print the recipes aren't limited to food or drink. Learn how to select a mattress or a fine vintage wine. Get a crash course in make-up or how to insulate a house. Cut along the dotted line and file an airline schedule in your wallet. Find a new color for a rug and take it to the store when you shop. No TV set can convey color as accurately as four-color print. There are as many variations of hues on TV as there are sets in use.

And only in print: The information in an ad is yours to keep and refer to as long as the paper lasts.

Coupons-the choicest cut of all.

If you've been at a supermarket checkout counter lately, you'll know the family scissors have been working overtime. The person who invented the cents-off coupon must have loved manufacturers, retailers, and consumers alike. There is scarcely a more useful promotion tool in all of marketing.

A recent issue of a popular magazine contained coupons worth $52.39.

Overnight response.

If you have a son or daughter who wants to be a copywriter, encourage him or her to get a job in a department store. It's the best training they could get. When you write retail print copy, you can expect response to your ad at the point of sale the day after it runs. The buyer of ladies' ready-to-wear will tell you within days how good a copywriter you are. You won't need research to tell you.

Print vs. the subliminal address.

In print, when you invite someone to write for something, your address is available forever. Like this:

Free! Handsome button containing
the immortal words:
IT'S NOT CREATIVE UNLESS IT SELLS.
Send to: Free Button Offer
P.O. Box 5035, F.D.R. Post Office Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

Name______________________
Address______________________
City__________State______Zip______

Could you have remembered that address or copied it from a TV screen in three seconds?

Aubrey Joel, President of Southam Business Publications in Canada, says: "One of print's primary advantages is its ability to free time. A page in a magazine can hold a reader five, ten, fifteen minutes, long enough to fill out a coupon, write a check, make a phone call, or take some other action. And isn't action the ultimate purpose of advertising?"

MAIN IDEA and secondary ideas.

In print you can highlight a main selling idea in your headline. Your secondary selling idea can go in a sub-headline. Other key points can be emphasized with crossheads. And, of course, you can get down to details in the body copy.

This is not as easily done in TV where every word carries as much weight as every other word and it's difficult to communicate more than one major selling idea. Nevertheless, overloaded commercials are very common. They are known as blivots.

Isn't it paradoxical that when TV advertisers want to instill a selling idea they resort to a superimposition of words. In other words, to be remembered it's good to be seen in words—as in print.

Finally, I must mention the seldom used but very titillating print ad that asks you to scratch and sniff the product. I have never resisted becoming involved with this little sensory game and I don't know anybody who has. Unfortunately, there are some ads that smell without scratching.

Those are just some of the reasons why I like print. I speak for no magazine or newspaper, yet I speak for them all. In telling you how great each one of them is numerically, I think they have collectively overlooked the basic virtues they all enjoy.

I could guarantee you this: If somehow print could be viewed as a new medium, you'd see a wave of jaded TV writers and art directors clamoring for print assignments as they once fought for the chance to get into show business via the TV commercial. Print needs that kind of reawakening.

I could write volumes about the effectiveness of TV advertising and maybe someday I will. Call it nostalgia, call it love of the printed word, whatever... this copywriter has seen print go from the most used advertising medium to an underused and misused advertising medium. That bothers me.

Magazine Publishers Association, Inc., Magazine Center, 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

THE ART WORLD

History at the Met

THE mammoth exhibition at the Metropolitan entitled "French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution" is based on the challenging premise that the researches of art history can result in a display of paintings attractive to the general public. Put together by a team of specialists, the show is essentially didactic—to appreciate it, visitors must come endowed with an eagerness to be educated. Though it contains some paintings often seen or reproduced—Fragonard's "The Lock," David's "Death of Socrates," Géricault's "Wounded Cuirassier," Ingres's "Roger and Angelica," Delacroix's "Liberty Leading the People"—it consists for the main part of canvases by painters whose reputation has dimmed, which are dated stylistically and, admittedly, are second-rate. The spectator is offered the opportunity—not often given deliberately—to familiarize himself with bad paintings.

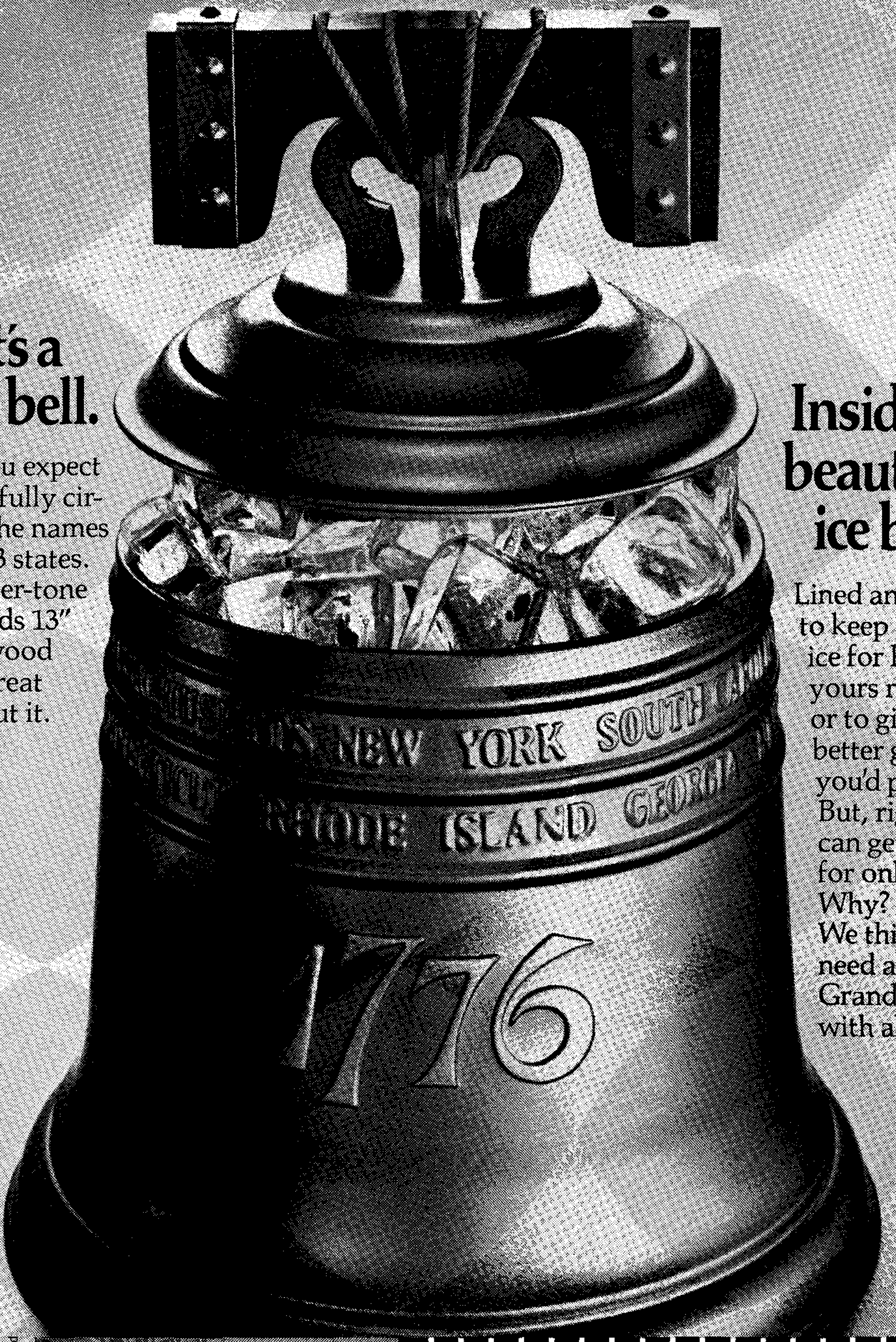
To the art historian, the absence of distinction of most of the items shown makes them no less interesting. "We wanted to bring out of obscurity many artists, some famous during their lifetimes but who today are only names in specialized dictionaries," writes Pierre Rosenberg, Curator of Paintings at the Louvre, and one of the organizers of the exhibition. Rosenberg reflects ruefully on paintings of the period that could not be included because they have vanished, and on others, "many of them extremely large," that were inaccessible because they lie rolled up and neglected in museum "reserves"—in sum, paintings that no one wants to preserve or has had the courage to throw away. Had time, space, and resources been available, the exhibition could have been expanded to twice or thrice its size, if not indefinitely. In fact, however, sixty paintings, among them some from the top level of quality, have been omitted from the original group shown at the Louvre. There have been complaints about these omissions, presumably by persons with a limitless appetite for seeing paintings merely because they exist. But neither expansion nor contraction could alter the essential character of the show as primarily, in the words of the Louvre curator, an "exploration of an unknown and inadequately studied period." Matter has been dredged up from the mulch of forgotten art that underlies civilization, and has been blended with creations by masters who have managed to survive on the surface. Such a display appeals to the passion for cultural education—the accumulation of information about art: names, dates, and identifiable images—which is sufficient to insure an adequate museum attendance.

But the show at the Metropolitan promises more than pictorial data about a given period in art. When the exhibition was originally shown in Paris, it bore the title "From David to Delacroix: French Painting from 1774 to 1830"—a strictly art-history billing. In the United States, however, the survey has been given a coating of glamour through a new title: "French Painting 1774 to 1830: The Age of Revolution." In a word, political history has been invoked to add meaning to art history. Obviously, pictures that represent an epoch of revolution reach levels of intellectual and emotional interest unattainable by works that merely fill in gaps in our knowledge of art. Renaming the show might be taken as an admission that, whatever art may be for art historians, it becomes more meaningful and moving for the public through its connection with living events. We, too, live in an "age of revolution"—actually, the same revolutionary age that is the subject of the Metropolitan show—and throughout this epoch artists as well as political ideologists and philosophers of culture have been endeavoring to determine what sort of art is appropriate to our period of social and political upheaval. The concept of an avant-garde and the ideal of art for art's sake are antithetical—or, if one prefers, complementary, or even interwoven—responses to this unending and apparently intensifying process of overthrow. Thus, an exhibition representing "The Age of Revolution," even if admittedly uneven in aesthetic value, might provide significant hints for art in our time.

Unfortunately, the Metropolitan show fails to convey any coherent impression. The expectations aroused by the linkage of art with political history result merely in a state of bewilderment. A model for paintings expressive of revolution would be "Liberty Leading the People," a detail of which appears in color on the cover of the exhibition catalogue, and which provides a mighty finale on the back wall of the last gallery. Portraits of

"Willametta is my alter ego."

The Old Grand-Dad Bicentennial Bell.



Outside it's a beautiful bell.

Looks so real you expect it to ring. Beautifully circumscribed by the names of the original 13 states. Finished in pewter-tone aluminum. Stands 13" tall, has a hardwood handle. Looks great wherever you put it.

Inside it's a beautiful ice bucket.

Lined and insulated to keep a gallon of ice for hours. Order yours now, to keep or to give. At a better gift shop you'd pay $29.95. But, right now, you can get it from us for only *$19.95.* Why? It's simple. We think you'll need a lot of Old Grand-Dad to go with all that ice.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof. Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

To order, send check or money order to:

Old Grand-Dad Bicentennial Bell Offer
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Babylon, New York 11702

Please send me____Bicentennial Ice Buckets. Enclosed find $19.95 per order. (Checks or money orders only. No cash, please.)

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

City____________**State**____________**Zip**________

All Taxes included. Offer expires July 31, 1976. Please allow 6 weeks for delivery. Offer void where prohibited by law. We cannot guarantee delivery without Zip code.

At last there's a bra as seamless as you are—inside and out.

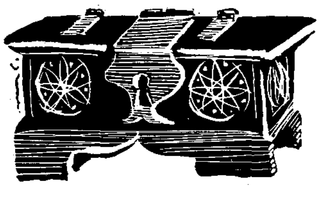
THE KNIT 2 SLEEKER is a technological tribute to the smoothness of a woman's body. Feels as beautiful as it looks. The Sleeker #423, lightly lined, A, 32-36; B, C, 32-38. White and Champagne. Only $8. From a collection of unwrinkled, unseamed, uninhibited double knit bras available at Bonwit Teller, The Broadway, Marshall Field, Frederick & Nelson, Goldwater's, Maas Bros., or write Formfit Rogers, Dept. D, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

Be Somebody with Formfit Rogers.

a division of Genesco

Louis XVI, Napoleon, Mirabeau, Robespierre, and of soldiers of the period are also evocative of the struggles for the remaking of Europe, as are such history paintings (shown in the catalogue) as "Marshal Ney and the Soldiers of the 76th Regiment" and "Entry of the Imperial Guard Into Paris."

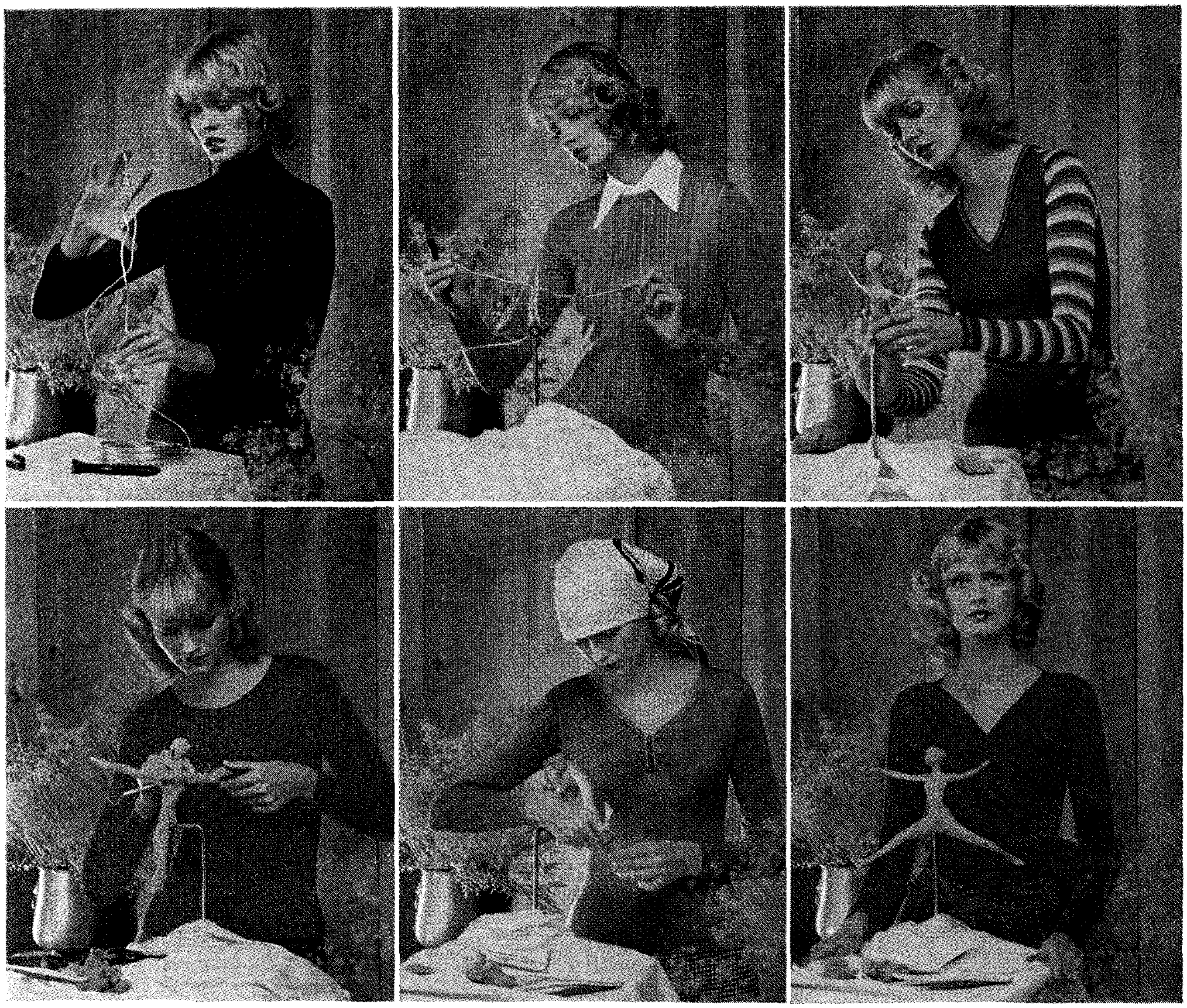
Canvases related to events and personages of the Revolution constitute, however, only a small fraction of "French Painting 1774-1830." From the first gallery on, the spectator is overwhelmed by huge theatrical tableaux depicting episodes from myth and from the history of antiquity, and with these appear symbolic compositions (e.g., "Love Fleeing Slavery"), Biblical subjects, family portraits, and landscapes. What the exhibition reflects is not the reality of the time but its taste. That is to say, the taste of its socially dominant groups. We are reminded that fashion accounts for a large portion of the art of any period, and that it is a quality beyond fashion which makes some works last. In resuscitating artists whose fame has perished, the accumulation at the Metropolitan in effect restores the rule of fashion. According to Antoine Schnapper, a contributor to the catalogue, during the Revolution, "while all the official voices (including the critics) were extolling the virtues of large-scale paintings drawn from antiquity in order to influence public morality, the artists were in fact painting what they could sell," which consisted mostly of portraits, landscapes, and genre pictures—that is, pictures without Revolutionary motifs. "The Age of Revolution" is a recapitulation of what was fashionable in French painting between 1774 and 1830, and other things were fashionable besides the Revolution. What, for example, does the "Eruption of Mount Vesuvius," by Pierre-Jacques Volaire, who settled in Naples in the seventeen-sixties, have to do with the overthrow of the Old Regime in France? From the catalogue we learn that in the eighteenth century there was "an enormous vogue" for paintings of Vesuvius, and particularly for Volaire's. The inclusion of "Eruption" is thus consistent with the aim of the show "to represent this period in its most diverse aspects," and with the effort of Robert Rosenblum, another of its organizers, to trace the "widening diversity of styles" resulting from the shattering of traditions by the Napoleonic era, but it is not relevant to an exhibition representing the French Revolution.



Whatever the logic behind the way in which the exhibition was selected, it is not apparent in the show itself. The paintings exemplify the variety of moods prevailing in the period, but the spectator has no way of knowing what the relation of this variety is to the Revolution, or whether variety and Revolution are to be regarded as synonymous. To judge by this exhibition, the impact on painting of France's tremendous Revolution was surprisingly spotty. Napoleon provided a rousing theme, but of the popular uprising and the Reign of Terror there are very few signs in the show. Very likely, one ought to accept Schnapper's view that "the swift pace of Revolutionary events . . . explains why many canvases were unfinished." Stripped of the solemnity of research, many of the paintings are simply ridiculous—and even more ridiculous as elements of a show entitled "Age of Revolution." After all, the sensibility of our time has been trained by a century of modern art, which forcefully swept aside many modes of aesthetic appeal taken for granted in the art that preceded it. Whatever scholars may choose to do in their books, it is presumptuous of them to initiate an exhibition that disregards their contemporaries' more enlightened responses to works of art. Jeanne-Élisabeth Chaudet's "Young Girl Mourning the Death of Her Pigeon" was also fashionable in its day, though probably not as popular as volcanoes, but it is as sentimental and insipid as a Victorian chromo. To come upon it in "Age of Revolution" is enough to dissipate any serious feeling associated with the historical theme. Unlike "Young Girl," Girodet's "Ossian Receiving Napoleonic Officers" does have to do with the Revolution, but this allegorical canvas, overcrowded with contending warriors, a bearded sage, a gigantic eagle, a cock, a flying goddess, lute-plucking nymphs, and fishlike nudes with classic profiles swarming up from the bottom of the composition, is utterly incomprehensible, both aesthetically and iconographically—it was not entirely understood when it was first shown, in 1802. Exhuming works of this sort can mean only that to the art historian pictures that were once fashionable are forever guaranteed against absurdity.

One aspect of the Revolution does come through visually in the exhibition:

DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING



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DANSKIN®

A thirty-five cent engine part can cost an airline $3,000 an hour, every hour a plane is out of service.

Keeping track of spare parts is just one way the Sperry Univac computer at United Airlines keeps costs under control.

Airlines need so much information for daily operations that just receiving and transmitting facts was a full-time job for scores of people.

Now, at United Airlines, anybody who needs to know anything simply asks a Sperry Univac™ computer. The computer tells flight dispatchers what planes are flying where. It tells crew dispatchers what crews are available where. It tells mechanics what work to do on which planes. It helps develop flight plans that use less fuel.

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Another demonstration of the big idea at Sperry Rand Corporation: Making machines do more, so man can do more. It's the common purpose that makes Sperry, Sperry Flight Systems, Sperry Univac, Sperry Remington, Sperry Vickers and Sperry New Holland add up to Sperry Rand Corporation.

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MAKING MACHINES DO MORE, SO MAN CAN DO MORE.

DEXTER·ITY

Now for the latest leather report. Our handsome handsewn slipons are all leather. Through and through. Soles, too. Tasseled or not, they're a lot of good shoe. And not a lot of money.

DEXTER

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the interpenetration of myth and history—a theme of profound importance. In "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," Karl Marx observed that the leaders of the Revolution played their parts in the costumes and with the gestures of Roman heroes. "Age of Revolution" is rich in instances of the present disguised as the past or the fabulous. Ingres passes easily between enthroned Napoleon and enthroned Jupiter, and Taunay's crowds serve equally for "Entry of the Imperial Guard Into Paris" and "Sermon of Saint John the Baptist." One sees that Now cannot shake itself loose from Then, and this fusion is furthered by art. In pre-Revolutionary France, writes Frederick J. Cummings in his catalogue entry, painters preferred "dramatic subjects from antiquity and medieval history—worlds quite removed from current events." Later, however, "the same artists would paint in heroic guise with equally compelling implications such contemporary events as the oath of the Tennis Court or the death of Marat. In this way, the heroic aspects of contemporary life became so closely identified with the achievements of antiquity that the two were at times interchangeable." Since the past was visualized primarily through art, events were actually copying art when they duplicated the past. In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the impact of style was at least equal to the impact of ideology in our time. Such dashing portraits as Gros's Second-Lieutenant Legrand, Géricault's carabinier, and Guérin's Henri de La Rochejaquelein are a call to arms, regardless of political party, which culminates in Delacroix's half-naked "Liberty" holding aloft the tricolor.

Given its tenuous connection with the Revolution, the Metropolitan show makes sense only through its catalogue, a seven-hundred-page treasury of reproductions (including those of the sixty omitted paintings) and text. Here the spectator may inform himself about the careers of artists he never heard of before, what each picture was intended to depict, what it derived from earlier paintings, who commissioned it and for how much, how it was received by critics of the time, its provenance from the date of execution to the present—and with this he is given essays describing the formal transformations that marked each of the four sub-periods into which 1774-1830 divides itself politically. "Age of Revolution" is an exhibition to read about, preferably before seeing it, particularly by a public that is no longer intimate with the classics and the Scriptures. Indeed, we learn that the show is based on two books: a work in German by Walter Friedlaender, from which its original title was derived, and one by Robert Rosenblum. To this extent, the exhibition itself amounts to illustrations for a text that few spectators have read.

To put it another way, the exhibition is a pitchman's performance designed to lure crowds into the catalogue. Given the current fuss about the dependence of modern abstract art on words, it is pertinent to note the still greater dependence on words of Neoclassical and Romantic paintings. At our stage of civilization, silent pictures are no more to be found in art galleries than in movie houses. The majority of the paintings in "Age of Revolution" are like stills from a film of which one has yet to learn the plot—they can be grasped only by being fitted into the scenario. Resorting to the catalogue, the spectator is showered with bits of fact that would be as difficult to arrive at through unassisted scrutiny of the painting as would the aesthetics of a Mondrian. The difference between the footnotes to today's art and those to the art of two centuries ago arises, of course, from the "literary" character of the earlier creations—their reference to histories (Peyron's "Death of General Valhubert") and their symbolic pantomimes (the same artist's "Time and Minerva"). The new art needs theoretical explanations of what qualifies the work as art; the old art requires information. To approach David's "Apelles and Campaspe" (in the Louvre show) with any degree of comprehension—apart from the formalist ruse of responding to it as if it were an abstraction—one needs to know who these personae are and what the painting recalls in their story. Even on being informed that the male standing at the left dressed only in a helmet is Alexander the Great, that the nude with long curls and downcast eyes poised on the edge of an unmade bed is his mistress, and that the slumped figure in the center with a paintbrush in his hand is the artist Apelles, who is painting the girl's portrait and is going to be given her as a gift, one is left with plenty of questions—but without the identifications mystification is complete. And what is the spectator to do about paintings that depict even more esoteric situations—for instance, "Young and His Daughter," by the soon forgotten Pierre-Auguste

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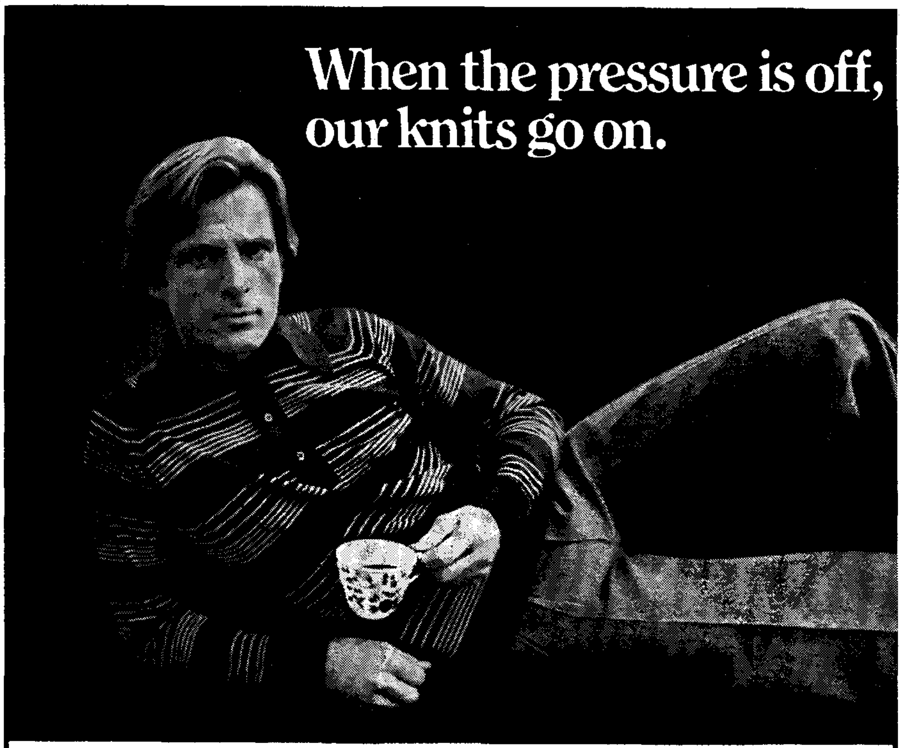

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Vafflard, in which a mad-looking fellow with his eyes closed staggers through the moonlight carrying a shovel and a wrapped-up female as large as he is?

In regard to "literary" paintings, the problem arises of the changed relation between the public and the writings to which the paintings refer. Ought not exhibitors hesitate to present episodes from tales with which the public no longer has any acquaintance and emotional associations? If what counts in art is response, and not acquiring data, it is one thing to show Delacroix's Hamlet and the gravediggers, another to hang a painting of a scene from some forgotten drama. In the present revival of interest in the art of the past, the danger arises of crushing art under art education. It is not irrelevant that in the rapidly changing culture of the West artists since the mid-nineteenth century have sought immediacy of effect in their own paintings and qualities in the older art that transcend storytelling. By this measure, despite the hyper-extended roll call of "French Painting 1774-1830," the artists most worth looking at remain David, Ingres, Géricault, and Delacroix. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

The vice presidency was not included in the positions for a new administrative structure for the university approved by the IU trustees on June 29, 1974, when a controversial reorganization plan was adopted. But, the office continued to exist, along with the But, the office continued to exist, along with the But. the office continued to exist. along with the But. the office continued to exist, along with the But. the office continued to exist. along with the But. the office continued to exist. along with the title, until Monday.
—*Bloomington* (*Ind.*) *Daily Herald-Telephone.*

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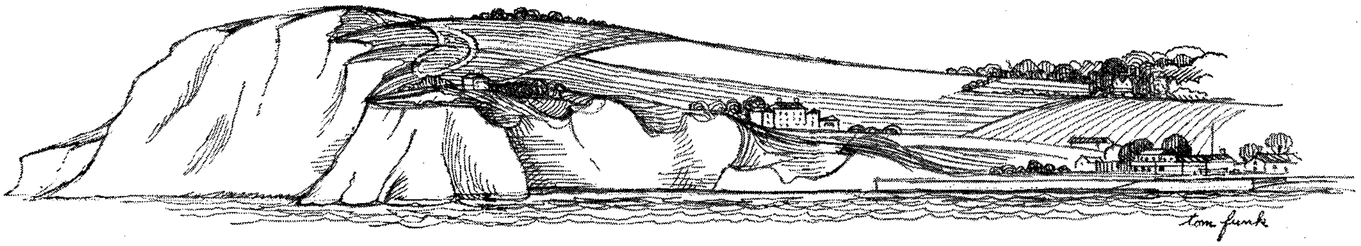
•

Still playing the good loser, Gen. Yakubu Gowon, who was deposed as Nigerian head of state while attending an African summit conference in Kampala, Uganda, played three games of squash with a Nigerian psychology professor. "He was in excellent spirits and joking," the professor, Michael Durojaive, reported. "The air was blue with his language when he missed a shot." Gowon won all three games.
meany
—*Washington* (*D.C.*) *Star.*

Just give the news, please.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

ISLAND WALK



PROMPTED to draw an ideal country, I draw an island. Imagining a journey, I imagine a voyage on a ferryboat to that island. And, given the chance of spending a spring week as I like, I take the boat to the island and walk around it. The island I have in mind is the Isle of Wight, an irregular, flatfish-shaped patch of hills, fields, rivers, cliffs, beaches, villages, and small towns, halfway along the southern coast of England, a few miles off the indented Hampshire shore, with a walking circumference of sixty miles and some ninety thousand acres inhabited by a similar number of people. My father was born there, and in summers before the Second World War we went to stay there in my grandparents' house. It was a forty-minute voyage from Portsmouth, on the mainland, across Spithead to Ryde, on the island, but the journey sometimes lasted a little longer when the captain miscalculated the state of the tide and, making a sharp turn around Spit Sand, grounded the Shanklin (or some other paddle-wheel vessel named after an island town), and caused all the cups of tea in the first- and third-class saloons to take a sudden jump, to lie still for a moment as the captain considered what to do, and then to begin vibrating again as the pistons went in and out and the wheels thrashed in reverse.

Ferries (now twin-screw and diesel-driven) still run. There is also a newer service of Hovercraft, built by an Isle of Wight firm, which make the crossing in seven minutes, and I took one of these vehicles on my most recent trip. It looked like a single-decker bus fixed to the top half of a whale. Pushed by an aircraft propeller and kept several feet aloft by a fan, which creates air pressure inside a thick rubber skirt between the craft's hull and the water, the Hovercraft dashed with a buzzing, chain-saw noise and a mushy, limousinelike motion across Spithead. The March morning was clear, but spray flew in thick sheets past the windows. There was no view. The twenty passengers looked at each other for their reactions. Then the driver, who had a veteran-R.A.F.-fighter-pilot mustache, throttled back, and the machine climbed Ryde beach like a fat crocodile, scattering shingle, and finally—as if punctured—settled slowly with its engine cut.

We had landed next to Ryde Station, which is at the shore end of Ryde Pier. I stopped for a moment to watch the crowd that had just landed from the ordinary ferry: Boy Scouts, salesmen, elderly couples looking for a retirement home, a soldier on leave, a honeymoon pair, women with children, an old man with a dog, and, at the last, three men who stuck very close together as they climbed into a waiting dark-blue van. I had begun to walk uphill through Ryde town when it struck me that these men must have been two police officers and a convict bound for Parkhurst, the prison near the center of the island—a rough piece of the British present to consider in the midst of what might otherwise be thought of as wholly pastoral, late-Romantic, and ideal.

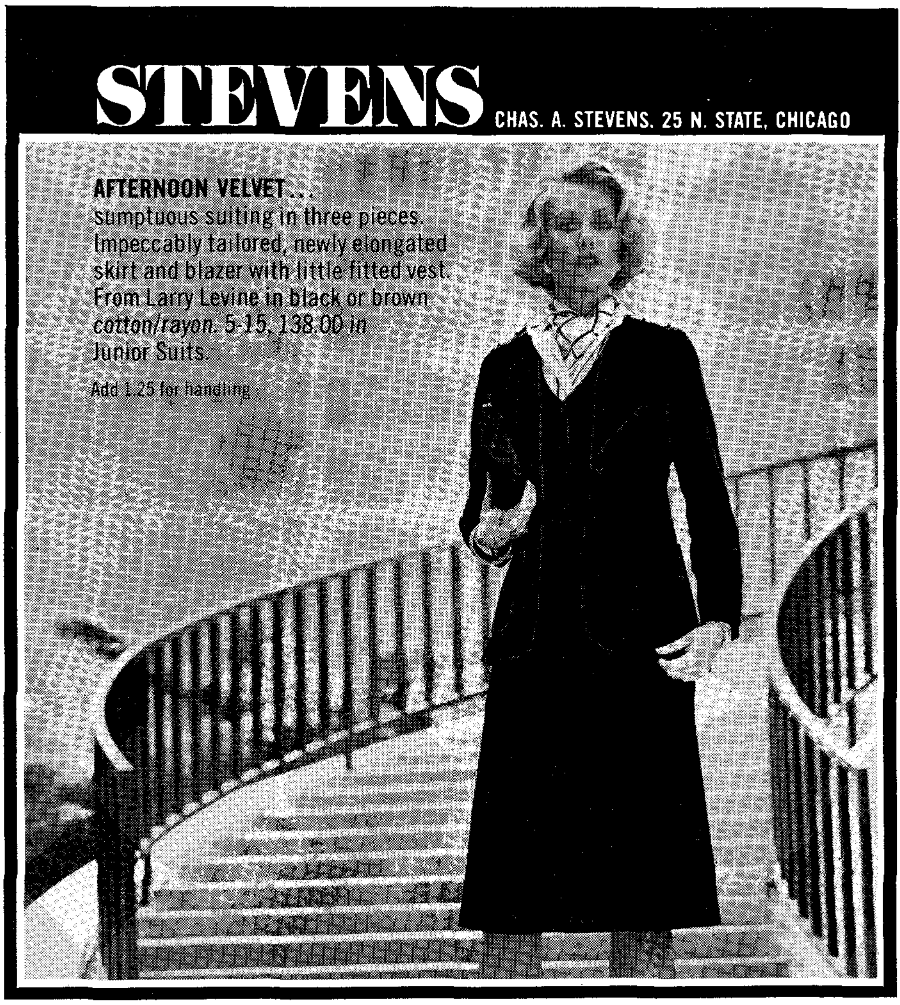
Take Ryde: Despite a Wimpy hamburger joint and a few pseudo-modern shopfronts, it is still an early-nineteenth-century watering place. Ryde's success started the Isle of Wight in the resort trade. According to "The Buildings of England: Hampshire and the Isle of Wight" (a volume in an incomparable architectural guide, covering most of Britain, edited and generally written by Sir Nikolaus Pevsner), the town's population was six hundred in 1795 and almost three thousand in 1821. Pevsner finds the buildings of Ryde dull. Moreover, Ryde is a sudden introduction to the fatiguing fact that most of the island coastal towns are hilly. Union Street, with a gradient of about one in seven, has been craftily made one-way downhill for motor vehicles, but for me, on the sidewalk, it was all uphill, past Yelf's Hotel and the Royal Victoria Arcade ("Italianate front, Doric pilasters. Original shops and lantern lighting inside . . . extremely attractive," says Pevsner, in a rare moment of enthusiasm for Ryde). The Arcade was now empty except for a betting shop and, according to a real-estate agent's sign, was awaiting serious inquiries.

I turned west through St. Thomas's Square, past the town hall, with its columns (Ionic above and Tuscan below, according to Pevsner), and past a new development of detached houses built in the native sandy Isle of Wight stone. Apart from a blustery northeasterly wind, it was a fine day to set out on a long walk. I stopped at the entrance to Ryde's nine-hole golf course to choose a path that would start me counterclockwise around the island, along the north shore—with the wind, if not quite at my back, at least behind my right shoulder. I was carrying a canvas satchel, which contained a plastic raincoat, a change of clothes, Pevsner, and Ordnance Survey Sheet 180, a map scaled one inch to one statute mile, with clear detail on the minutiae of landscape: rivulets, quarries, windmills, tall chimneys, bus depots, churches, Roman villas, and pubs (such as the Hare & Hounds at Arreton, where the last public hanging on the island took place), all held together in a skein of red and yellow roads, gray towns, light-green woods, and orange contours. On the island, as the map indicates, there is a network of footpaths, a few paved, some muddy, many signposted. I took one that ran between hedges across the links. A female foursome stood, with slapping skirts, waiting to drive from the first tee. The path became a lane in Binstead Village and then a path again through a copse, where, at my coming, a squirrel—notable because it was a red squirrel—ran up a tree. The Isle of Wight is the last British refuge of the red squirrel; the gray variety, which generally replaces its red cousins, doesn't seem to have made the crossing yet. Through a half-open gate, I came into the meadows of Quarr Abbey.

There are in fact two Quarr Abbeys, old and new. For four hundred years, from 1131, a Cistercian monastery was the main civilizing influence on the island—a historical verdict that gains added weight when you know that in the fifteenth century the abbot had his own ships for bringing in duty-free wine. Times changed. The sixteenth-century chronicler Lambarde wrote, "The inhabitants of this island be wont to boast merrily that they neither had amongst them monks, lawyers, wolves nor foxes, yet I find them all save one in a monastery called Quarr." The monastery was dissolved in 1537. Pevsner describes what is left of it—a gray "Early Victorian cottage with C13 [thirteenth century] motifs," standing "against a big barn, the drive-in bay of which has a group of genuine C13 tall stepped lancets reset." He adds, "This is one of the few aesthetically rewarding details on the site." The rest is more confusing, with a great deal shifted around in Cs 18 and 19 for picturesque reasons. "What e.g. is the meaning of the arch with a slight continuous chamfer, and of the wall standing higher near it?" Pevsner asks peevishly.

Beneath the south windows of the cottage, anemones were coming up, and crocuses were appearing under a hedge. I took a lane westward through the grounds of the abbey, which had been resettled by French Benedictines in the nineteenth century; the new abbey buildings could be glimpsed among the trees to the north. Bells rang in a brash terra-cotta-colored tower. The church, built in 1911-12, has Catalan motifs, while the gables of the nearby abbey rise in steps, like those of houses in Amsterdam. The effect of the buildings was strong, though for me diluted by the trees, and not at all displeasing. No monks were visible. In their stead, a herd of Friesian cows ambled up to a hedge and peered at me in a friendly fashion as I walked by. I pushed on a few miles through some dull territory toward Osborne House, a favorite hideaway of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

LIGHT is a serious part of landscape; that of the Isle of Wight is, for England, positively southern—the light of Turner rather than of Constable. Walking here in 1850, some years before he became a landscape architect, the American farmer Frederick Law Olmsted wrote, "Beauty, grandeur, impressiveness in any way, from scenery, is not often to be found in a few prominent, distinguishable features, but in the manner and the unobserved materials with which these are connected



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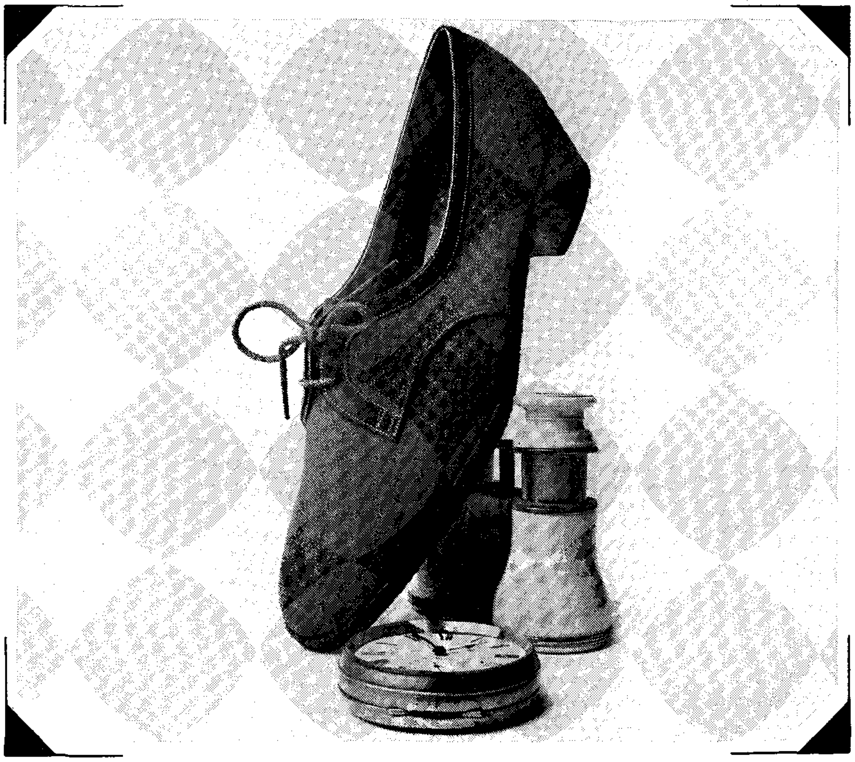

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and combined. Clouds, lights, states of the atmosphere, and circumstances that we cannot always detect, affect all landscapes, and especially landscapes in which the vicinity of a body of water is an element." When he first reached the island, Olmsted thought it "more dreary, desolate, bare and monotonous, than any equal extent of land you probably ever saw in America—would be, rather, if it were not that you are rarely out of sight of the sea." Soon he was talking of downland, the bright dells, the craggy south shore, "the majesty of vastness," and the cottages, most of which were "quiet, cosy, ungenteel, yet elegant," adding to rather than insulting "the natural charm of their neighborhood." There were exceptions, especially among the later erections, but Olmsted tactfully didn't say whether he put Osborne in this sorry category. Passing the country retreat of Queen Victoria and her consort—a "cottage" in the nineteenth-century Newport sense of the word—he saw only the top of a campanile, and reflected on the unstately manner in which the Royal Family lived there, when it could: "The Prince himself turns farmer, and engages with much ardor in improving the agricultural capabilities of the soil. . . . The Prince is well known as a successful breeder and stock-farmer, having taken several prizes for fat cattle, etc., at the great annual shows. Her Majesty . . . is in the habit of driving herself a pair of ponies, unattended, through the estate, studying the comfort of her little cottage tenantry, and in every way she can trying to seem to herself the goodwife of a respectable country gentleman."

I didn't do a lot better than Olmsted in seeing Osborne. He was prevented by the family's being in residence, and I by the fact that the government caretakers close the house and grounds from the end of October to the beginning of April. However, assuming an inspectorial air, and trying to look obsessed by rhododendrons and kitchen gardens, I marched up the empty drive and presently found myself faced with Osborne House, whose source, writes Pevsner, "is the villas in paintings of Claude Lorraine." But whereas in the scale of a painting, and suffused with the romantic light that pervades the works of Claude, such villas are well and good, here on an early March English day they are not; Osborne is ugly. Two three-story wings form an L. Each wing has a campanile, with deep eaves. There is a Germanic heaviness, and one is not surprised to

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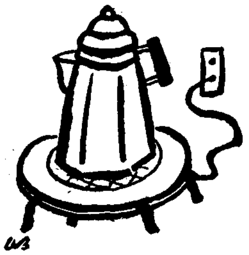
learn that the poet, painter, and farmer Prince Consort was also—with the assistance of the eminent London builder Thomas Cubitt—an architect. Albert and his wife paid for Osborne House themselves.



They went there twice a year, from the end of December to the end of January, and from mid-July to the end of August. And it was to Osborne, at King Leopold of the Belgians' suggestion, that Victoria retreated on Albert's death, in 1861. In the evenings, she had his dinner clothes laid out. Over the royal bed hung a painting of him lying in state, and by her pillow was a small easel portrait she could turn to, waking up. In the grounds, a miniature earthwork fort called the Albert Barracks provided room for the children to work off their martial energies. A scaled-down cottage and vegetable patch were there for the domestic and agricultural instincts. As for life in the interior (where in 1890 the Durbar Room was added, under the supervision of Bhai Ram Singh and John Lockwood Kipling, the poet's father, with sixty feet of carved teak panelling, Indian columns, and an ornamental plaster peacock), the atmosphere was a good bit Indian Army and a little bit Kafka, at least from the point of view of young Marie Mallet, a lady-in-waiting. She wrote on January 1, 1888 (in a letter to her stepsister that has been published in a collection of her letters by John Murray, London):

> The most annoying part of this life is that mere nothings are shrouded in deep mystery, and one never knows what is going to happen till a few minutes before it comes off; I suppose one gets accustomed to it in time, but at first it is most tiresome. We had rather a gay evening yesterday. The Maharajah of Kuch Behar dined with the Queen and a very good band came from Portsmouth to enliven the feast. I dined with the household, but at ten we all marched into the drawing room and were stared at as usual until ¼ to 11, when the Queen having been safely seen upstairs, we adjourned to the council room and danced on a carpet! to the sound of a piano mecanique turned alternatively by the Duchess of Albany and Col. Carington. It really was very comical. Prince Henry [of Battenberg] got tremendously excited and pranced about all over the place, he nearly whirled me off my legs, for he dances in the German fashion and plunges horribly.

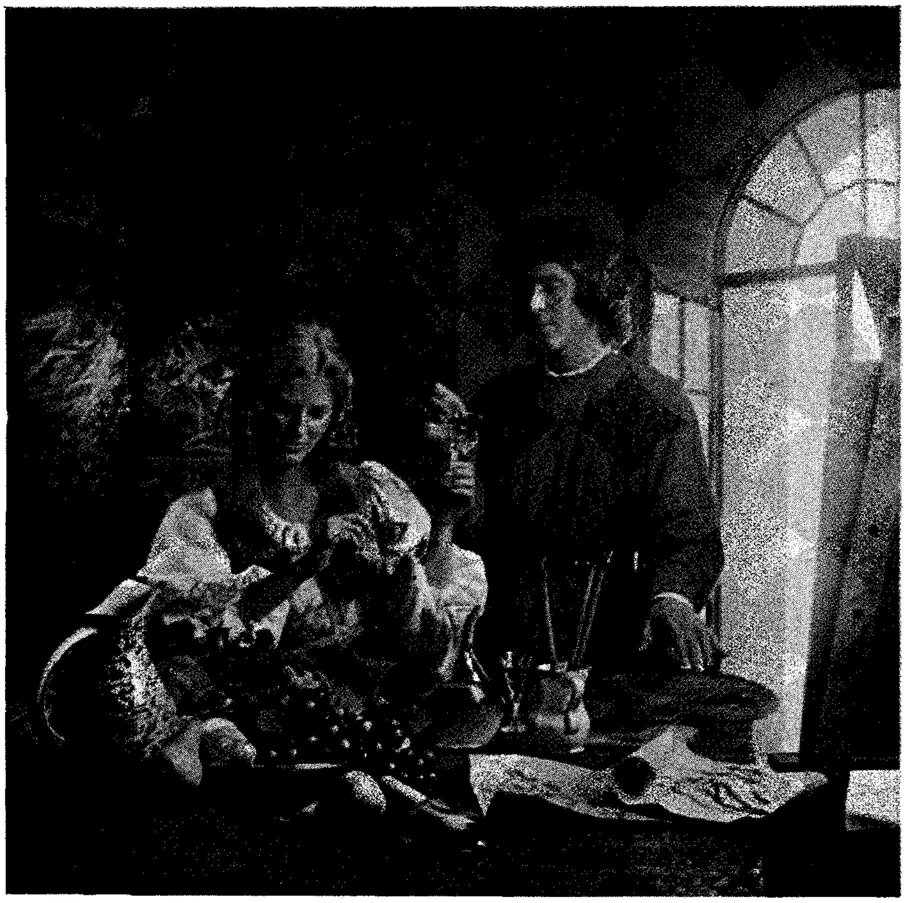
Now, for me, it was downhill into East Cowes, a scrappy collection of houses, factories, and boatyards on the east bank of the Medina River. The Medina rises in the downs very near the southern point of the island, and flows north through Newport (the centrally situated market town, which serves as the island's capital), where it becomes a broad and, at low tide, muddy estuary for the last five miles to Cowes. From a chain ferry that took me across the river I could see on the East Cowes shore, half in and half out of a waterfront hangar, the huge, cocooned bulk of a Princess flying boat—the last British attempt to produce a giant passenger-carrying plane that had the ability to land on and take off from water. Having had no luck with the Princess, the Isle of Wight is doing much better with Hovercraft, which don't get quite so far off the water.

In any event, as Stratford is Shakespeare, or Manchester cotton, Cowes is boats. From my room at the Gloster Hotel I looked out over the mouth of the Medina. Out in the Solent, large ships passed on their way to Southampton. To my left, along the promenade, I could make out a tower of the Royal Yacht Squadron's headquarters, on the site of a castle of Henry VIII—a gloomy building whose restored fortifications look scarcely adequate for keeping out the wrong sort of people. The Royal Yacht Squadron was founded in 1815, the year of Waterloo, and did not let in Sir Thomas Lipton until his eighty-first year. But there are numerous other clubs in Cowes, and the salt democratically dispersed in every Englishman's blood is quite evident for a week each August, when five or six hundred small craft congregate there to compete with each other, the weather, and the tricky Solent tides. At Yarmouth, ten miles along the northwest shore of the island, the harbor master in summer often puts up a sign at the entrance breakwater—"Harbor Full." Now, in early March, a single small white cruising sloop with tanned sails fetched slowly along the shore against the northeasterly, while a racing-dinghy enthusiast in yellow foul-weather gear planed back and forth across the river mouth.

I had dinner on the Medway Queen, a paddle-wheel ferry steamer that has been converted into a club and restaurant and is moored in a former millpond a few miles up the Medina. In prewar summers, the Medway Queen carried passengers on the Thames Estuary. In May, 1940, she made seven trips to the Dunkirk beaches, rescuing seven thousand troops and all the crew and soldiers aboard another paddler, the Brighton Belle, which had sunk. None of the old Isle of Wight paddlers were rescued from the breaker's yard, but the Medway Queen furnishes an upstanding example of the type—plumb-stemmed and flush-decked, with a skinny twenty-five-foot-high yellow funnel, sharply raked aft, and an open bridge lined with brass handrails and white canvas dodgers. The white wooden paddle boxes are elegantly made, with the ship's name set into the curved top, and the crest of her first owners—a white horse rampant—surrounded by scrollwork over the hub of the paddle wheel. Below, the engine room can be seen from open alleyways. The engine frames are painted bright green, the pistons, rods, and cranks are polished steel, and the controls and steam gauges are shining brass and copper. There is checkered steel plating underfoot. Without much difficulty, you can imagine steam whistling up from the cylinders, bells ringing, the handles of the engine-room telegraph moving, and then the pistons going slowly in and out and the long, polished arms cranking the paddle wheels round. Coming to the island as a child, I would watch this and then run up the companionways to stand on deck behind the funnel out of the wind or perch on one of the seats that looked like rolltop desks and also served, if needed, as life rafts. The decks were of pine laid over steel and caulked rather sloppily with black tar. Approaching Ryde Pier, I used to watch the lad who had the job of heaving the line used by men on the pier to haul up the first mooring warp. He had a dedicated expression, and wore black boots, navy trousers, and a coarse black turtleneck sweater with the words "Southern Railway" curved across his chest in red.

In the foc'sle restaurant of the Medway Queen, I had a rump steak, chips, and peas, then lost fifty pence in one of the one-arm bandits that here, as elsewhere in Britain (where taxes and gambling seem to rise in direct ratio), are increasing the profits of clubs, pubs, and hotels. Back at the Gloster, I had a nightcap in the saloon bar. Two men, one wearing a sheepskin motoring coat, the other a brown mackintosh, stood at the bar, and a plump-faced, well-dressed woman, perhaps the wife of one of them, sat in a nearby chair.

"But I would never *knowingly* employ a Socialist," said the man in the



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sheepskin coat. "I would never pay out money to nurture Socialism."

THE northeaster had dropped next morning. I set out after an inspiring breakfast of porridge, eggs, bacon, sausage, toast, chunky marmalade, and coffee, served by an affable young Italian waiter—most of the hotel staff on the island are Italian and Spanish. The sun, without stirring one to Mediterranean comparisons, pierced a thin tissue of cloud, behind which the sky was watercolor blue. I walked past the premises of the Royal Yacht Squadron and along the stone-walled Princes Esplanade, built, according to a plaque, "by the West Cowes Board of Health, A.D. 1894." Another sign said that football, cricket, and horseback-riding were prohibited. Then the mid- and late-Victorian houses suddenly stopped, and, past a pink marine beacon, the Solent stretched away to the mainland—marked by the three-hundred-foot-high chimney of a power station. To judge from the tilt of a buoy off Egypt Point, the tide was rushing east. Small waves sucked and splashed between moss-and-seaweed-covered rocks. A group of men, wearing the tieless shirts, pullovers, and old suit jackets favored by British laborers, were working at the end of the footpath. I had to head inland, past some quite horrible little corrugated-iron bungalows, several old railway carriages converted to living quarters, and small houses covered with the stucco pebble dash that was the popular between-the-wars facing material. This conglomeration, the whole less beautiful even than the parts, was Gurnard. I noted one property called Erz an Myne and another called Happieshack. Some people were walking dogs, and one young Gurnard matron proudly pushed her child along in a stroller while the nipper, leaning out, impeded progress by dragging its hand on the top of one wheel.

Beyond Gurnard, I marched south for a mile or so. A westerly fork brought me right through a muddy farm, where two milkmaids, quite fetching in white smocks and boots, were moving churns into a shed. And then, abruptly, I was on top of a rise looking south toward the interior of the island: green fields with white gulls and black crows sitting in them; the dark woods of Parkhurst forest; and, farther distant, the range of downs, now patchily illuminated by shafts of light that fell dramatically from a thick group of curdling creamy-gray clouds. What British forecasters term a

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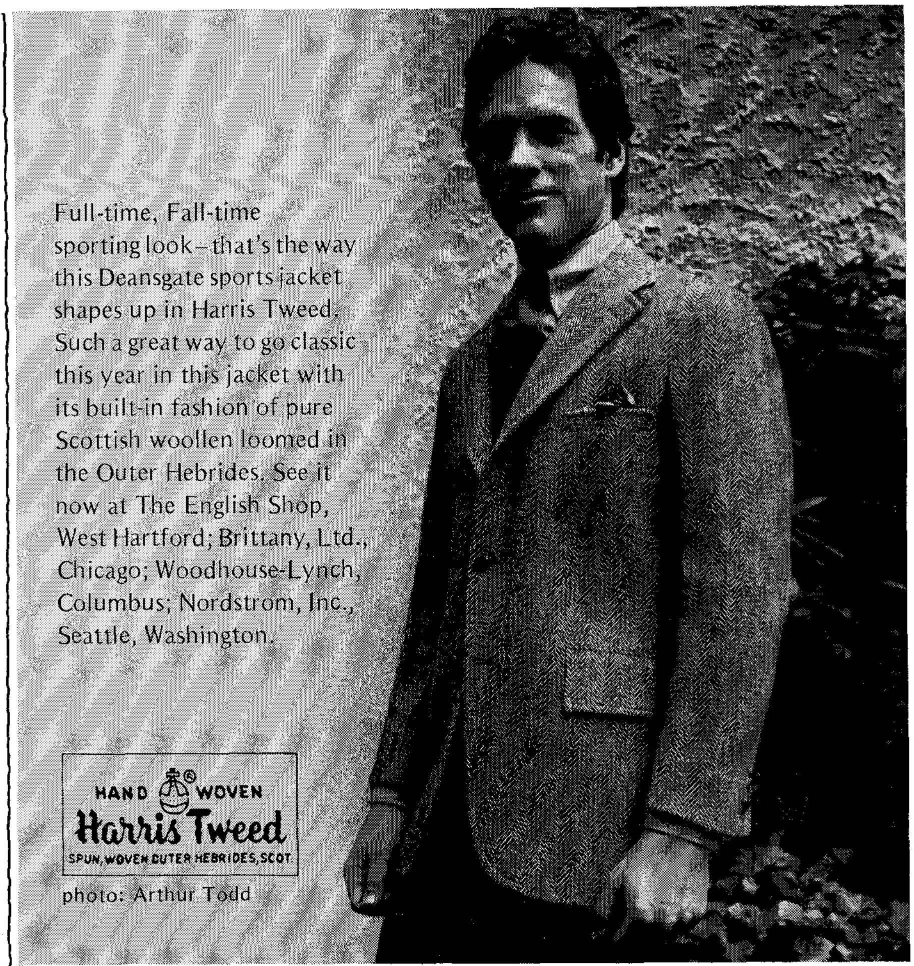
"bright" day had quickly become what they call "unsettled" and was on the way to becoming "showery." Two schoolboys bicycled past, wearing blue gabardine raincoats of a kind I remembered as being not altogether waterproof. I donned my black lightweight plastic mac. Rain fell for a minute, and afterward the air was sweet with it—it hung in the grass verges and bramble hedges. A second shower fell—big drops this time, splashing me in the face while the sun shone in the fields beyond.

Squalls off the island have been the ruination of several ships—like the Royal George, which went down off the Isle of Wight with eight hundred men and women in 1782, or H.M.S. Eurydice, which foundered off the southern tip, St. Catherine's Point, in March, 1878, with the loss of some three hundred lives. She was homeward bound from Bermuda, with her gunports open, under full sail. Watching her from the cliffs was the young Winston Spencer Churchill, who recalled being rushed to shelter from the sudden squall. When he looked again, three masts were all that could be seen of the Eurydice. Gerard Manley Hopkins (who used to stay at Freshwater, toward the western end of the island) recorded the weather and the disaster:

> Now Carisbrook keep goes under
>   in gloom:
> Now it overvaults Appledurcombe;
>   Now near by Ventnor town
> It hurls, hurls off Boniface Down.
>
> Too proud, too proud, what a
>   press she bore!
> Royal, and all her royals wore.
>   Sharp with her, shorten sail!
> Too late; lost; gone with the gale.

My road passed through a wood: tall trees with a northeasterly tilt and, in their tops, a rookery, full of noisy, gregarious black birds with ragged wings. Then Porchfield, which was a few houses, a small, run-down stone Bethel Chapel (1849), with an overgrown graveyard, and a pleasant-looking pub, The Sportsman's Rest, which offered neither beer nor rest just then, being shut. My own view of the British licensing laws is that they do less to protect the populace from early drunkenness than to safeguard the late rising of pub landlords. I halted at the junction of the Cowes-Newport-Yarmouth roads, where in a small patch of green turf an old ship's timber had been set—a blackened oak rib inscribed "In Grateful Memory of the Men from Porchfield and Newtown who fell in the Great War 1914-1919." It was an agreeable change from the expensive



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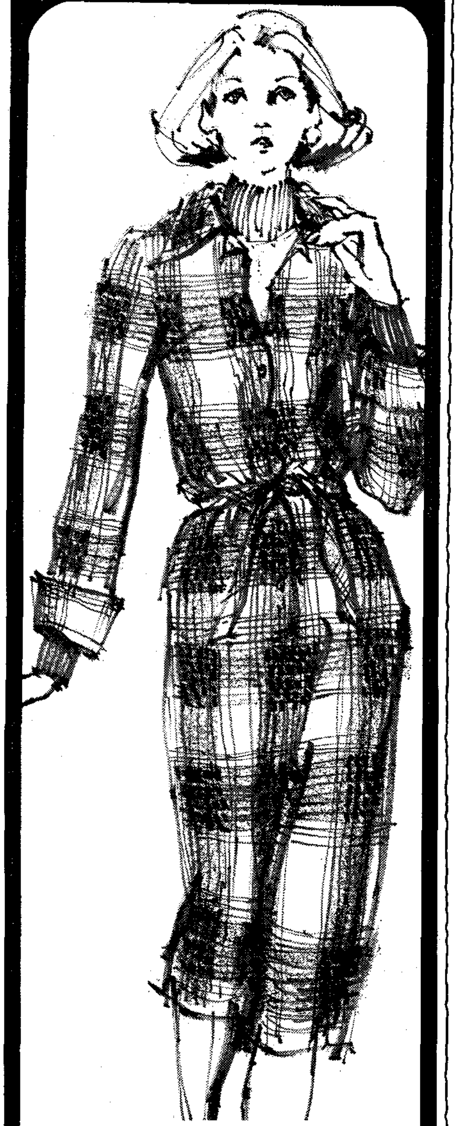

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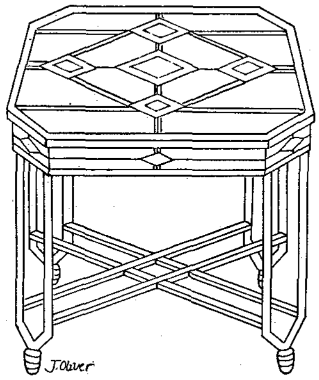
stone slabs to be seen in some towns—like headstones put up by heirs to commemorate a rich uncle they'd never really known.

I strode along a minor road that paralleled one of the muddy arms of Newtown Harbor. Newtown is the sort of place many people find dismal. The smell of marsh and mud envelops the village, which lies at the head of a network of creeks, and there is an ever-present note of promise come to naught—through French attacks, lack of people, and the silting up of its once-prosperous harbor. Roads were laid out for development of a new town in the eighteenth century, but today there are no more than fifteen houses. The most prominent building is the town hall, built in 1699, a nicely proportioned brick-and-stone structure, with a columned portico and a sign declaring it to be "the meeting place of the Mayor and Corporation of the Burgesses of Newtown and until the passing of the Reform Act 1832, the setting of many parliamentary elections." Until the passing of the Reform Act, Newtown (like many another rotten borough) sent two members to Parliament. A red postbox inscribed "VR" for "Victoria Regina" was set into a wall of one of the houses. An oyster fishery has existed at Newtown since Roman times, but a fierce winter a few years ago destroyed an estimated half-million oysters. Some shellfish farmers have now turned to clams, for which they have found a ready market in Paris and in London hotels frequented by Americans.



For lunch, I stopped at the New Inn, in Shalfleet, the village at the southwestern fork of Newtown Harbor. The New Inn, built in the fifteenth century, was devoid of customers, but the publican served me a pint of cool draft bitter (a lot of nonsense is talked about "warm" English beer; a good pub has its kegs in a cold cellar) and then produced from his kitchen a stack of tasty ham sandwiches. I sat in front of a coke fire and found company in the Isle of Wight *County Press*. Local crime seemed to consist of a few cases of dangerous driving, some petty theft, and one spiteful case of sugar in a gas tank. The real-estate market was prosperous, with a long column of houses wanted. At a small Bembridge firm that builds light aircraft, workmen were giving up vacation time to fill orders for a model called the Islander. One worker said he liked doing a job where he could see what he was making from start to finish. I was also pleased to see the name of Bailey's, the drapery firm started by my great-grandfather and now run by my father's younger brother Jim. At its Sandown, Shanklin, and Cowes stores, an advertisement declared, Bailey's was having a sale of winter woollies.

I spent the afternoon walking from Shalfleet to Alum Bay, near the western extremity of the island. For several miles I was on the main road, out of sight of the water, and the chief items of interest were an owl hooting in the woods near Bouldnor, several Minis whipping round the bends at sixty miles an hour, and an out-of-season bus tour carrying a party of old ladies around some of the island beauty spots, with stops for chatter and tea. The increasing number and speed of cars and the naïveté of the local wildlife may have accounted for the number of dead birds and hedgehogs I saw. Walking slowly past these squashed remains is much different from driving past them.

Yarmouth is a town of nice rooftops. In the dark church, I stopped to look at the pink-and-gray marble effigy of Sir Robert Holmes, the Irish freebooter whom Charles II made governor of the island after Holmes had had a successful career of harrying the Dutch. Holmes was a leader of the expedition that seized Nieuw Amsterdam in 1664 and rechristened it—with tactful affection for Charles Stuart and his brother the Duke of York—New York. I would have stopped at Holmes' old home, now the George Hotel, but it was closed for the season, so I strolled on, past the harbor and across a bridge that cuts off the harbor from the inner reaches of the River Yar. (An example of insularity, if you like: The island has three rivers, one called the Medina, the two others called Yar. The eastern Yar debouches at Bembridge, the western Yar, naturally, at Yarmouth.) Until 1863, there was a ferry across the river, charging a penny for a workingman and sixpence for any gentleman wearing a white collar. The bridge is free.

I followed a path through fields to Colwell Bay and the village of Totland, a shabby-genteel region of bungalows, holiday chalets, caravan camps, and boarding houses, whose quintessential expression is the Needles Tea Bar at Alum Bay. The Needles are worn chalk pinnacles that form the ragged western point of the island. Alum Bay, just east of them, is an open demonstration of six geological strata, but its rainbow-striped cliffs, said to be vivid on a sunny day after heavy rain, were not particularly so on this occasion. Yellow, rose, and gray were all I made out. Alum was once dug there, and at the Tea Bar you can now buy, along with picture postcards and garden ornaments in the shapes of gnomes and fairies, plastic containers that (for five pence) you can fill with colored sands from handily placed trays at the cliff top. Here I boarded a bus. By a roundabout route, which included Newport and passed the front gate of Parkhurst Prison, it brought me back to Cowes and the Gloster in time for a restorative drink and dinner.

MY father was born and grew up above the family dairy in Shanklin, just round the southern corner of the island, and although he and my mother now live on the Hampshire mainland, a few miles from the Solent, he feels the call of the island two or three times a year. Early next morning he drove me out to Alum Bay to take up the walk where I had left off the previous afternoon. He agreed to meet me that evening at the Savoy Hotel in Shanklin, and I set off up the one-in-two north face of Tennyson Down. This is near the western end of the hills that run all the way across the island. I climbed diagonally, occasionally using a well-anchored clump of grass for a handhold. At the top, the wind restored my breath. The top was only a hundred yards or so broad, and fell away sharply on both sides: on the cliff side to the south, four hundred and fifty sheer feet to the sea; on the northern scarp side, sharply enough to put Totland and Freshwater in what the British Army calls "dead ground"—meaning that what is down there is hidden, and that if a machine gun were fired it would go over the heads of soldiers or over the chimneys of the horrible bungalows. Although the southwest wind was strong, I found as I sauntered close to the cliff edge that there was a small vacuum there, for the wind hits the steep cliffs and flies up over them. However, the word "saunter," I seem to remember from Thoreau, is derived from the French Crusading cry "*À la Sainte Terre!*" and, having no desire to go to the Holy Land at that moment, I backed into

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the wind again after a glimpse of light-green water breaking white on white rocks and dark shoal patches below.

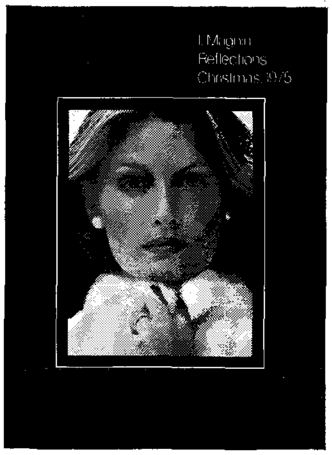
On the summit of the down is a stone Saxon-type cross, with a lightning rod at its top, a beacon to mariners and a monument to Alfred, Lord Tennyson, raised "by the people of Freshwater and other friends in England and America."

TENNYSON
BORN AUGUST 6, 1809
DIED OCTOBER 6, 1892

There is also a National Trust collection box; a compass rose giving directions to Ushant (241 miles), the D Day beaches (102 miles), and London (88 miles); and, on this sort of clear, breezy day, a view of everywhere. To the east stretched the island downs:

> The hills are shadows, and they flow
> From form to form, and nothing stands:
> They melt like mist, the solid lands,
> Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

Tennyson moved to the Isle of Wight in 1853, seeking seclusion. Three years earlier, at the age of forty-one, he had been appointed Poet Laureate. With the profits from his poetry, he bought a big Georgian house called Farringford, between Freshwater and the down; but there fame pursued him. He was something between the Albert Schweitzer and the Frank Sinatra of his time. Gladstone came to Farringford, and so did Charles Darwin, the astronomer John Herschel, the philosophers Jowett and Maurice, the painter Watts, Jenny Lind, Arthur Sullivan, Prince Albert, Lewis Carroll, Longfellow, Lear, Edward Fitzgerald, Kingsley, and, not least, Garibaldi, the celebrated guerrilla, who planted a type of Sequoia called Wellingtonia on the Farringford lawn and discussed politics with the poet. Tennyson later told his wife that the Italian general had the "divine stupidity of a hero." Tennyson walked daily on the downs, built a studio in a field and a wooden footbridge from his garden to the studio, over a lane, so that he could avoid autograph seekers. It didn't help. "Admirers shinned up trees overlooking the house," writes Lawrence Wilson, a recent and accomplished island historian. "They climbed banks, [and] bolder spirits marched up the drive and rang the front door bell." One American family were said to have sold all they had for the journey to see the bard. He met them near the entrance to the drive, wearing his famous sombrero and cape, and dismissed their



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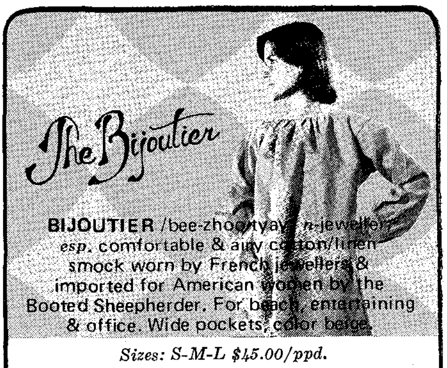

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hopes of a welcome with an oracular "This may not be!"

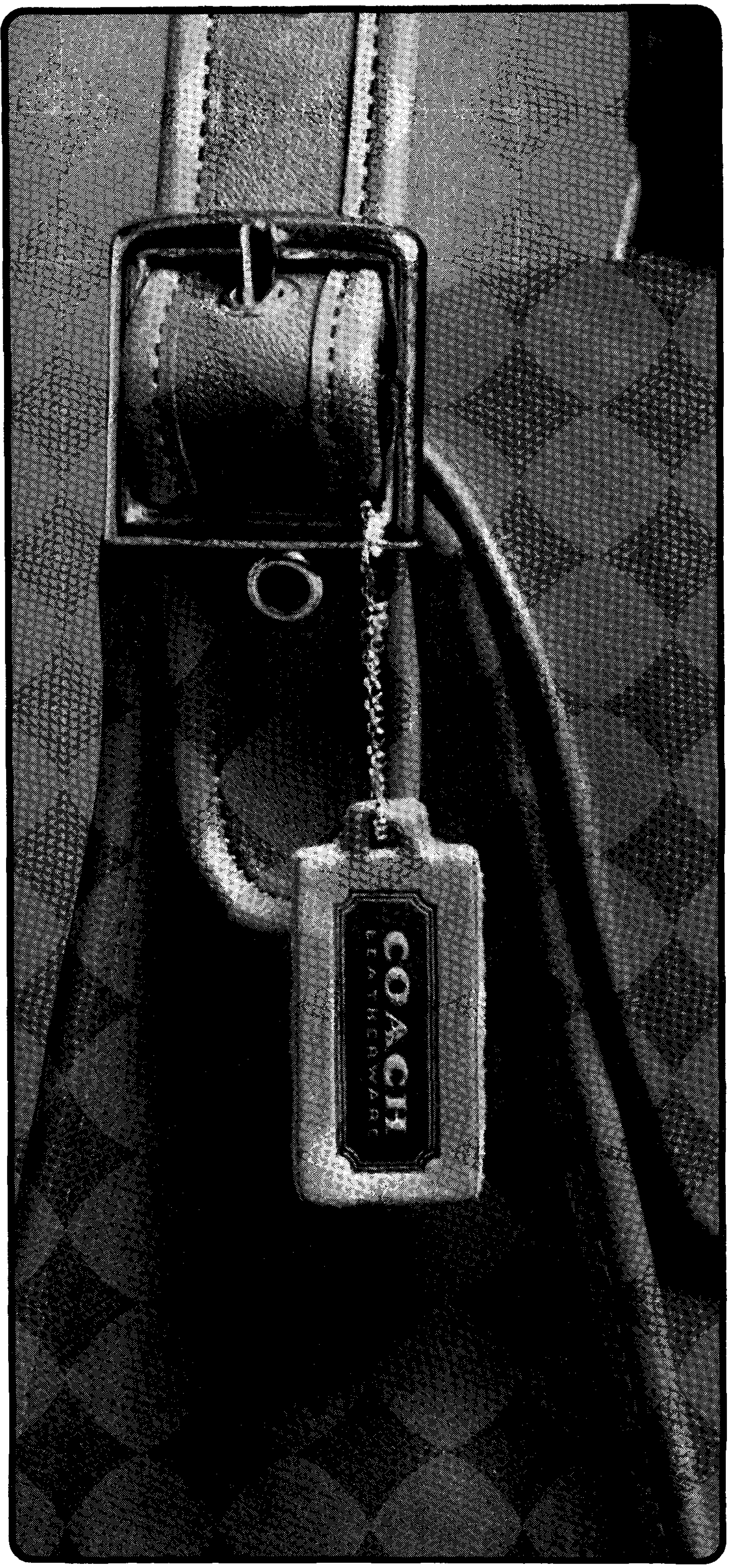
For a hundred years, the island was a close-at-hand Mykonos, an English Ischia. Wordsworth came for a month in the summer of 1793 and left with melancholy forebodings that the conflict with the French would go on for a long time. Keats stayed for two brief periods during his few years of poetic maturity. Byron, singing the praises of the Isles of Greece, was lacking. Swinburne grew up on the Isle of Wight and was buried at Bonchurch, near Ventnor. Philip Worsley, translator of Homer, died of consumption at Freshwater. Macaulay came. Dickens liked and then disliked Shanklin. Darwin began the first draft of "The Origin of Species" while at Sandown. And even in the nineteen-thirties Auden wrote, in a poem to Christopher Isherwood,

> August for the people and their
> favorite islands. . . .
>
> Nine years ago, upon that southern
> island
> Where the wild Tennyson became
> a fossil,
> Half-boys, we spoke of books and
> praised
> The acid and austere, behind us
> only
> The stuccoed suburb and expensive
> school. . . .

For myself, I have a sneaking preference for the poet whose connection with the island is least known, neither acid nor austere and somewhat tardily discovered as a Victorian—Hopkins. As I let gravity help me stumble down to the collection of houses grouped round Freshwater Bay, where Hopkins stayed, I saw a kestrel, high on a thermal above the downs, winging across the wind with its wings still, banking and unbanking in easy flight. It was the windhover.

Nothing in Freshwater Bay slowed me down save the pebbles on the small, crescent beach—smooth, oval, oyster-colored stones, a few inches long, that cracked together dryly as I walked over them. I kept on, uphill again, across the golf course which covers the west flank of Compton Down. The golfers share it with flocks of downland sheep, and although the attention of the sheep to the fairways seems to be welcomed, the greens are fenced off, with stiles for the golfers to climb over, putters in hand.

I walked six miles across the downs—Compton, Brook, Westover, Brighstone, and Limerstone—in two hours, on the best walking surface in the world: turf planted on chalk. If there is



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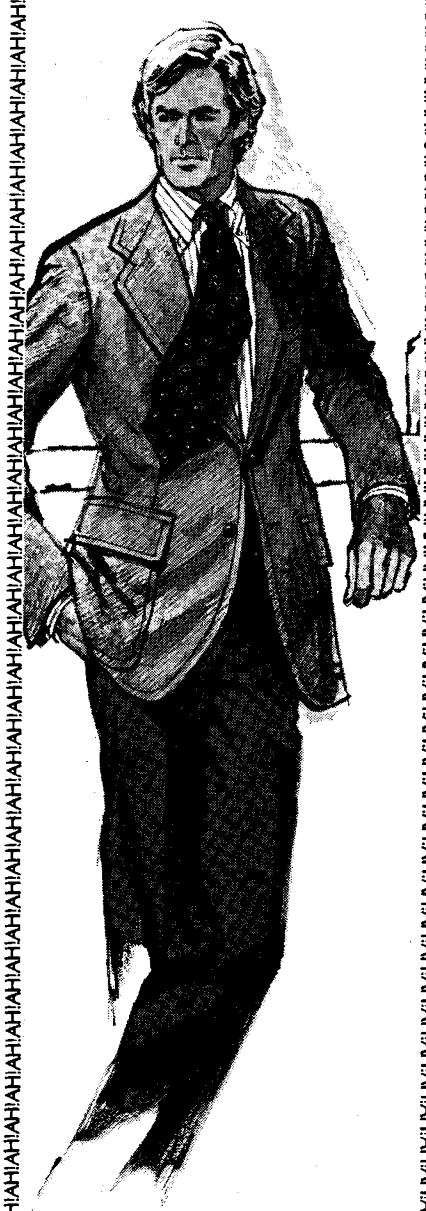

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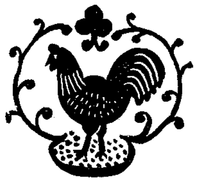
salt in the blood of an Englishman, chalk is in his bones. "I think," wrote Gilbert White, the great eighteenth-century naturalist, "there is something peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely-figured aspect of chalk-hills in preference to those of stone, which are rugged, broken, abrupt and shapeless. . . . I never contemplate these mountains without thinking I perceive somewhat analogous to growth in their gentle swellings and smooth fungus-like protuberances, their fluted sides, and regular hollows and slopes, that carry at once the air of vegetative dilation and expansion." The chalk was laid down at least sixty million years ago, when sea covered the southern half of England. At the sea's bottom accumulated an ooze made up of the armored shells of countless microscopic creatures called Foraminifera; this became chalk, and, because it is a soft, porous stone, the chain of chalk which bends through England in the shape of a large pound-sterling sign has weathered into these smooth, rounded hills. The soil is shallow, the wind constant. Sheep and rabbits nibble the seedling shrubs, preventing the return of scrub and woodland, and the downland plants are hardy: sedge and thistle, and, in summer, wild thyme, yellow hawkweed, flax, horseshoe vetch, dropwort, harebell, gentian, sainfoin, scabious, and rampion. (I put their names down for their sounds, not because I can recognize them all.) I collected only a rough green plant a botanically minded relative calls hellebore. Otherwise, for spring testimony I made do with a lark, which sang, flittering high over Brook Down, and a neon-brown caterpillar, which, oblivious to larks, crawled out for a sunny wriggle over my hand as I lay on my back on that down. I lay, in fact, with my back against the slope of a barrow—a long mound in which prehistoric Britons buried their dead. Looking south toward the sea, I could just make out the roof of Mottistone Manor, which was half buried by a landslip in the early eighteenth century, and was dug out by General John Seely, the owner, in 1926; he found that the dryness of his kitchen was much improved by the operation. Between the prehistoric Britons and the General, people have lived in earthworks, huts, thatched cottages, castles, and villas. The Romans called the island Vectis; it is now the name of the island bus company. The word "Wight" comes from Wihtgar, a sixth-century West Saxon chieftain. Remains of earlier species are often found—strange fossils, reptiles, amphibia. Near Sandown have been discovered the molar tooth of a mammoth and part of an iguanodon, which was twelve feet tall, a good height for dealing with the tropical vegetation of which fossil remains have also been found.



Past a radar station on Limerstone Down I descended into Shorwell, which according to Pevsner is "a village rich in charming cottages." I passed by the cottages in favor of the Church of St. Peter. Here I sat on a seventeenth-century oak pew in the cool stone atmosphere and considered the brass plate put up by Barnabas Leigh to "two most worthie and religious gentlewomen his late deare and loyall wives Mrs Elizabeth Bampfield who died the VIIth of March 1615 having bin ye mother of 15 hopeful children, and Mrs Gertrude Percevall who died childles the XXII of Decemb' 1619." On the plate, Mr. Leigh's two ladies are shown standing, each with a hand on his heart:

> Sweet saintlike paire of soules, in
> whome did shine
> Such modells of perfection
> fæminine.

My favorite island monument is in Brading Church. Carved in oak, it shows the island's most notable seventeenth-century figure, Sir John Oglander, with florid mustaches, looking rather bored, lying on his right side with his head propped up on his arm and his legs crossed. Somewhat anachronistically, he is in full armor, with sword and shield. But Sir John strides easily over the centuries, at least in his written remains. Among the instructions he left his descendants:

> Marry thy daughters in time lest they marry themselves.
>
> Suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn there nothing but pride, popery or atheism.

I climbed out of Shorwell on the road to Chale; it was just two o'clock. The first field I came to was being plowed, and gulls and crows were settling on the newly turned soil behind the tractor. The roadside hedge had been recently clipped. I overtook two young couples, the boys perhaps fourteen, the girls a year or so younger, each boy with a shotgun under one arm and with the other arm around a girl. The girls were wearing bell-bottom trousers, and the boys were both wearing black Wellington boots. After a mile or so, I turned off at a place called Beckfield Cross and headed eastward along a muddy lane, past a farm, and across fields into a broad valley. The headwaters of the Medina! There was no bridge, but a small embankment carried the footpath across the low, wet ground. At one point, where the two-foot-wide stream trickled through a conduit, short, ivy-covered brick walls made a place to lean and look down the valley, an unprepossessing area of scrubby copse called the Wilderness. The hand of man was more visible in the ditches here, with clean mud showing on their sides, roots cut, bracken and branches stacked in neat piles, and black ash on the ground where hedges had been burned back. What we admire in countryside is not just nature but man's thoughtful direction of it. But at that moment a splendid pheasant rose, whirring, from the hedgerow—natural and glorious enough.

I came out beyond the Wilderness onto a country road (one-and-a-half-cars wide) by Great Appleford Farm, whose house and buildings seemed to grow out of the ground in the same fashion as the surrounding trees. After a slight jog to the northeast, I followed a course I hoped would bring me to a disused railway line running south from Newport to Ventnor. Past a farmyard and a village, past a site on which new bungalows were being built, past the Yarborough Arms public house, I reached the track—or, rather, I reached the embankment on which the track had been. There were no rails or sleepers left—only a suspicion of a footpath, which wandered through brambles, gorse, and bracken, and was occasionally crossed by a barbed-wire fence, under which I slithered. Nowadays, there is only one section of the Isle of Wight railway system still open—that between Ryde, Brading, Sandown, and Shanklin. The rolling stock is obsolete equipment from the London Underground—long, electric-powered carriages, with straps for standing passengers, and springs that fail to counter the mismatched properties of carriage and track. Long ago, when I travelled on the island trains, the Newport-Ventnor line had already been abandoned, but the trains on the rest of the system were recognizably trains, with three or four small carriages, each divided into perhaps a dozen compartments, and a locomotive with a late-Victorian smokestack at one end and a coal bunker at the other, behind the cab. The cab had porthole-like windows front and rear, for the engines ran forward up the line and back in the other direction. Each passenger compartment was lined with

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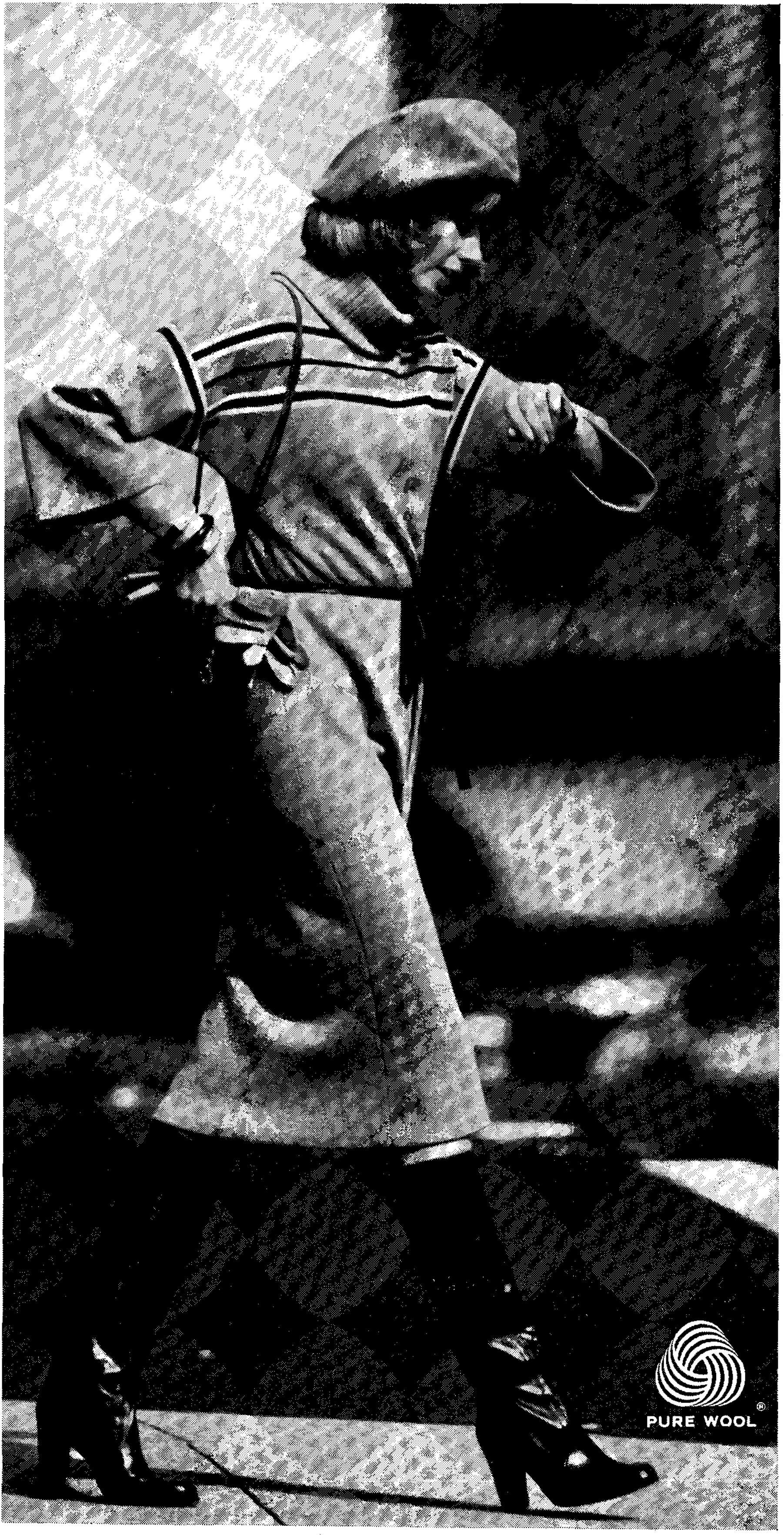

facing banks of heavily upholstered straight-backed seats, behind whose plump, stiff cushions I always as a child ran my hands, having once found a ten-shilling note. Above the seats was a handle, to be directed one way to cold, the other to hot, connected haphazardly to heating pipes underneath. Next, set behind glass in mahogany frames, came a row of faded brown photographs depicting the delights of, say, Seaview Pier, Blackgang Chine, or Sandown High Street. Above them was a luggage rack of net strung from wrought-iron supports. In the curved ceiling three small light bulbs glowed a dim yellow when the train passed through Wroxall tunnel. The carriage doors had handles only on the outside. To get out, you had to seize a leather strap and lower the window sash so that you could reach the outside brass handle, which always seemed stiff. Having failed to get out in time, you could resort courageously to the red emergency cord running above the windows ("Penalty for Improper Use Five Pounds"). Most of the railway system was single-track. To avoid accidents, the engine drivers had to collect a handle from a signalman at one end of a single-track section and hand it over at the other; oncoming trains could not work the switches to enter the section without the handle. My father took the train to school in Ryde, and had to put up with a lot of joshing because en route he delivered milk from my grandfather's Shanklin dairy to his store in Ryde. When Grandfather took the train, he annoyed the engine drivers (and embarrassed my father) by never using the underground passageway between platforms but always crossing the tracks in front of the engines, at the last moment. Like the paddle-wheel ferry steamers, the engines bore the names of island towns and villages. It was my hope as a boy to ride behind each one of them—Ashey, Havenstreet, Godshill, Calbourne, Chale were the names of some—but I didn't make it, and they are gone.

Running flat, the old embankment I was walking on gradually came to the level of the ground and then, as the fields rose a little, became a cutting. The track got boggy. I headed off across several fields—thickly hedged and fenced—that slanted down in one corner. I should have realized what this tilt meant: the field drained that way. But I had a nervous, trespassing feeling and kept going, for the road was now visible. I began hopping from dry clod to dry clod, and soon

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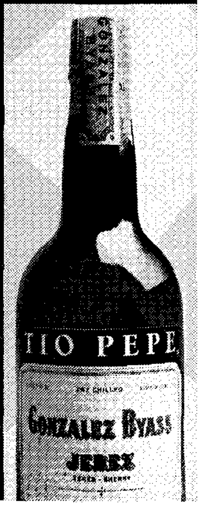

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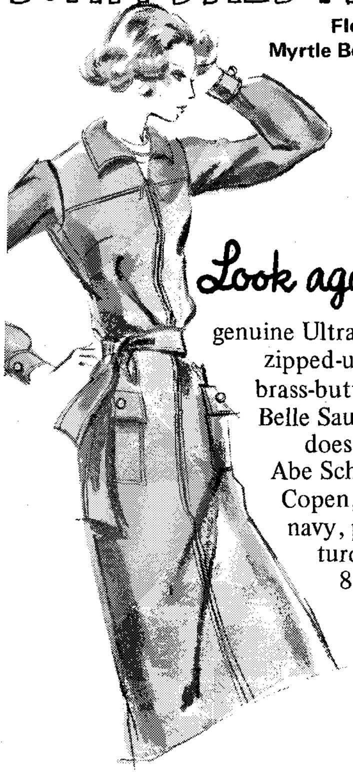

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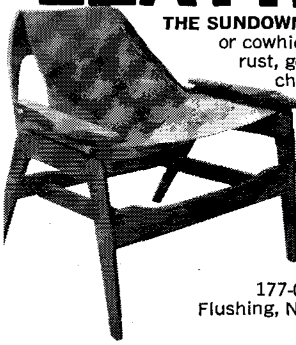

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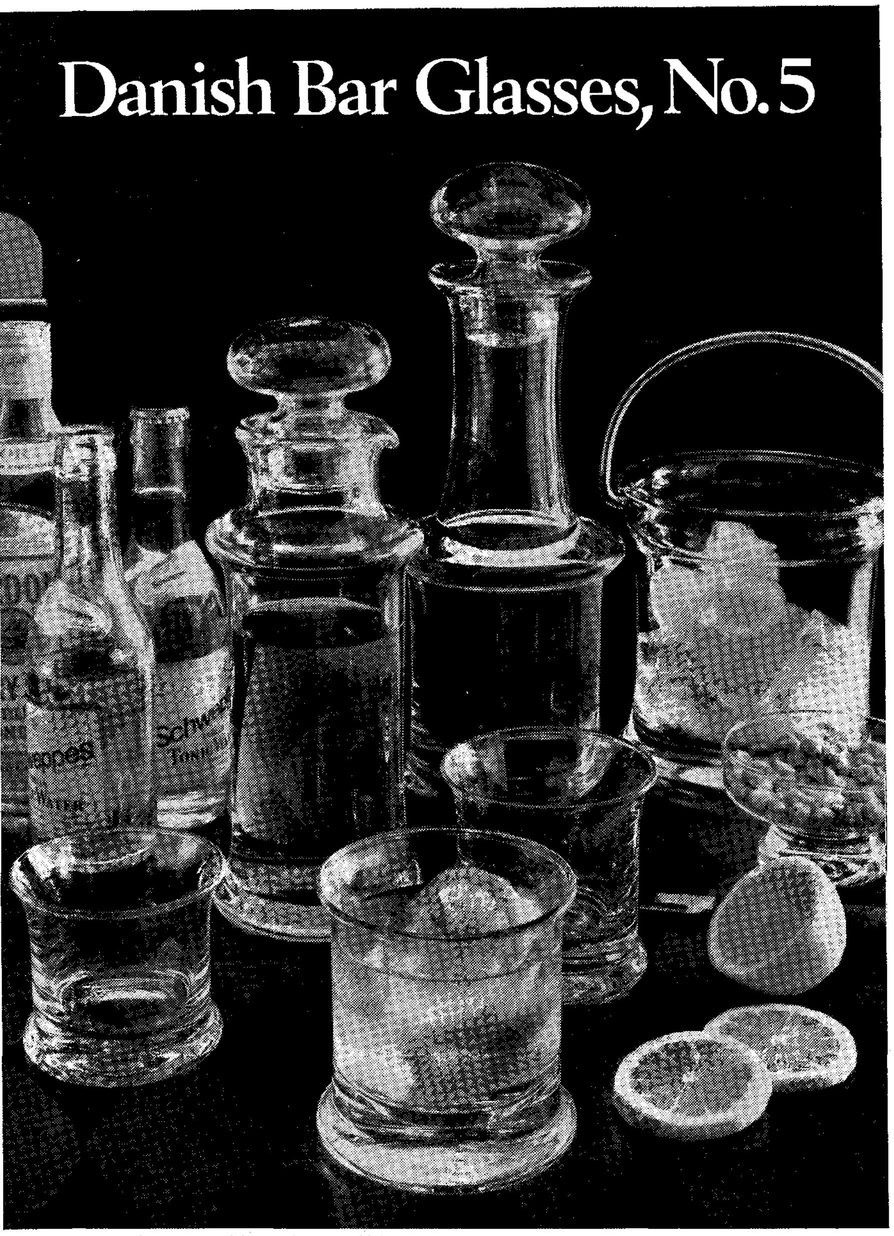
was clodhopping in a morass. My last hop landed me shin-deep in something like quicksand, but stickier. I glucked slowly forward, reaching at last the bank of a little stream and what looked like a footbridge, made of a single pipe, with a sign beyond it facing the road. I thought I should peer round at the sign before setting foot on the bridge. It said, "11,000 Volt Cable." Well, it was perhaps thoroughly insulated, but I did without it, gathering my reserves and visions of old Olympic feats—I swung my arms and lifted the weight of my muddy shins across the brook, and, with a slither and flump on the far brink, just made it.

Covered with mud, I headed for St. Lawrence, on the south shore, just round the nether tip of St. Catherine's Point. My heavy feet went faster than the rest of me down a one-in-five hill. It was good to find at the bottom another church, where, after wiping my boots under a hedge, I took sanctuary for five minutes. This was St. Lawrence Old Church, a little twelfth-century stone shed stuck, like a root barn, under the shoulder of the road. A faded notice inside the five-foot-six-inch doorway proclaimed it to be the smallest parish church in England, but a booklet I bought within said that it had lost this distinction in 1842, when a chancel was added, and was now third-smallest. It is in fact twelve feet wide, six feet high to the eaves, and roughly twenty feet long. It is all whitewashed stone inside. The windows are mostly plain glass. Wooden hat pegs run along the walls above the ends of the pews. In the north wall one can trace the outlines of a second doorway, roughly the same height as the one I had entered. According to the church pamphlet, it was blocked up in 1754 after the rector, the Reverend Dr. Corbet Shelbery, hurrying in to conduct a service, hit his head on the lintel and died.

I had now reached the south shore of the island, where sea and sky merged in a blue-gray haze. And here was the Undercliff, a giant step formed in the edge of the island when long sections of cliff face collapsed and slid down. The result is two cliffs on this stretch of the coast: a lower one, rising a hundred feet above the rocks, then a terrace (the former cliff top) going inland a few hundred yards, and then the upper cliff, rising another two hundred feet. I walked along the rough, rabbit-warreny path that follows the outer edge of the terrace, first through fields, then some wild, overgrown places, and then down, past



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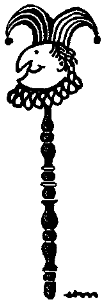
putting greens, a miniature artificial waterfall, tea gardens, and a series of little lawns with dinky green-and-yellow shelters, seats, and benches—all deserted now—into Ventnor, the generating center of this genteel cultivation. Ventnor itself clings limpetlike to the steep flank of St. Boniface Down, facing southeast, and thus sheltered from the rude southwest winds. Exotic plants bloom all winter in Ventnor. The physician Sir James Clark (who had treated Keats in Rome and had made the then excusable faulty diagnosis that the poet's problem lay in his stomach, rather than in his lungs) boosted Ventnor in the eighteen-thirties and forties as a good place for consumptives—fresh air having replaced bleeding and a starvation diet as the proper treatment. The National Hospital for Diseases of the Chest was completed in 1871, and tiers of white, gray, and cream houses, with gray slate roofs and tall chimney pots, jostled each other and intruding hotels for perches on the cliffside, while roads and pathways zigzagged between them. There is now a pier with very spindly legs and an awful ornamental triple-decker waterfall overhanging the esplanade. You need good lungs to make the ascent from that point to the old station, where the trains used to come out of the tunnel under St. Boniface Down and a bell was rung five minutes before their departure time. Young Winston Churchill stayed at 2 Verona Cottages in 1878. Karl Marx (according to Lawrence Wilson) went there in his last year of life to see if he could get rid of bronchitis and headaches. Otherwise, there is nothing in Ventnor that would make one think of either of those men.



It was gray next morning, with squalls and showers. I fed several coins into the meter for the gas fire of my room at the Savoy Hotel, in Shanklin, where I had dined with my father after taking a bus from Ventnor, and stuffed a towel under the French windows to keep out the wind and the rain. After breakfast, I talked on the telephone with my Uncle Jim, who apart from running his chain of stores is a local magistrate and chairman of the Board of Visitors at Parkhurst Prison. (The Board of Visitors is responsible for prison discipline, welfare, and sentence remission.) Parkhurst is one of the English prisons most frequently used for the detention of serious offenders—you go there if you have at least a five-year sentence—and it generally houses five hundred prisoners, among whom, my uncle informed me, were some of those responsible for the Great Train Robbery.

The weather cleared in the afternoon. My father had proposed a walk from Godshill, a few miles in from Shanklin, to Appuldurcombe, where my grandfather used to rent pasture for his herd and my father had come daily for the milk. "We used to bring the dairy horse out here for holidays," my father said, breaking the companionable silence in which we walked along past farms and through lush meadows. "But she didn't like it. After a day or so, we'd find her standing outside the shop in Shanklin. She walked back by herself." Our path brought us to the Freemantle Gate of Appuldurcombe Park—a stone central arch for carriages flanked by two smaller pedestrian archways and iron gates painted blue and yellow. The formality prepared one for more than there was—somewhat unkempt parkland, a lodge where we paid five pence, and then Appuldurcombe House, which, declares the sagacious Pevsner, "does not make as good a ruin as one might hope to find."

The house, an early-eighteenth-century mansion built of gray ashlar stone, is hollow now, with neither roof nor windows, and with grass growing where floors had been. It was designed, Pevsner suggests, by "a minor provincial architect whose one great chance this was." Begun for Sir Robert Worsley, it was finished for Sir Richard Worsley, who collected Levantine antiquities and was the author of a history of the Isle of Wight. He wrote (1781) regarding Appuldurcombe, "The soil is very rich, and affords excellent pasturage; beeches of uncommon magnitude, interspersed with venerable oaks, form the back-ground above the house." It was occupied by a boys' school, then a monastery, and abandoned in 1901. The gardens, designed by Capability Brown, are now well tended by government gardeners, and my father—who as a tourist at the White House in Washington some years ago told a curator that the lawn there was in dreadful shape—approved of the thick green clipped turf growing here. There were still beeches and oaks, and also holly, azaleas, and a yew with tortured outstretched branches.

Back in Godshill, a village almost perilously quaint, we found it was just opening time at the Griffin, a double-fronted early-Victorian pub with gingerbread (or what is here called bargeboarded) gables.

"It's been better this *afternoon*, hasn't it?" said the red-haired, bargeboarded lady behind the saloon bar, drawing us two pints of Burts Special Bitter.

"Yes," we said.

"Good for this time of year, anyway."

"Looked like more rain but it held off," said my father.

"Sensible, I think, taking a holiday at this time of year. You can't move through this place in July and August."

"I suppose not."

"Coaches," said the lady. "Thick with coaches. They come for the teas, and the thatch, of course. Stop here and in the cafés. I pity them when it rains."

"Yes."

"Last August was dreadful, wasn't it?"

"It was pretty bad."

"But September picked up a little."

"Yes. *The last two weeks*."

"And last month sunshine every day. Same again? . . . Just a half this time. Right you are."

Sunshine is important to British coastal resorts. Their daily sunshine record is published in the newspapers, and the yearly champion advertises its success. Cleethorpes, in north Lincolnshire, has had such a bad record that there has been talk of installing infrared and ultraviolet lamps for indoor sunbathing. The Isle of Wight resorts are generally in the top few, and on the way back to the Savoy my father and I called in to see the local expert on the subject, Mr. Horace Hoare, who lives in a top-floor flat in Shanklin. Since retiring from running a brewery in 1944, he has been the town's meteorological observer.

"It's not everybody's pigeon," said Mr. Hoare, pouring us each a glass of homemade curaçao. (Having given up the commercial production of beer, he has been making his own wine and liqueurs.) "It takes a good bit of time. I send a telegram in code to the Met Office at eighteen hours daily. I take the readings on my roof with a Campbell sunshine recorder—it's their standard model. A sunsphere, with slightly sensitized photographic paper, which smolders when the sun is out, gives you a record accurate down to the minute. I change the paper every night. Now, what about switching to this raspberry wine and seeing what you think of it?"

My father and I held out our glasses.

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Office figures," Mr. Hoare went on. "The figures are also useful in insurance cases. Someone claiming for frost damage to his crops, for example, is liable to have his claim checked against Met Office records. I don't have any instruments for thunder or wind. I make my own estimate. Last year, I was nearly blown off the roof—I estimated it at Force 10. It's also strange how different the weather can be between here and Sandown, two miles away. Once, I recorded six point nine hours of sunshine. Next day, they called me up from Sandown. They hadn't had any sun—not a blemish on their recording paper all day. They were furious, wouldn't believe me. I told them what I'd seen—a belt of fog running all the way from Keats Green to Culver Cliff, covering them. But these houses on Shanklin cliff had their top stories poking through the fog. Most bizarre."

My father congratulated Mr. Hoare on his winemaking ability.

"Ah, but you must try the parsnip. Most people don't realize you can make wine of anything. Sugar makes the alcohol, the rest is flavoring. In its first year, parsnip wine tastes like old rats, but when you've kept it awhile it's pretty good. Just after the last war, when a fair bottle of wine sold for thirty shillings, old Yelf, the Sandown wine-and-spirits merchant, called on me. He was something of a wine taster. I got out the snifters and poured him some parsnip, saying it was unlabelled, couldn't tell what it was. He liked it. He said it was one of the finest Moselles he'd tasted, and he'd take two hundred bottles at a guinea apiece."

After dinner at the Savoy, my father and I decided not to mix our drinks, and since the pints of bitter at the Griffin were now a fading memory, this indicated a visit to the Wine Lodge, an establishment opened in the cellars of Mr. Hoare's former brewery. Shanklin, according to my Uncle Jim, who joined us there, is now quite lively out of season. Part of this is due to the island's growing retired population—one person in four is retired: a fact that annoys some natives who think the increased proportion of elderly people will have a baleful effect on island life. In fact, Shanklin now has three casinos operating year round, helping to assuage the desperate gambling ardor of the islanders, which is not otherwise sated in bookmakers' shops, by football pools, and the ubiquitous slot machines. The one-arm bandit at the Savoy treated me kindly in the two days I was headquartered there; my winnings

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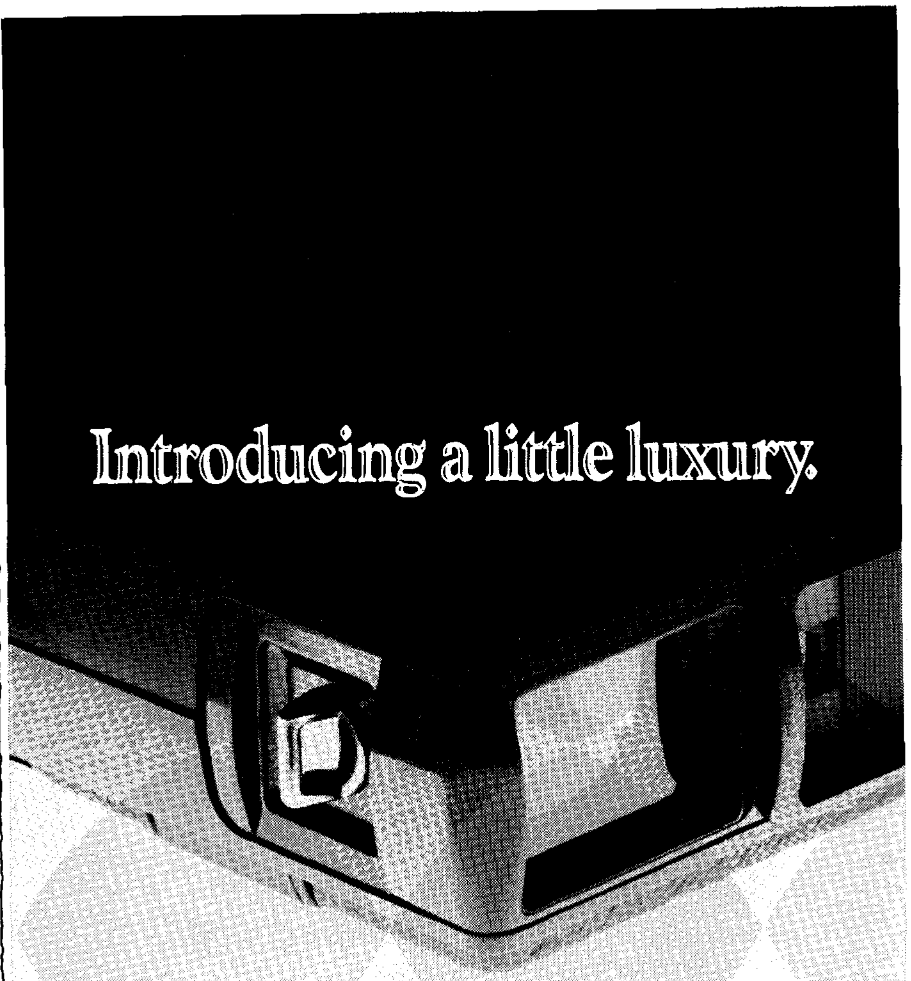
were ninety pence. The headwaitress said that over five months, with a daily investment of fifty pence, she had won eighty pounds—a profit of five pounds. My father had an obligatory go on the one-arm bandit at the Wine Lodge, "just to see what turns up." He lost twenty-five pence before stopping. At the bar was a dapper young man, complaining of just having had breakfast, whom my uncle recognized as a croupier from one of the casinos. Customs and excise figures indicate that the British gamble more than two and a half billion pounds a year. In any event, on the island the hot pace of modern life is not wholeheartedly welcome. "Overners"—trippers, visitors, and immigrants from the mainland—bring vitality and cash, but they are also doing away with the slow season, when islanders had room and time to chat with friends and bother less about their businesses. Island bus fares are still lower in the off season, but other distinctions—like lots of free parking space—are fast fading. My uncle said the Shanklin cobbler had complained to him recently that he was down on the beach at midnight, casting in the surf, when suddenly a car drew up on the promenade and a man came running down the beach, waving a pair of shoes: "Thought I'd find you here," he said. "Soles and heels as soon as you can do them."

When my father and uncle get together, I sometimes find out a little about my recent ancestors. My knowledge of them is slight, based as it is on chance remarks and childhood suggestions. Until this evening, I had believed my grandfather had run away from home to be a cowboy in Montana, but now, asked about it, my father and uncle denied the tale. "Montana? Where's that? No, he was in Virginia, farming, for a few years. He brought back a big Western saddle. That may have made you think of cowboys. And he didn't run away. His father sent him." But I had got them going, and my father described how my grandfather used to sit at night in the cellar of the Shanklin dairy testing eggs by holding them in front of a candle. Now and then the milk was made to go a bit farther on rainy days by leaving the lids off the churns for a while before bringing them in. "He had barrels of beer in the cellar, Jim, do you remember?" said my father. "He used to send me down to draw off a pint for him."

"Now, our grandfather, *your* great-grandfather, was the boy," my uncle said to me. "He was the founder of the firm. He was a director of Shanklin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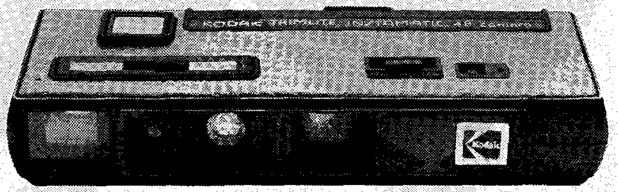

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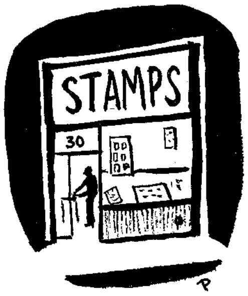
Pier and Daish's Hotel. He had thirteen children, a lot of them girls, who turned out to be maiden aunts, and he didn't leave much by the time he'd set them up for the rest of their lives."

I HAD a late start next morning from Ventnor, and not too clear a head. I walked out through Bonchurch, a rock garden of a village, and paused in St. Boniface churchyard to look at Swinburne's grave. It is in the family plot, on the path to the church door, with an admiral for a neighbor on one side and four more Swinburnes on the other. The simple stone gives the name Algernon Charles Swinburne, and the dates April 5, 1837, April 10, 1909. Thomas Hardy came here and wrote a poem, "A Singer Asleep." Time is dense here, and even the road, called Bonchurch Shute, is deep between banks and hedges, like a river worn into the ground. I went down it toward the shore, past Bonchurch Old Church, which was rebuilt (according to a sign) in 1070.

Perhaps a hangover isn't a bad condition for taking—as one does in this Ventnor-Shanklin section—so strong a dose of the picturesque. Olmsted saw more or less the same sights a hundred and twenty-five years ago: "Dark . . . rugged ravines, chasms and watergaps, grand rocks, and soft, warm, smiling, inviting dells and dingles; and, withal, there is a strange and fascinating enrichment of foliage, more deep, graceful and luxuriant, than I ever saw before." I went through Shanklin at a good clip, past the Savoy and Bailey's, past private hotels with names like Sandringham and Manor Lodge, past the tumbled gardens of the Chine, and past the thatch and bargeboards of the few cottages left from the Shanklin of Keats' time. When Keats first saw the village, he liked the clefts and sloping woods and "the sea, Jack, the sea—the little waterfall—then the white cliff." In 1819, here a second time, writing "Lamia" and revising "Hyperion," he wasn't well, and the town was full of tourists, prowling with spyglasses in search of the picturesque—"like beagles," said Keats. As for himself, "I may call myself an old Stager in the picturesque, and unless it be something very large and overpowering I cannot receive any extraordinary relish."



The tide was out. I walked along the beach from Shanklin to Sandown. In a way, this was cheating, for Shanklin, Sandown, and the intervening village of Lake have become the conurbation of the Isle of Wight—hardly a spread city but a spread seaside town. But I am an old Stager in megalopolises, and on the beach, under the red cliffs, I avoided the interminable brick villas and stucco boarding houses, and made do with the tide pools, the smell of seaweed, and the graffiti with which past visitors had attempted to immortalize their holiday preoccupations. (In one spot on the cliffs someone had carved "PAT IS LOOKING FOR A GIRL" and in another, "MANCHESTER UNITED.") I stopped, however, at the boathouse of Mr. Ivan Hooper, my uncle's father-in-law. Mr. Hooper, who had recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday, used to *row* the morning catch of local fish from Sandown to Southsea—a round trip of twenty-five miles. I found him varnishing the seats of a stout, clinker-built pulling boat, of the kind summer visitors rent. "You're just in time," he said. "The cliff and beach are washing away. Won't be here long, the way they are setting about it." I gathered "they" were the local council, and they were planning to build groins, which are stout wooden walls made of pilings driven into the sand and running out at right angles to the line of the shore. Mr. Hooper didn't think the groins would preserve the cliff, which stands here over a level of blue slipper clay. Mr. Hooper thought, instead, shallow embankments should be built at the head of the beach to spend the force of the water—"like turning a sheep over on its back." He added, "I never mind a wave as long as it's white—then you know it's got air in it. It's those big black buggers I don't like."

The sand is a medium tan, the perfect consistency for castles, harbors, embankments, and islands—the geography of childhood. On this beach I had paddled, buried myself to the neck in sand, played and warred with other children, got lost, and won first prize in the under-eight division of a fancy-dress competition as Tarzan, wearing a piece of imitation leopard skin. The competition took place on Sandown Pier, which time had shrunk. It was smaller, less fantastic than I'd remembered, with no sideshows, amusement arcades, bingo parlors, or crazy house with sloping floors and distorting mirrors. At Blackgang Chine, there is a curiosity museum inside the skeleton of a whale—the sort of thing that belongs on a pier, together with penny-in-the-slot machines showing "What the Butler Saw," and postcards of comic and scatological content. The seaside is a place where the British change into bathing suits with a lot of wriggling and grunting under towels, and the humorous possibilities are threadbare and infinite. It was memory and other places that had added to Sandown Pier for me. I walked out over its weathered planking, between whose cracks one could see the sea rising and falling like a concertina. Two lady anglers spoke to each other as I passed. It was as if they exchanged ten words once an hour:

"I think I'll shorten mine up a bit now."

"I've just let mine out a little."

I had half a pint of Double Diamond draft bitter, two Scotch eggs, a cold sausage, tomatoes, and some pickled onions in the Islander bar, and then walked up the curving, hilly streets. In summer, Sandown shops sold (and still sell) sand shoes and sneakers (called plimsolls), buckets and spades, inflatable beach toys, ice cream, and rock, which is the British equivalent of saltwater taffy—a hard, cylindrical piece of peppermint candy with the name of the particular resort running through it in section, as it were. All the way through, as you lick or bite, there is "SANDOWN" in a fuzzy, sticky glow before you. I stopped from pure nostalgia in front of one confectioner's small shopwindow and noted the ranks of tall glass jars on the shelves—butter Brazils, acid-drop thins, mint scotch, mint bonbons, sherbet fruits, chocolate dragons, butter mints, kop kopps, butterscotch, assorted butters, chocolate-éclair candies, glacier mints, mint lumps, old-fashioned humbugs, chocolate toffees, clear mints, fruit drops, Brazil patties, licorice all-sorts, almond crescents, and barley sugars, not to mention innumerable brands and types of chocolate bars and indescribable cheap confections for children. Some people have a sweet tooth, but the British have sweet teeth.

North of Sandown, the going was flat for a while: miniature golf course, artificial boating pond, mediocre landscaping, banal architecture—no taste, no gusto, no authentic vulgarity. It was a relief to reach rising ground behind Yaverland. The cliff climbs, too—first red, then white at Culver, the most easterly of the island chalk. Culver Cliff is two hundred and fifty-four feet high and a constant challenge to island youth. My father and my

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uncle climbed it as young men. So did Swinburne, testing his courage after his father refused to let him join the Army. He climbed it twice, in fact, the second time immediately after his first attempt had been balked a foot or so from the top by an awkward overhang. I think it changes one's notion of him, built up as that notion popularly is of alliteration, angst, and alcoholism. For myself, I stayed on the path, a few feet from the cliff edge. From the top, there is a fine view south over Sandown Bay and a view eastward of rusty barbed wire, a rusty water tank, and a row of damn-your-eyes semidetached cottages, presumably put up either to camouflage, or to house the crews of, the big naval guns that were here between the wars, guarding the approaches to Spithead and the Portsmouth navy yard. There is also a monument—but then few Isle of Wight down summits seem to lack them. This short stone obelisk is dedicated to Charles Anderson Pelham, Earl of Yarborough, Baron Worsley of Appuldurcombe, First Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The inscription goes on, "As the owner of large estates, he was one of those most conspicuous for the qualities which particularly adorn that station." This ponderous circumlocution seemed to leave enough room between the lines in which to read things. At any rate, the memorialist decided some detail was needed, and added that the noble Earl had helped improve the naval architecture and advanced the maritime interests of his country, and had died (as any yachtsman would be happy to die) aboard his yacht Kestrel, at Vigo, Spain, aged sixty-five.

I slithered down the north side of Culver on a clay path wet from the rain the day before. I slid past a woman who said, sympathetically, as I went by out of control, that she wished she'd worn her "hikers." My hikers had rubber soles worn smooth. But I kept my balance, and slowed down to a diplomatic pace as I crossed a field at the bottom, occupied by a hefty-shouldered brown bull. I hunched my shoulders, too, the idea being to conceal the collar of my red L. L. Bean flannel shirt. Were my ears red? I made it across his domain and climbed, with no wasted movement, the stile on the far side of the field.

Bembridge, St. Helens, Seaview, Ryde: the last ten miles. In Bembridge, a refined village, children were just coming out of school, and I bought a seven-pence choc-ice from an ice-cream vender who had planted himself

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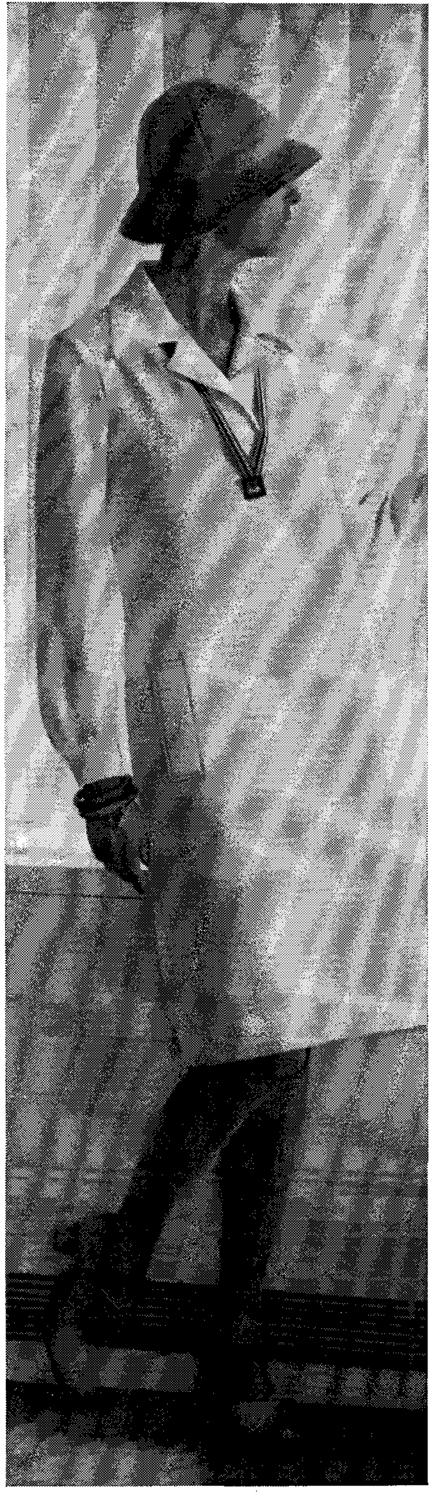

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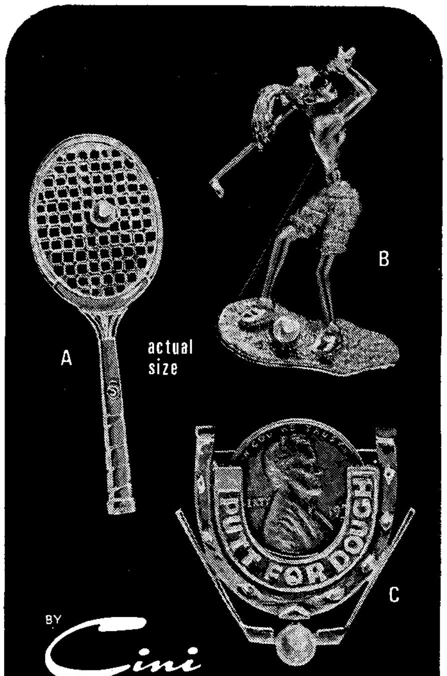

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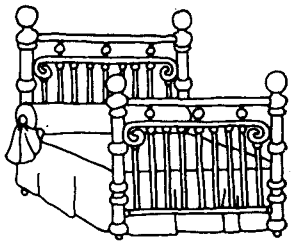

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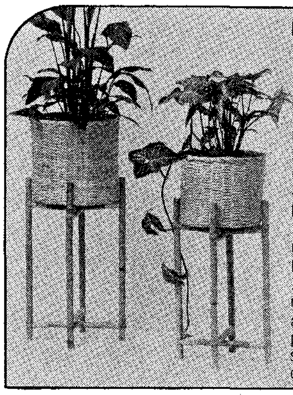

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strategically at the one pedestrian street crossing. Brading Harbor at low tide is a muddy creek, lined with houseboats—old patrol boats, fishing boats, cabin cruisers, and wartime floating bridge pontoons with all-year-round bungalow superstructures. Struts and posts hold the slimmer craft upright in their mud berths. Stovepipes come out at odd angles; decks are covered with tarpaper; one boat had a letter box where its anchor hawse pipe might once have been. At the head of the harbor, where the smell of the gasworks was strong, two swans and three pearl-gray cygnets cruised in the fresher waters of the eastern Yar. Thus through St. Helens, a pleasant and unpretentious village set round a long village green, across a muddy field and past a holiday camp, and through the wet woods behind Node's Point, where a building called the Priory, the property of the Workers' Travel Association, is surrounded, in the best landowning spirit, by signs indicating precisely what is and what is not a public right-of-way. Here, as in other parts of the island, a lane that is private for vehicles may be public for walkers. Exercising my prerogative as a pedestrian, I got down to the water at Seaview, a tidy little town, whose prospect is of the waters of Spithead rather than of the open sea, and includes the dour forts planted in the shallows in Palmerston's time to guard its entrance. The French under Napoleon III were the enemies in a cold war then.

On Ryde East Sands, the tide had gone out a long way. I walked along the shorefront promenade, with its stone railings and sheltered seats, past Puckpool Point and St. John's Park, and into Ryde. From a distance, I could see my father standing, beyond the Hovercraft terminus, at the entrance to Ryde Pier, at the far end of which the ferryboat to the mainland was waiting. "We're in no hurry, are we?" he said, over the racketing noise of a Hovercraft coming in. "How about going the old way?"

I agreed. —ANTHONY BAILEY

•

Last year, Traffic Control Headquarters asked the local department to check their records for drivers over the age of 80, who have had driving licenses for more than 50 years—with no fines or infringements of the regulations.

The local traffic records produced 23 such people, some of them dead, and a letter of congratulations has now been sent to them.—*Majorca Daily Bulletin.*

Better register it and ask for a return receipt.

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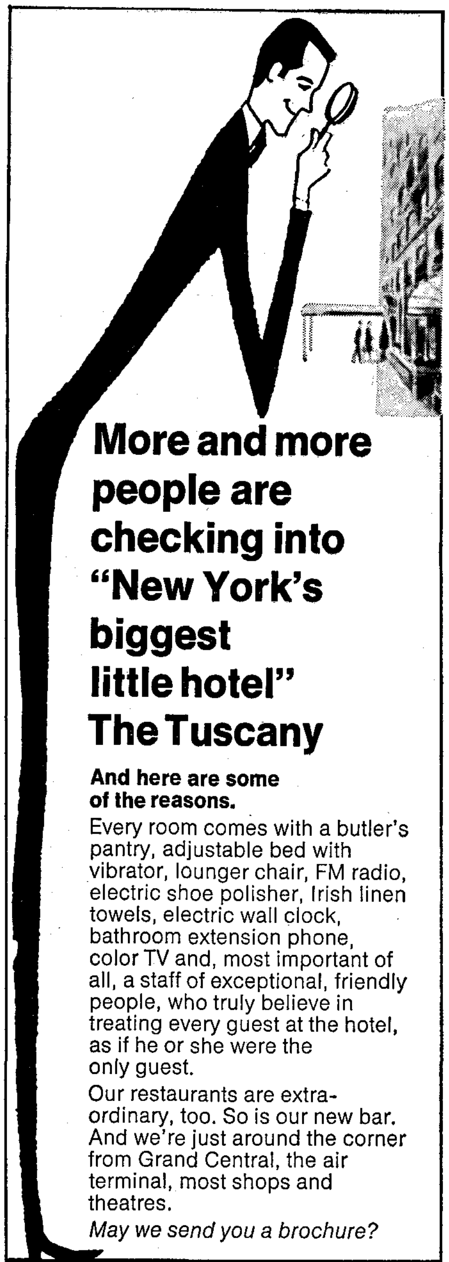
THE RACE TRACK

Openers

ONCE upon a time, horses ran a fast six furlongs, some of them carrying 140 pounds, down the Widener Straight Course (of which no trace remains) in the Fall Highweight Handicap, which opened the autumn meetings at Belmont Park. At last week's opening, we had instead the Stymie Handicap, at a mile and a furlong, named in memory of the Saturday horseplayers' darling whom Hirsch Jacobs campaigned so successfully thirty years ago. Group Plan, from the Hobeau Farm of Jack Dreyfus, Jr., the chairman of the board of the New York Racing Association, won it comfortably by a length from Bushongo and Forage, who finished heads apart behind him. The two had a merry time racing together in front for most of the distance, but then they tired in the footing, which was still wet from heavy rain the night before. Key to the Kingdom, the winner of the Stymie a year ago, was scratched because of the heavy going. It didn't discompose one runner in an earlier race, however—a good-looking two-year-old colt by Damascus with the provocative name of Soy Numero Uno, who was making his first start under colors, and who skipped lightly over six furlongs in the lively time of 1:09⅘. He was one of two favorites who won that afternoon.

Belmont Park is having another long meeting, in the course of which it will offer eight of the more important races of the season, seven of them with purses in six figures. The $75,000 Futurity, which has been the big event for two-year-olds since 1888, will be run this weekend. One of the more talked-about probable starters is Calumet Farm's unbeaten Turn to Turia. The stable hasn't won a Futurity since Citation's, in 1947—the heyday of Plain Ben Jones, who trained him. The Marlboro Cup Handicap comes up the following Saturday. Invitations were sent to the owners of horses that had been selected on their past performances to run for the purse, which is $250,000, and with that kind of money on the line I'm sure they'll all accept. As you probably know, the race



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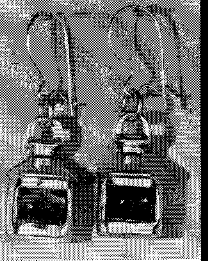

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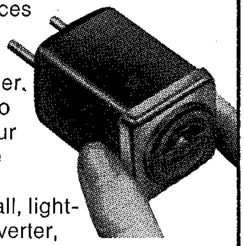

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is sponsored by the Philip Morris company, which makes Marlboro cigarettes and puts up all the prize money, the trophy, and the little extras for the owner, the trainer, and the jockey. The race will be at a mile and a quarter this year—a furlong farther than the previous runnings—and it's expected to bring together Forego, who was third in the race last year; Foolish Pleasure, winner of the Kentucky Derby; Avatar, winner of the Belmont Stakes; Ancient Title, top of the handicap division on the Coast, who showed how good he was in winning the Whitney at Saratoga; Forceten, the West's new three-year-old star (California is certainly well represented); Wajima, the galloping winner of the Travers Stakes; Stonewalk; Step Nicely; Royal Glint; and Susan's Girl, who is the first of her sex invited to run in it.

After the Marlboro Cup, there's the Woodward Stakes, at a mile and a half, on September 27th; the Man o' War Stakes, also at twelve furlongs, but on the grass, on October 11th; and the Champagne Stakes, the jackpot for two-year-olds, on October 18th. There will be racing on Sundays at Belmont, of course, and at Aqueduct, which follows, and, to make the Sunday programs more interesting, the management is putting on seven handicaps, each of which will have $40,000 in added money. It's more than likely that Belmont Park will have more days of racing than were originally scheduled; they're putting in a winterized track at Aqueduct, and the work got off to a slow start.

AND, speaking of sponsored races, Nelson Bunker Hunt's American-bred Dahlia beat the favored Grundy—the winner of the English Derby, the Irish Sweeps Derby, and the De Beers King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes—in the Benson & Hedges Gold Cup at York last month. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Oliphant gave the original drawing to a senior vice president at the *Star*. Then the White House called publisher Allbritton. The President wanted the original drawing. When Oliphant broke the bad news to Allbritton that he had already given the drawing away, Allbritton suggested he pen a duplicate. That move, which is something like Rembrandt painting another Mona Lisa and representing it as the original, was kept very confidential.—*Rudy Maxa in the Washington Post.*

Even Rembrandt refused to be quoted.

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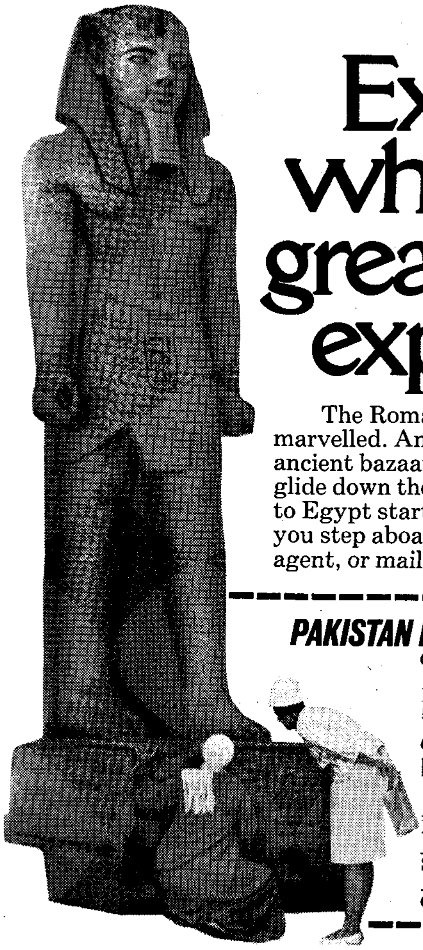
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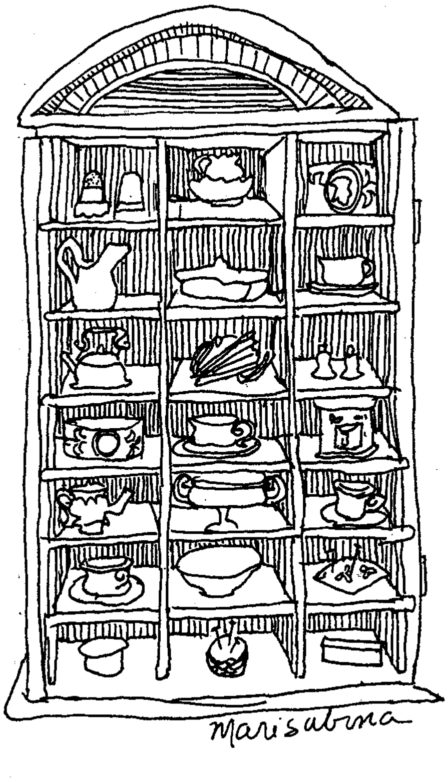
AROUND CITY HALL

Rearranging the Deck Chairs

"WHY is this man laughing?" would have been an appropriate caption under a picture on the front page of the *News* last week which showed Mayor Abraham Beame grinning broadly as he posed beside a sombre Governor Hugh Carey. The occasion was the announcement of what was called in a local headline a state "takeover"—a coup that had to be ignominiously rescinded less than a day later when the major local banks would have none of it. In an attempt to prevent New York's financial default, whose consequences Carey had described as "an unspeakable condition," the Mayor, it was indicated in the announcement ceremony, had agreed to relinquish much of the city's fiscal direction to a three-man commission, which would include the Governor, State Comptroller Arthur Levitt, and Beame himself. An almost identical picture, taken on another occasion when the Mayor had apparently persuaded himself that his troubles were over, had appeared in local papers on June 11th, the morning after the state set up the Municipal Assistance Corporation—then viewed as a temporary device for selling a billion dollars' worth of bonds a month in July, August, and September and then turning the cash over to the city, to which the banks were no longer willing to lend money directly. This tiding-over operation, the theory ran, would so ease New York's financial crisis that by October it could return to the credit market on its own. But mistrust of the city and its present government had proved to be so intense among out-of-town investors ("Anything with the word 'New York' makes the market kind of sick in the stomach" was the explanation of Jackson Phillips, director of municipal-bond research for Moody's Investors Service) that even the new Municipal Assistance Corporation, popularly known as Big Mac, whose high-interest, tax-free bonds were guaranteed by specially sequestered city revenues, had been barely able to place its August quota and had conceded that its September issue would fall short by at least half a billion dollars. There was not the remotest possibility that the city would be able to borrow anything on its own in the near future. Some dramatic move was clearly called for, and therefore the Governor, with the Mayor by his side, made his announcement of the transfer of control of the city's financial affairs—the central element of local government ("The budget is everything" is how Beame once put it)—from the Mayor to the three-man commission.

Even the placing of the three elected officials up front in the proposed rescue operation was assumed by most New Yorkers (not, it turned out, including the Mayor) to be a tacit acknowledgment that other forces would really be running the city. Two members of the proposed triumvirate—all of whom were, as it happened, Brooklyn-based politicians—would have too many other things on their minds to concern themselves on a day-to-day basis with the city's financial policies. The seventy-five-year-old Levitt had the fiscal operations of all other state and local government agencies to ride herd on, and Carey would be busy running the state. As for the third member of the trio, the Mayor—so the theory went—would surely not expect to continue to direct the city's fiscal affairs, since the purpose of shifting power to the new commission had been to demonstrate to uncoöperative out-of-town investors that the discredited Beame was no longer in charge of these matters. It was understandable that the Mayor found it hard to see how they could feel that way. After all, he is a former city budget director, he served two terms as city comptroller, and he won the 1973 election after a campaign that heavily featured his reputation as a reliable, sound-money man. In the summer of 1974, however, reports by outside auditors on the new mayor's previous tenure as comptroller (the audits had been commissioned by Harrison Goldin, Beame's successor as comptroller, who many believe would also like to be his successor as mayor) indicated that in a computer age Comptroller Beame's accounting and record-keeping methods had been reminiscent of the age of Bob Cratchit. Since then, there have been seriatim revelations of the fiscal tricks whereby vast city deficits were concealed by past or present administrations. It is clear that these devices, many of which were either endorsed or instigated by Beame, would have excited the admiration of Uriah Heep, although their purpose was, of course, not personal enrichment but the political benefits to be derived from pushing the city's financial obligations as far as possible into the future and thus avoiding the dilemma of a choice between cutting popular city services and imposing unwelcome taxes. Beginning last winter, the spectacle of Beame's relentless optimism in the face of the city's worsening financial plight brought still another Dickens character to mind. Reporters inquiring about yawning discrepancies between Beame's and Goldin's estimates of the city's outstanding debt received the cheery answer "Don't worry about it." Beame kept referring to the probability of loans from Washington, even though for months he had received nothing but insults from that quarter. Early in July, after the passing of a 12.3-billion-dollar budget for this fiscal year (which later turned out to have a built-in eight-hundred-million-dollar deficit), he announced that the city's fiscal crisis was "reasonably behind us." ("It was also in front of him, beneath him, above him . . . port and starboard, fore and aft," commented the syndicated columnist James Kilpatrick.) The Dickens character who was coming recurrently to mind by that time was Wilkins Micawber.

Because of the unavailability or unsuitability of the members of the three-man commission to direct the city's financial policies, it seemed sensible to assume that these aspects of city government would continue to be in the hands of those who had unofficially been controlling them since Big Mac was set up in June; namely, the members of MAC's board of directors, most of them corporation presidents or investment bankers, and their close allies the presidents of the major local



banks, whose willingness to invest in the city's future (in contrast to the attitude of their colleagues in other parts of the country) had so far made it possible for New York to avoid default. Any doubt that the critical decisions concerning city government were being made not by elected officials but by representatives of the private money markets vanished last week when, after the Governor of New York State threw a showy press conference announcing the three-man policy board and a convoluted new plan to save the city, and the local banks rejected the scheme, Carey beat a rapid retreat. Among the reasons for the banks' rejection, it was reported, was the smiling insistence by the Mayor after the announcement ceremony that the new arrangement represented no significant change and he would continue to be the important money man in city government. One of the reasons for his smile, it was learned later, was the fact that Carey, for the moment, had turned down the bankers' demand for the firing—on the ground that they were overly devious and insufficiently comprehending, respectively—of Beame's closest adviser, First Deputy Mayor James Cavanagh, and Budget Director Melvin Lechner, the nephew of one of Beame's boyhood friends. Carey said that he was "pursuing other alternatives," and there was little doubt that any future alternatives—if there were alternatives to default, for which the deadline looms this month—would be worked out with more respectful attention to the views of the local bankers and the Big Mac directors. Among the points they were reportedly insisting upon, in their meetings with a chastened Governor, were the rolling of several heads at City Hall and a firm limitation on the powers of the Dickensian Mayor.

THE resemblance between a present-day politician and fictional figures out of early-nineteenth-century London was not the historic likeness that concerned another recent gathering in the city. A few survivors of Washington in the Franklin Roosevelt era, including Averell Harriman, joined a number of their somewhat younger admirers here in a New Deal reunion, at which, to the surprise of no one familiar with the hopes of Democrats of all vintages for the outcome of the 1976 Presidential election, it was concluded that there was a striking resemblance between Herbert Hoover and Gerald Ford. Of special note, the partisan company de-

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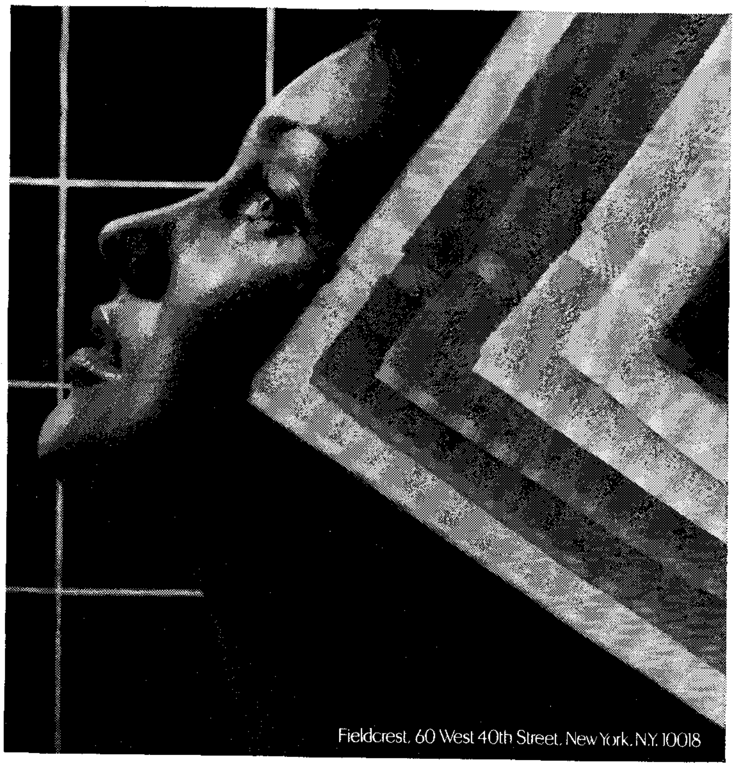

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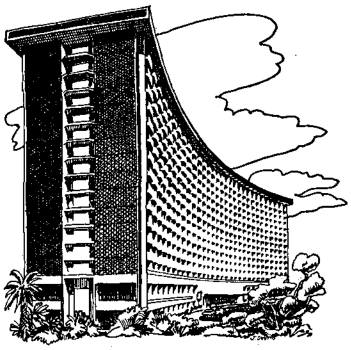
cided, was the two Republican Presidents' common attitude toward the nation's economic health—particularly their habit of dismissing accounts of hard times as Democratic exaggeration and simultaneously taking Republican credit for encouraging the country's recovery from hard times, a recovery announced at intervals as being just around the corner. Harriman did point out, in all fairness, that the current nine-per-cent national unemployment rate was only a patch on the twenty-five-per-cent rate of the thirties. And, indeed, in this city, where the rate is now twelve per cent, the highest since Depression days, there are no thirties-style apple sellers or breadlines, doubtless because one New Deal reform, unemployment insurance, has not yet lapsed for many out-of-work New Yorkers. (When it does, there is now welfare—but, on the other hand, it is the annual six-hundred-million-dollar cost of welfare that has helped bring the city to its present critical financial state, which, in turn, has caused many New Yorkers to be out of work.) Despite the absence of breadlines, the atmosphere in the city does sometimes seem to bear a resemblance to that of the early thirties, and not only because of all the public discussion of making do and cutting down, and of even worse retrenchment to come. There haven't been any local flagpole-sitting contests, but a young Brooklyn man set a record last month by taking a thousand consecutive roller-coaster rides on the Coney Island Cyclone. Monopoly marathons—the longest game played in a tree house, for example—have been among the favorite local summer diversions, reinforcing the theory of Parker Brothers, the manufacturers of the game, that one reason Monopoly became such a big hit when it went on the market, in 1935, was that so many up-against-it Americans then couldn't afford more expensive entertainment, and another was that they enjoyed running their fingers through all that play money. Last month, three college boys from Queens spent twenty-six hours and thirty minutes of their vacation making all the four hundred and sixty-three stops as they rode the two hundred and thirty-one and a half miles of the city subway system; however, the trip, which would have cost them a nickel apiece in the thirties, set them back thirty-five cents and would cost fifty cents beginning September 1st.

Not the least of the contributions to the local thirties atmosphere is the relative passiveness (beggars can't



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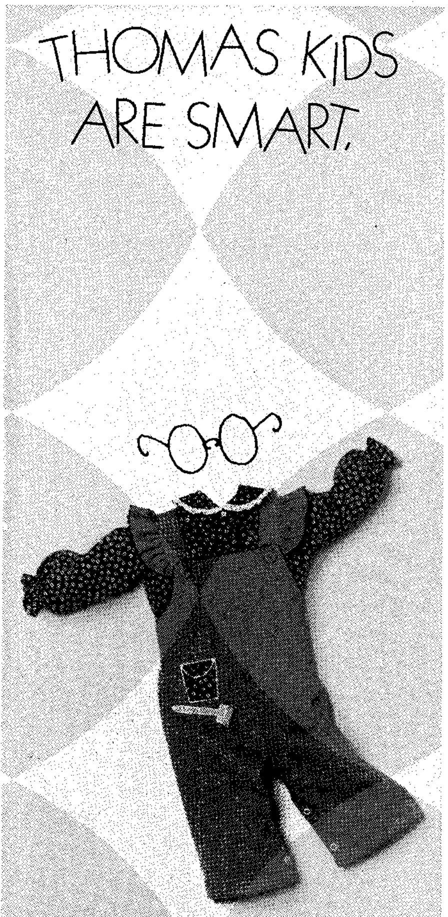

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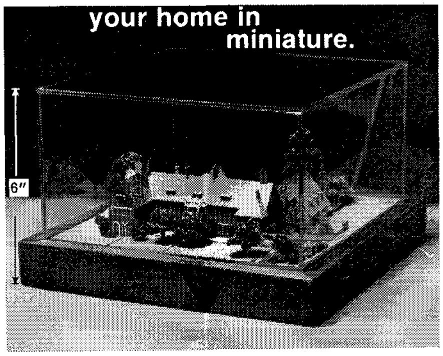

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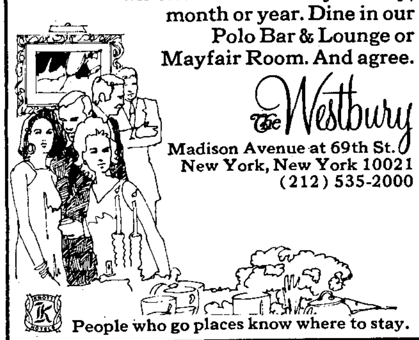

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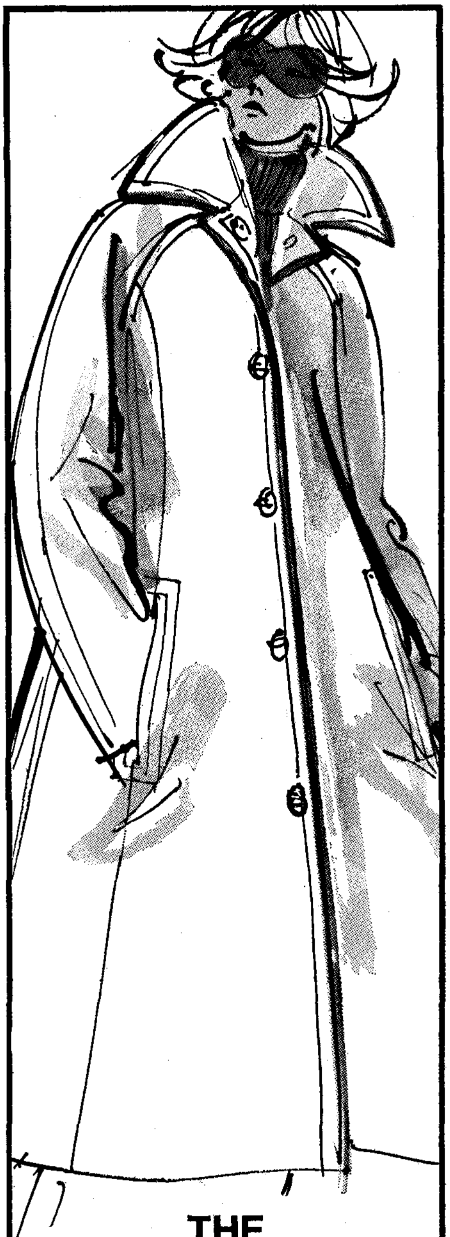
be choosers) with which most New Yorkers have accepted the realization that many of the most significant decisions of their city government are now being made by non-elected officials—in much the same way that similar decisions were made here under the so-called Bankers Agreement of 1933. In that year, after local banks announced that New York was too poor a credit risk for them to lend it any more money and the city was threatened with default, Governor Herbert Lehman arranged for the extension of new loans, to be backed by revenues from certain special city tax funds, and, in return, gave the creditor bankers the right to advise local officials to cut city expenses in whatever way the banks thought would best protect their investments. In 1933, the city's short-term indebtedness was three hundred and thirty million dollars—a sum that could be handled by local banks. In 1975, however, the city's outstanding short-term debt totalled six billion dollars, or far too much for local banks to cope with unless they have help from investors in other parts of the country—an area referred to in the rather parochial Wall Street terminology as "west of the Hudson." In recent years, there have been complaints that City Hall has become so responsive to the pressures of members of various militant community groups that the interests of the city as a whole are being neglected. Since early summer, however, no matter how many thousands of demonstrators turn out for or against, the test of nearly every City Hall move in the view of the city's new MAC overseers has been not how it will play in Astoria or Flatbush but how it will be perceived by the bankers in Phoenix or Dallas.

THE annual hue and cry over the passing of the budget had become such a traditional spring spectacle here that it was some time before most New Yorkers—and, from all the evidence, the Mayor of the city—realized that this time the situation was serious, and perhaps even terminal. As the city lurched from one fiscal danger point to another through the spring and early summer, the frequent references to "The Perils of Pauline" carried what was, after all, a cheerful implication: Hadn't the old silent-screen serials always ended in a miraculous rescue? Less heartening was "only the tip of the iceberg," which came to be the financial commentators' de-rigueur phrase following each new revelation of hidden city deficits. It was just coincidence, of course, that Mayor Beame was often described during this period as "the captain of the Titanic." The Mayor laughed as loudly as anybody when he was introduced this way early in June at a dinner of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. (He was not piped in to the tune of "Nearer My God to Thee," as was reported to be the original plan.) And when, at one City Hall strategy meeting, Comptroller Goldin (whose public doubts about the reliability of the Mayor's budget figures over the last two years may not turn out to be the political gaffes that many called them at the time) was reluctant to endorse some Beame action, Matthew Troy, chairman of the City Council Finance Committee, told him, "Don't worry. When the Titanic went down, nobody remembered the crew—only the captain." "Remember E. J. Smith?" asked Sam Roberts, *News* political columnist, a few days later. "Neither does anyone else. All they recall now is that the ship everybody said was indestructible struck an iceberg and sank." Last spring, White House officials asked to examine some of the city's financial records to see whether they cared to respond to the Mayor's requests for federal help. When they returned the books a few days later saying they were indecipherable, a member of Beame's staff commented with what sounded almost like complacency, "They'd never seen anything like them." The law setting up the Municipal Assistance Corporation provided that after the new state corporation sold its three billion dollars in bonds, the city, returning to the market on its own, would be limited in the next year to borrowing seven billion nine hundred million dollars on short-term notes. "They nickeled and dimed us down to seven-point-nine billion," complained a City Hall official at the time. By the middle of last month, however, MAC's directors had specified that the city must bring its inventive bookkeeping methods into line with standard auditing procedures by next June, and nobody was talking about the city's being able to borrow, on its own, 7.9 billion dollars—or a nickel or a dime, for that matter. Any lingering play-money attitude toward the city's multi-billion-dollar debt had faded before the growing prospect of default—which, of course, would destroy the city's credit and mean that, as Corporation Counsel W. Bernard Richland put it, for twenty years "there wouldn't be a brick put on a brick in New York." Although the law setting



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up MAC had arranged for the corporation's bonds to be backed by sequestered city sales and stock-transfer taxes amounting to a billion dollars annually, and the debt-service cost on the three billion dollars in bonds comes to about half of that, even MAC bonds had proved to be virtually unsalable in the great, unfriendly territory west of the Hudson. The only remedy appeared to be new legislation giving the Governor or MAC additional power over the city's fiscal policies, which would move the control of local government even farther from City Hall.

EVEN before Big Mac leaders began to issue directives to the city (a partial takeover they justified on the ground that what out-of-town investors most often cited as proof that the city had no intention of repenting its prodigal ways was the Mayor's evident unwillingness to make drastic cuts in city personnel and services), City Hall's role in events of critical local importance had become increasingly ceremonial. At the height of the crisis, reporters at City Hall were reduced to noting that as the Mayor wiped lipstick from his face after a kiss from a visiting Miss U.S.A. he had said, "I'd rather have the red on my cheek than in my budget." Even many of the regular City Hall demonstrators took to hoisting their picket signs in front of Governor Carey's New York headquarters, at 1350 Avenue of the Americas, where MAC for some weeks shared his offices. Until the second week in July, much of the action was in Albany, where the prolonged quarrel between the new Democratic Governor and Republican legislative leaders delayed up to the last minute action on bills that would make it possible for the city to pass the balanced budget required by law. There was also the Governor's charge that the real center of action was Washington, from which city, he insisted, former Governor Rockefeller was directing the Republican intransigence in order to embarrass the Democratic heads of the city and the state. The leader of the Republican forces in Albany, Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson, denied that he was in touch with the Vice-President. ("And I haven't talked to Madame Gandhi, either," he added.) Out of habit, television crews continued to gather at City Hall, and borough presidents and city councilmen were regularly seen on the six-o'clock news, caucusing intently in the rotunda, but the subject of the caucuses was usually the latest rumor about

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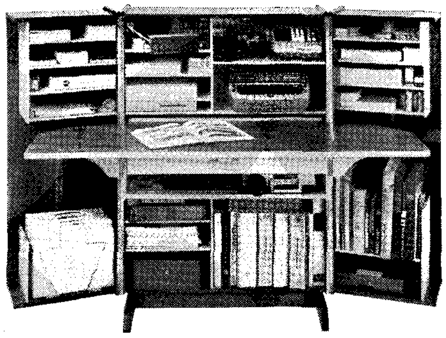

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what was going on either upstate or uptown.

On a number of occasions, the principals in the caucuses that counted were so numerous that operations were moved to midtown hotels. In one memorable series of round-the-clock sessions at the Americana, Big Mac directors and leading city bankers, including David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, met with representatives of local civil-service unions in an attempt to persuade them to agree to a freeze on wages—a gesture that was expected to make big points with out-of-town investors. Being held at the Americana at the same time was a national convention of jewelry salesmen, and, in a scene straight out of "Room Service," William Ellinghaus, president of the New York Telephone Company and chairman of Big Mac, returned to the hotel one midnight and was grabbed, patted down, and for a time prevented from returning to the negotiations by the police, who had blocked off all hotel entrances after a gunman held up three guests in their room and shot a security guard. On another night, a television crew followed Michael Maye, the head of the firemen's union, into the men's room. Maye's newsworthiness grew out of the fact that he had declined to go along with the proposed wage freeze, as had his brother John, who is head of the transit policemen's union. Sometimes it seems that the stock in the nation's largest city is very closely held. In any case, it is clear that not all of New York's significant brother acts spend their weekends at Pocantico Hills.

Mayor Beame, still under the impression that he was running the city, had laid down a midnight "unalterable deadline" for the Americana negotiations. "What happens at midnight? Do I turn into a pumpkin?" was the derisive response of Victor Gotbaum, executive director of District Council 37, which is a union representing a hundred and twenty-five thousand city employees. The deadline was ignored, as was a second mayoral deadline, the following midnight. When an agreement was finally reached, however, the Mayor was allowed to hold a press conference announcing the results, as an indication to prospective MAC investors that the city government had seen the error of its ways and was playing a leading role in the advertised reforms. Among the measures that Beame announced were what was described as a wage freeze on all city employees, a fifteen-cent increase in the

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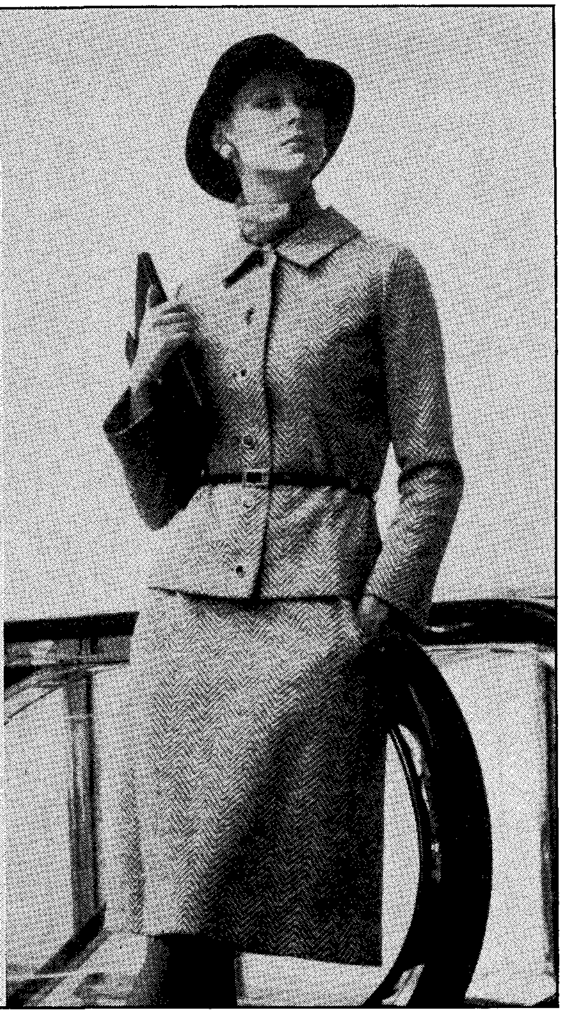

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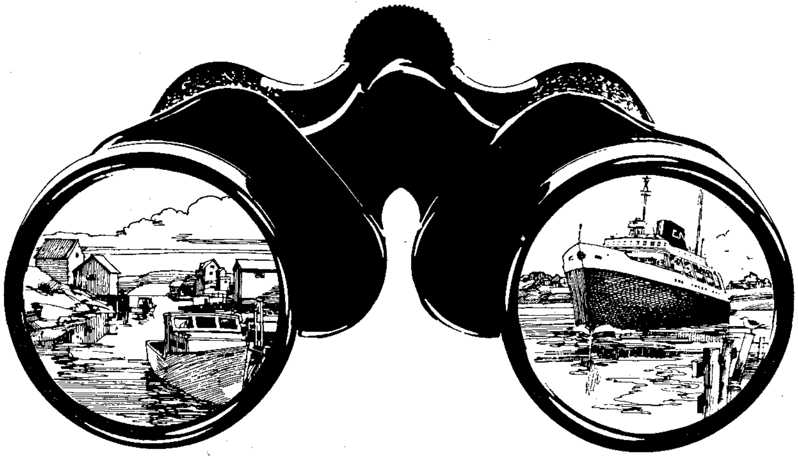

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transit fare, and a thirty-two-million-dollar cut in funds for the City University, which, it was indicated, might force an abandonment of free tuition, the policy that has been singled out by both the President and the Vice-President of the United States as symbolic of the city's need for repentance. At the time, the Mayor rejected MAC demands for a three-year tax freeze and budget ceiling and for the appointment of a review board to examine the performance of the city's various departments, calling the demands an attempt to humiliate and insult him. Later, contemplating the greater insult of default, he agreed to most of them in modified form. Although he was allowed to name the chairman of the review group, known as the Management Advisory Board, it was undoubtedly because his choice, Richard Shinn, who is president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, was eminently acceptable to both the Governor and the directors of MAC.

If Beame had hoped that his fellow-citizens would share his view that the intrusion of Big Mac-dominated efficiency experts into City Hall affairs was an insult not only to him but to representative government, that hope vanished as soon as a MAC spokesman announced that the first area the new advisory board planned to look into was the Sanitation Department, the very operation that, after the events of this summer, most New Yorkers would have chosen as an example of City Hall's inability to cope with the city's problems. Indeed, if any New Yorkers recalled Roger Starr's article subtitled "Open Letter to the Next Mayor," published in the *Times Magazine* on June 3, 1973 (which was the day before the Democratic mayoral primary and five months before the municipal election), it must have seemed to them that the man who became the next mayor had gone out of his way to ignore the advice of the article, whose title was "First, Clean the Streets." Starr, who was then executive director of the Citizens Housing and Planning Council and was eventually named by Beame to head the city's Housing and Development Administration, has remained well in the background during the current financial crisis. That situation may not last, however, since another area that the advisory board will certainly be looking into is the abandonment of thirty thousand housing units annually and the increasing tax delinquency among landlords, which now stands at more than half a billion

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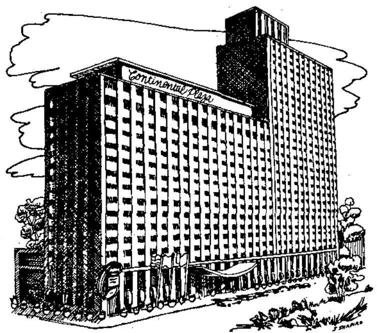

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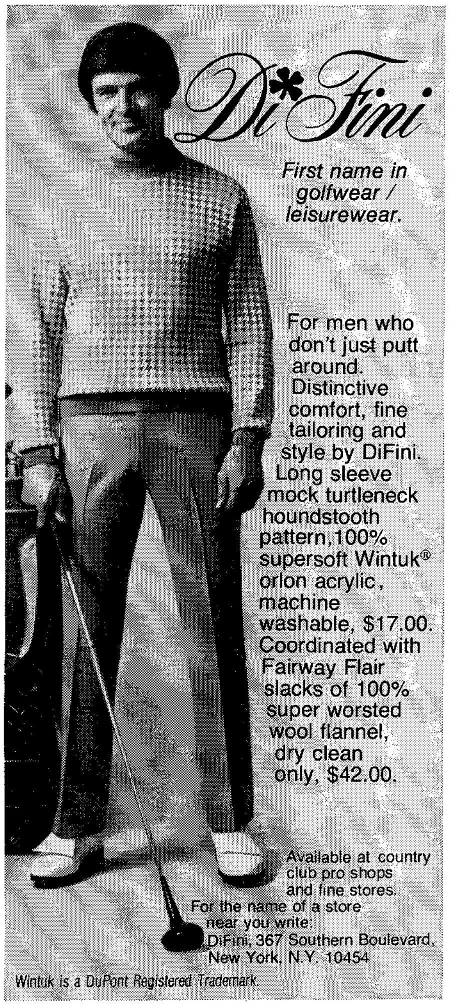
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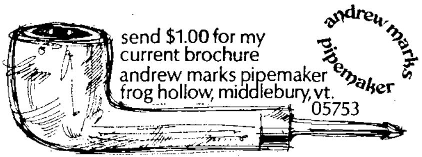
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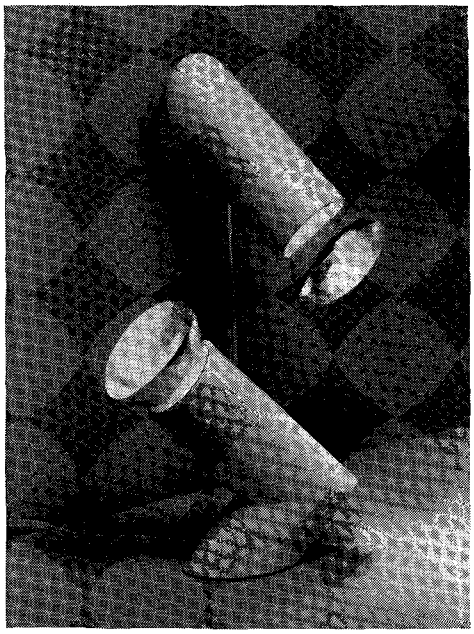
dollars—situations that landlord organizations attribute to the bind they are in because of soaring expenses, particularly for labor and fuel oil, and the limited return allowed under rent control. Tenant organizations do not, of course, see it that way. In a city where seventy per cent of the citizens are tenants, it is assumed that if a local politician says of rent control that it is a very complicated subject and there is something to be said on both sides, he is planning to retire from politics. (A local politician who says of the Middle East conflict that it is a very complicated subject and there is something to be said on both sides is assumed to be not only retiring from politics but leaving town, and possibly moving out of this part of the country.) Giving a wide berth to such controversial topics, Starr pointed out in "First, Clean the Streets" that since the new mayor couldn't hope to improve all aspects of local government, he should concentrate on such noncontroversial projects as improving garbage collection, an area "at once serious, capable of real improvement, and *highly visible*." Later, if the new mayor should be accused of corruption or dirty politics and people were calling him "the new Boss Tweed," Starr went on, he could "remind them of how well you cleaned the streets."

Often this summer, the streets had certainly not been cleaned, and the salient question seemed to be how a city could hope to stay in business if it couldn't figure out how to collect its garbage. On the other hand, garbage collection looked to be so fraught with all the problems of city administration that it seemed that if City Hall could figure out how to collect the garbage, other solutions would fall into place. Widely published pictures of the highly visible result of the Sanitation Department strike early in July to protest department layoffs helped persuade out-of-town investors that the city was a hopeless mess. The news that on the day after the strike ended the city paid the sanitationmen $713,500 at time-and-a-half rates to clean up the debris that had accumulated because the strikers had refused to collect it not only made people madder than ever but was a reminder that wage negotiations with the unions are only the beginning of the city's labor expenses; last year, for example, the Fire Department paid out more than eighteen million dollars in overtime. News that what had ended the strike was Beame's agreement to rehire all laid-off sanitationmen was cited by possible investors



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as proof that his claim to have cut the payroll was a fraud. After he did fire fourteen hundred sanitationmen in mid-July, trash collections became so erratic and vandalism and sick-outs so prevalent that the *News* accused the sanitationmen remaining of trying to blackmail the city into rehiring their colleagues. Sneaky television crews with hidden cameras provided nightly evidence that hour-long coffee breaks and other goof-offs were common. One sanitationman was even photographed at ten-forty-five one morning as he disappeared into a bar, from which he didn't emerge until time for lunch, an hour and a half later. ("Didn't you ever hear of a fellow having to go to the men's room?" demanded John DeLury, head of the sanitation union.) Sanitation Commissioner Robert Groh's explanation that services had had to be cut thirty-six per cent because fourteen per cent of the force had been laid off was no testimony to department efficiency. The fact that the most neglected areas of the city appeared to be those occupied by blacks and Puerto Ricans was a reminder that, like the Fire and Police Departments, the Sanitation Department is overwhelmingly white in a city where the minority population may have reached forty per cent. In the dozens of letters to the newspapers about how to straighten out the department, a favorite theme was that if the sanitationmen were so dissatisfied with their fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-year jobs, large numbers of out-of-work New Yorkers would gladly replace them. It was pointed out that a hundred and fifty thousand citizens, largely black and Puerto Rican, took the civil-service examination for sanitation worker last year but only a handful were hired, and, under the last-in rule, they were the first to be laid off this summer. In desperation, neighborhood groups and block associations in some unattended areas began carting garbage to central locations where sanitation trucks might be willing to pick it up. Commissioner Groh urged New Yorkers to "show pride in their neighborhoods" by not only cleaning their sidewalks but sweeping to the middle of the street. The good news was that in some cases—for example, that of the Chassidic and Puerto Rican youths in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, where intramural warfare is more typically the order of the day—neighbors shovelled away side by side in a demonstration of their willingness to join in solving the city's problems. On the other hand, there did seem to be something odd in the sight of residents of New York, whose government pays sanitation workers half a million dollars a day, busily sweeping their own streets. Anger over the behavior of the sanitationmen (along with anger over the police union, especially for its "Fear City" campaign) undoubtedly helps explain the relative equanimity with which New York, that noted union town (it was here, after all, that Mayor Wagner, in 1958, signed what was, according to Albert Shanker, the President of the United Federation of Teachers, the first executive order in the nation granting collective-bargaining rights to municipal unions), accepted the news that the City Council, at Beame's request, had passed a bill empowering the Mayor to impose a unilateral wage freeze. The law was described by Shanker as "the worst piece of anti-labor legislation which has ever been adopted in the United States."

THE out-of-town bankers' complaint that there is less to every advertised city retrenchment program than meets the eye continues to be correct. For example, the immediate effect of the rise in the transit fare, which enriches the Metropolitan Transit Authority, a state agency, is that the city will have to pay out more money—sixteen million eight hundred thousand dollars next year, to cover the added cost of schoolchildren's cut-rate subway and bus fares. So far, the Beame administration has not published any estimate of the money the city will save as a result of the so-called wage freeze, probably because the sum is not likely to be as substantial as advertised. The freeze is, in fact, only a one-year deferral, for workers making more than fifteen thousand dollars a year, of a six-per-cent increase that was due to be paid to most city workers on July 1st. Even if the one-year postponement should be extended, the raises will continue to pile up as a city obligation—a situation that Joel Harnett, the head of the City Club, has described as a fiscal time bomb. Meanwhile, workers who make less than ten thousand dollars a year will continue to collect four per cent of the scheduled raise, and those making from ten thousand to fifteen thousand will collect two per cent. In the largest union that has agreed to the freeze, Gotbaum's District 37, two-thirds of the hundred and twenty-five thousand members make less than ten thousand a year. Gotbaum has said that in return for going along with the deferral he was promised that more

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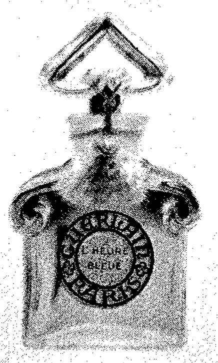

than half of the six thousand of his union members who have been laid off will be rehired with funds from one program or another. DeLury's reward for going along with the deferral was the cancellation of the scheduled layoffs of seven hundred and fifty additional sanitationmen, and plans are now afoot to rehire several hundred more. The fire commissioner has predicted that the rehiring of all the nine hundred laid-off firemen is "just a matter of time," and the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association is expected to make a similar deal for the twenty-seven hundred policemen who were fired. Thus, of the thirteen thousand workers who have been dismissed since the beginning of the year (when there were a third of a million city employees), the majority will be rehired. This is perhaps as it should be, because many of those on the original dismissal list—patrolmen on the beat, for example—got their pink slips because firing them was a dramatic way of demonstrating that the city was taking the crisis seriously. Manhattan City Councilman Henry Stern reported that the percentage reductions in city personnel costs budgeted for the current fiscal year are more than twice as high for service workers as for administrative employees. The deskbound, whom he described as "the hardiest flowers in the urban jungle," had drawn up the lists and had apparently gone easy on the fellows at the desks on either side of them. But if most of the service workers are rehired, cuts will have to be made somewhere else.

There is, of course, a possibility that the union leaders will be willing to take a new look at some of the expensive fringe benefits and limitations on productivity that they wrung from the city before they joined in the fight to save it. For in recent weeks many of the union leaders have been playing a new role in relation to the city—that of its financial supporters. When the August sale of MAC bonds threatened to fall far short of its goal, representatives of David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank, who were in charge of putting the package together, appealed to the trustees of the various union pension funds to invest a hundred and sixty-five million dollars in the bonds, joining such corporate investors as Shinn's Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which put up eighty million. Of the remaining bonds, turned down by most out-of-towners, local banks bought up such a large percentage that some of them now have twenty-five per cent of their municipal-bond hold-

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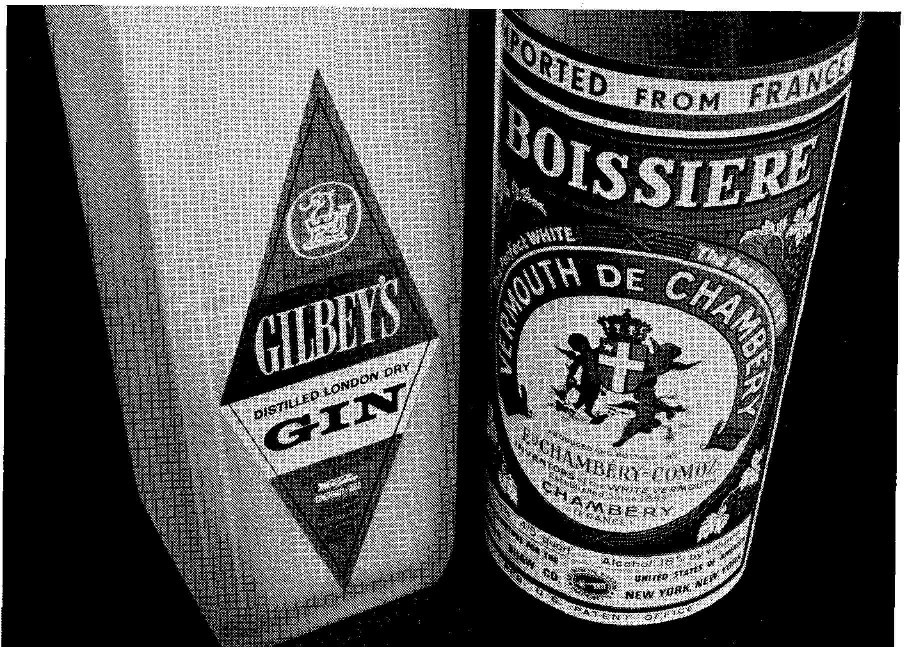

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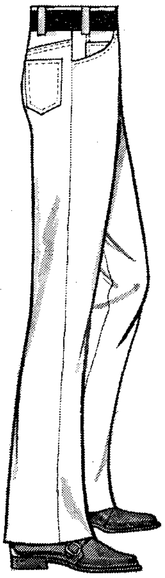

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ings in city or Big Mac issues. For the September sale, for which hopes of success have not been high, the managing bank is the First National City, whose plan is to ask the union pension funds to invest an even larger sum. Three months ago, when Gotbaum was publicly blaming local banks for having betrayed the city (that is still a popular position in many local circles), he led nearly ten thousand union members in a demonstration in front of a First National City office, and he had previously denounced the bank's chairman as "venal" and the "No. 1 enemy of the citizens of the city of New York." Last week, however, a spokesman for Gotbaum expressed his admiration of the way the banks were "participating" in the common effort. One item of good news here seems to be that, having been virtually abandoned by forces west (and south) of the Hudson, some traditionally hostile elements of the city have found it possible to work together in an attempt to pull it through a very bad time, although one Big Mac director said last month to *Times* reporter Steven Weisman that he wondered if they were only "rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic."

A RECENT Gannett newspaper poll indicated that fifty-one per cent of all Americans thought the federal government should join in this effort and help bail New York out of its money troubles, but there was no evidence that Washington was paying attention. The chance that the Federal Reserve System might guarantee either MAC or city bonds apparently vanished last week when Chairman Arthur Burns mentioned that any rescuing action the Federal Reserve might take would have "nothing to do with New York City," which had "terribly mismanaged its finances," and whose default "would be a deplorable event, but it wouldn't be a catastrophe." However, if any banks had a "liquidity problem" because of investing in MAC bonds, the Board would help *them* out, said Burns. The attitude of the Ford Administration toward New York City, commented Carey the same day, "reminds me of Herbert Hoover with his remark that those people in shantytowns don't seem that badly off." Meanwhile, it is Mayor Beame to whom deadlines are now being issued—by the Governor, who is concerned about, among other things, the rising interest rates that the state has had to pay to buyers of its own bonds as a result of the city's difficulties, and

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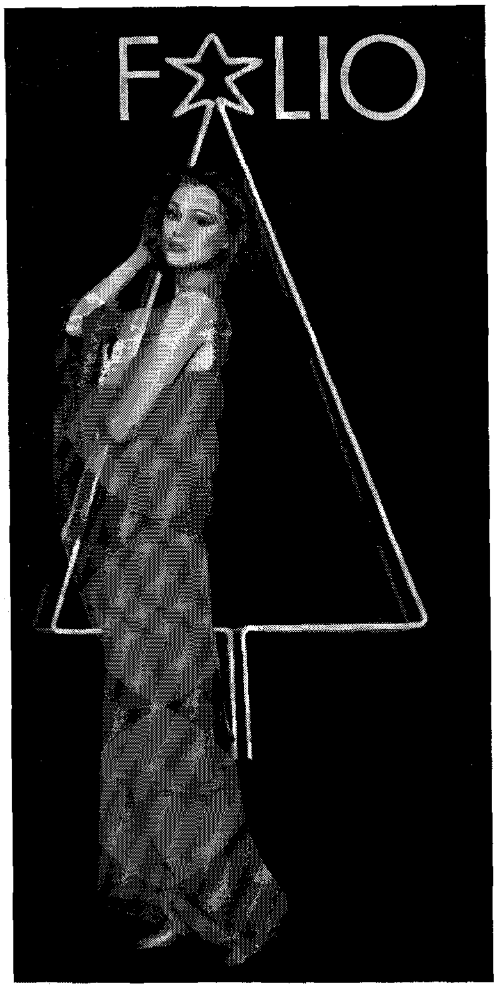
by the MAC directors, who are not used to being losers and will probably show less and less sympathy with the reluctance of the small, embattled Mayor to preside over the dissolution of the empire he coveted for so long from the comptroller's office. The earlier Bankers Agreement, which went into effect in September of 1933, was in force until 1938, but in that case Fiorello La-Guardia, who was in charge at City Hall during all but the few earliest months of the agreement, had not, like Beame, served as comptroller or been publicly identified with any of the events that led to the near-default. An independent Republican elected on a reform ticket, he had every political reason to enjoy endorsing the bankers' views concerning the need to reduce the swollen Tammany bureaucracy. Conflict between non-elected overseers and the city's elected leaders was far less the issue then than it will probably soon be if the Big Mac directors, who don't have to worry about who remembers what in November, become front men for politically dangerous decisions—as their partner, Carey, who plans to stay in politics, will undoubtedly encourage them to do. Bella Abzug predicted last week, for example, that if the Legislature grants formal powers over the city to MAC, one of the first ways the corporation will use them will be to put a virtual end to rent control. On the other hand, the two co-directors of the Management Advisory Board, which will have the power to shake up city government, are John Zuccotti, the current City Planning Commission Chairman, and Herbert Elish, the executive director of MAC, who was Environmental Protection Administrator under Lindsay, and both are believed to have some interest in running one day for mayor. There has even been talk that Felix Rohatyn, a partner in the investment-banking firm of Lazard Frères and the most articulate of the MAC directors, might harbor some such ambition himself. The suspicion was not dispelled after he said a few days ago in an interview in the *News*, "I don't think that in the year when we have a President who wasn't elected and a Vice-President who wasn't elected, we should have non-elected people running the city." On the same occasion, he mentioned an aspect of default which especially worried him: Who would pick up the garbage? It is barely possible that if they should succeed in saving the city, some of the Big Mac principals will find themselves reinventing representative government.

—ANDY LOGAN



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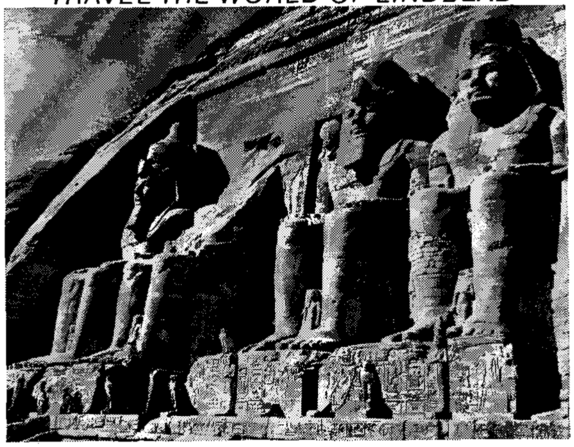

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BOOKS

Witches' Brews

THE twentieth century has made us habitués of terror. Statistically and qualitatively, the use of torture for political ends, the dislocation and massacre of entire communities in war or under totalitarian direction, the physical and psychological demolition visited on individuals, landscapes, and societies equate with the age of Visigoth and Vandal invasions. When the modern observer reflects on epidemics of manic persecution and on the causes of the inhuman, he has obvious advantages over his nineteenth-century predecessor. He is no longer working on the assumption of human progress toward ever-increasing rationality. He no longer takes for granted the doctrine that Western civilization, classically anchored and animated first by Hebraic-Christian and later by secular-scientific values, has grown immune to infection by political barbarism. Drawing on psychological investigations of the unconscious, the modern historian and political scientist has a much greater awareness than did the liberal humanist of a previous generation of the stubborn blackness inside the private person and of how this blackness erupts in mass violence.

But this more sophisticated, jaundiced view of human behavior entails certain drawbacks. Trained to maintain his cool in the face of hideousness, the historian, the psychologist, or the sociologist engaged in the analysis of the great terrors has often lost the innocence of outrage. Knowing them to be relative, perhaps even opportunist, in their expression, he will hesitate to invoke moral principles, let alone those religious absolutes in whose light earlier historians sought to grasp and judge their material. The saying goes "To understand all is to forgive all." But the spiritual consequence is ambiguous. It may be that there are phenomena before which comprehension should fail and fury or desolation have the right of reply. Disciplining ourselves not to be astonished, not to regard any bestiality or corruption as inexplicable and outside the limits of political practice, we have dangerously enlarged what Henry James called "our imaginings of disaster." And where the imagination goes the fact will follow.

This balance of advantage and handicap in the twentieth-century historian's treatment of the irrational comes out clearly in the study of witchcraft. The topic was a favorite among Romantics and Victorians. The fruit of their labor fills the curiosa shelves in the recesses of secondhand bookshops. It ranges from genuine archival inquiries and such inspired fantastications as Michelet's "La Sorcière" all the way to sadomasochistic concoctions and sheer dottiness. Now, in response to the prevalence of mass hysteria, hate-myths, and persecution in modern politics, historians have returned to the subject. The result has been a number of distinguished studies of beliefs about witches and of witch trials in certain regions of Britain, France, and Germany, notably during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Yet despite the refinement of the historian's instruments—psychiatric, sociological, economic, demographic—and the new documentation unearthed, fundamental puzzles remain. Why did the great witch hunts begin when they did? What relation is there, if any, between the Reformation and the kind of persecution of alleged sorcerers which took place in parts of England from the fifteen-sixties to the sixteen-eighties? And, above all, were there any facts whatever to justify the widely held belief in the actual existence of witches, of men and women congregating in the worship of Satan?

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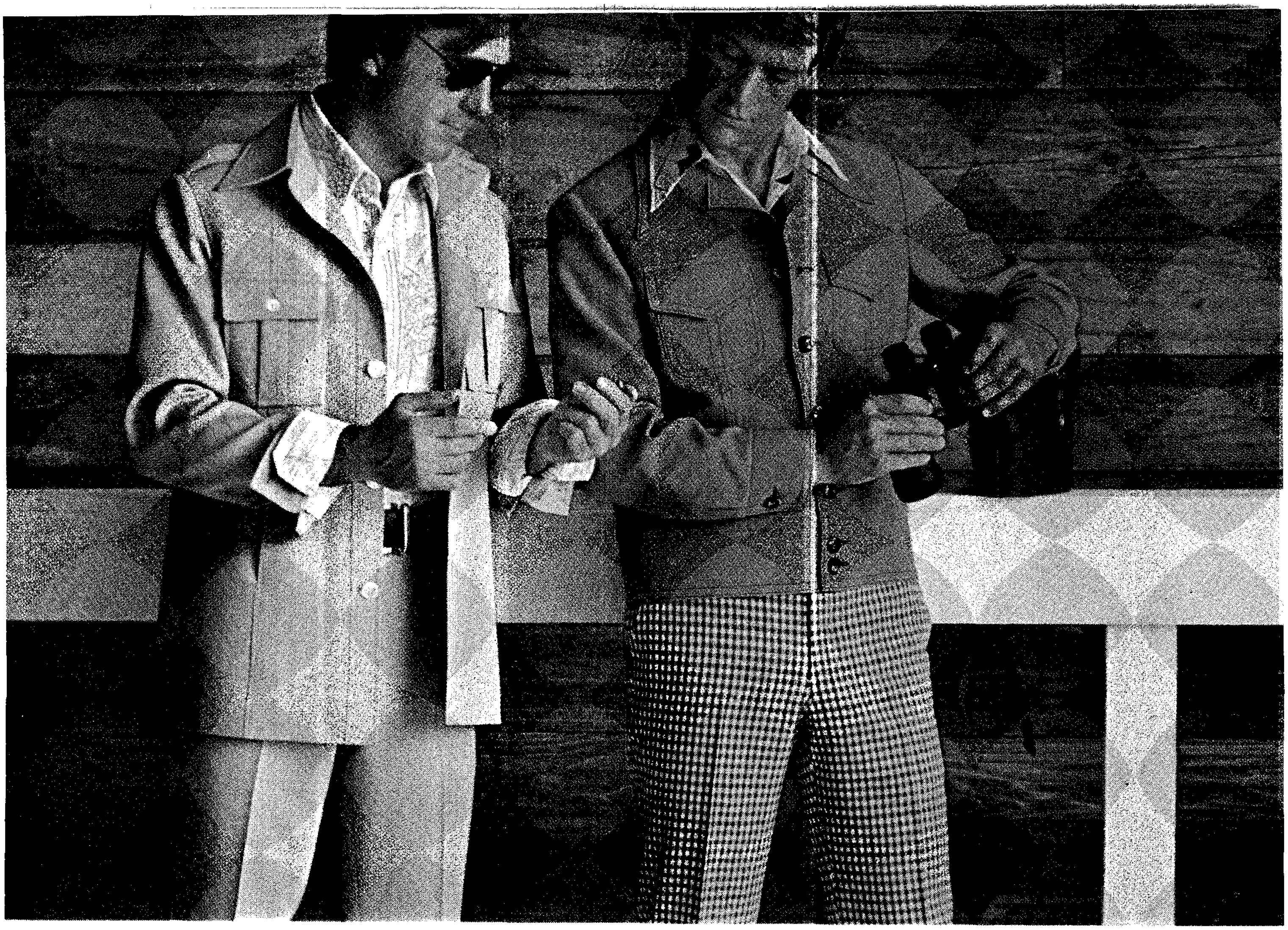
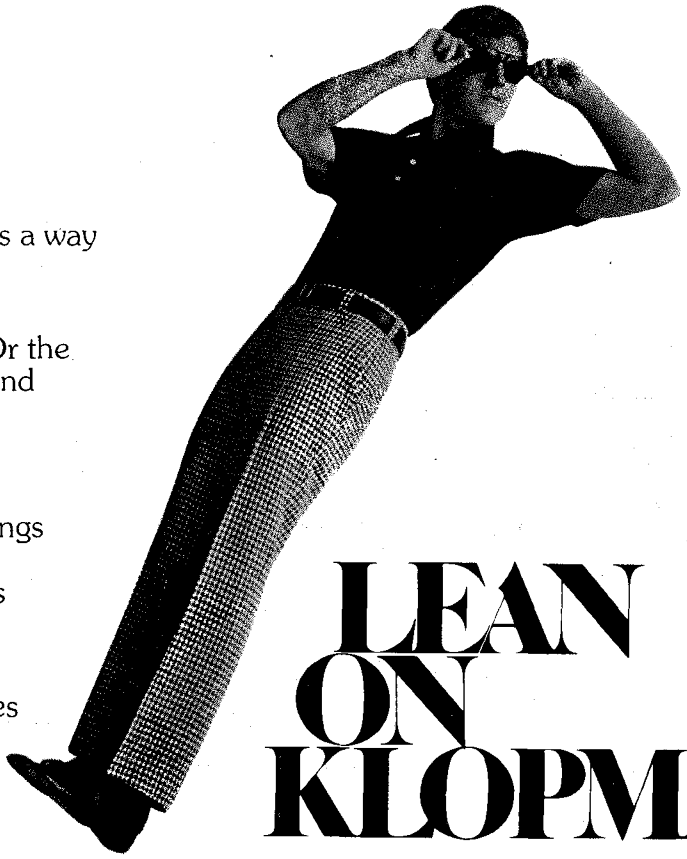
It is this last question that makes up the core of Professor Norman Cohn's "Europe's Inner Demons" (Basic Books). In what is by far the most interesting part of his study, he sets out to show how the archetypal image of witches came to be established, and how this image was given substance by a number of nineteenth- and twentieth-century scholars. The origins are remote and tangled. They seem to lie in accusations of sexual promiscuity, demon worship, and ritual cannibalism launched against the very early Chris-





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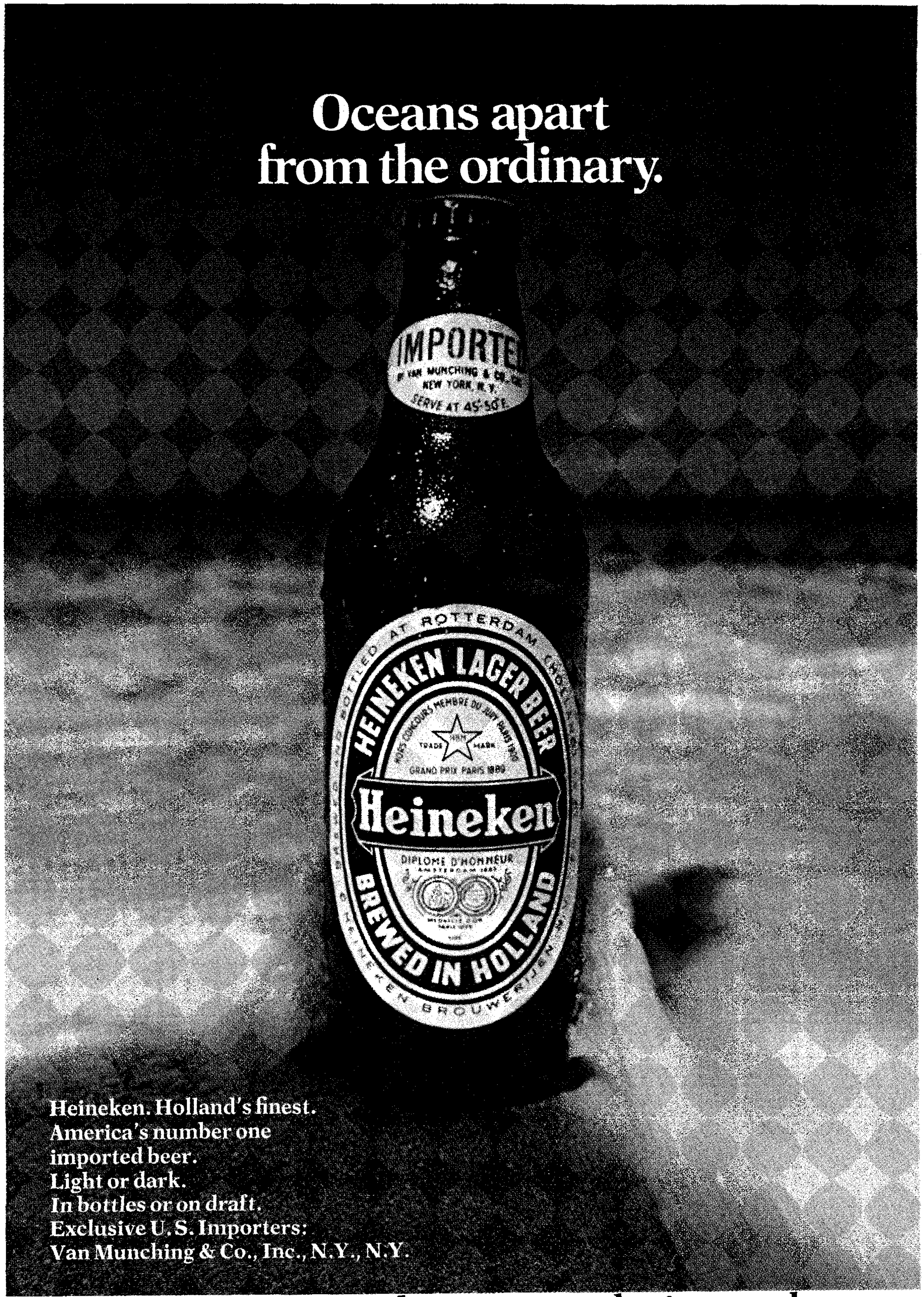
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tian churches. These charges, including such specific features as an orgiastic communion of the sexes and the devouring of a sacrificial victim (usually a child), most likely reflected misunderstood or deliberately distorted aspects of the actual Christian cult. All too quickly, the Church, now established and militant, turned these selfsame libels against pagans and Jews, and with particular virulence against the heretics in its own midst. Be they Arians or Gnostics, Albigenses or Knights Templars, the dissenters, the apostates, the political enemies were described by the Church as sodomists, infanticides, practicers of obscure and sanguinary rites whose constant purpose it was to glorify Satan. By the later Middle Ages, the Devil, once a fallen archangel with rather lofty and tragic attributes, had become the stinking He-Goat. He and his legion seemed to fill every cranny of human lust, panic, and doubt. No wonder his sabbaths were so numerous.

Nevertheless, by themselves these nightmares would not have triggered the great witch hunt that came to a head only in the late sixteenth century and had its epilogue at Salem in 1692—strangely, for the whole phenomenon had been almost exclusively West European. Two currents of panic had conjoined: millennial folk beliefs in the evil eye, in the old crone who can curdle milk or lame calves, in the limping beggarman who can cause hail by tapping his crutch on the doorsill, and a far more sophisticated theory of evil which percolated down from the bishops, inquisitors, and secular magistrates. Appalled by what they took to be the spread of black magic among the nobility and the educated laity, and perhaps traumatized by the recurrent cancer of schism and heresy within the body of the Church, these men developed a far-ranging doctrine of demonic possession. Under torture, men and women, denounced very largely at random, bore witness to what had become a firmly established scenario. They had flown through the night, specially anointing their bodies or leaving their corporeal husks seemingly asleep, joined their fellow-initiates on mountaintops, mated with infernal spirits, feasted communally on prohibited flesh, and pledged total obedience to the Horned God of Evil. For such malfeasance some nine thousand persons were tried in the Swiss cantons between 1400 and 1700, and an estimated thirty-two hundred were executed in southwest Germany alone between 1561 and 1670.

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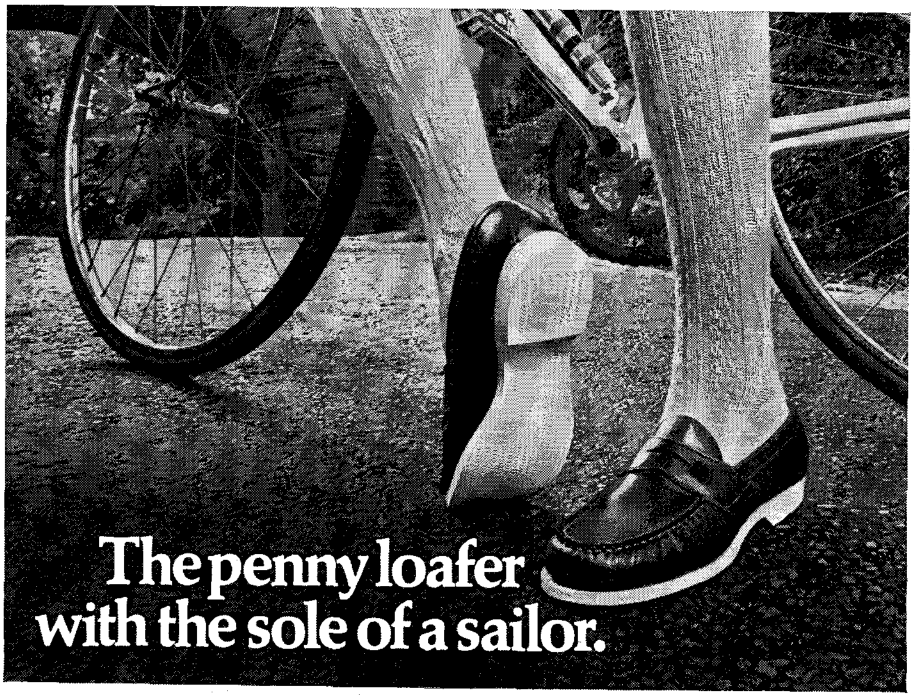

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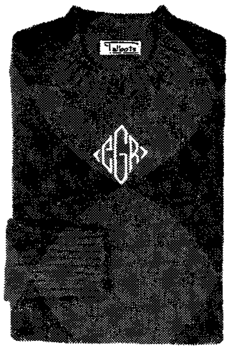

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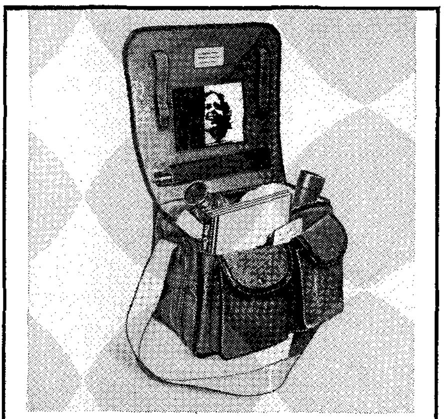
and to Margaret Murray, the University of London anthropologist, such proceedings were of course abhorrent. Yet neither doubted that there lay behind them a clandestine reality. Michelet, in 1862, gives a vertiginous description of a witches' sabbath in which ecstatic peasants, maddened by hunger and oppression, perform rites grimly parodying those of church and state. Miss Murray's widely influential version, in "The Witch-Cult in Western Europe" (1921) and "The God of the Witches" (1933), was subtler. Down to the seventeenth century, the "old religion," based on the worship of a two-faced horned deity, had survived beneath the surface of official Christianity. Preserved by European aboriginals in the deep forests and mountain places (these aboriginals being the "little people" and fairies of popular legend), the cult of the ancient, secret god and the seasonal rites attached to this cult drew a persistent following. Covens were held, ceremonies performed, boughs of holly cut with knives shaped like the new moon. Such apparently mysterious historical episodes as the murder of William Rufus in the New Forest, the slaying of Thomas à Becket, and the career of Joan of Arc are part of the story. These personages would be surrogates for the hidden deity, whose ritual death, under prescribed circumstances and at a special point in the year, would insure fertility and the renewal of the sacred cycle.

Masterfully, Norman Cohn tears all this to bits. In a hunt after documentary proof which takes on the pulse of detective fiction, he shows that the entire picture of witches' sabbaths, secret covens, and archaic adorations of a horned god is based on a handful of forgeries, the most circumstantial of which was fabricated in the eighteen-twenties. Michelet's inference of eyewitness accounts, Miss Murray's claim that she is drawing on sober reports of actual sabbaths are hokum. There can be no such reports because there were no such events. No one flew through the murky air or paid ritual homage to any masked and horned figures decked out to incarnate the antique divinity. Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century inquisitors may have had their reasons, partly subconscious, for wanting to believe in the material truth of the dread avowals they elicited from tortured mouths. For the historian or anthropologist to do so is inexcusable.

Professor Cohn is a superb debunker. As far as serious history goes, nothing more should be heard of sorcerers'



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covens posing as Knights of the Round Table or as white goddesses under the mistletoe. But his own thesis is not wholly persuasive, either. It depends crucially on the assertion that the ecclesiastical authorities and the educated laity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries accepted as literal fact tales of nocturnal journeyings and Devilish concourse which their fifteenth-century predecessors, with a few notorious exceptions, had known to be fables. This fatal change occurred, according to Professor Cohn, when the practice of magic and the dabblings in the occult which had been long tolerated among the upper orders came to be seen as witchcraft.

Even if one accepts the tenuous evidence on this point, the theory raises more questions than it answers. Can one hope to interpret the anachronistic explosion of Satanic fantasies and the consequent persecution without looking at the parallel development of the natural sciences? Could it be that the great witch hunt (if, indeed, it began as late and as abruptly as fragmentary statistics lead Cohn to suppose) was a manic rearguard action by a Christian Establishment whose authority over the rational world was rapidly weakening? Was it, at a fundamental level, a doomed attempt to arrest the advance of scientific inquiry and explanation so manifest in the Renaissance and the seventeenth century? In their crazy way, the confessions wrung from witches seemed to give the lie to the methods and conclusions of scientific discovery. And what of the economic-sociological factors? Students of English witchcraft trials have argued, plausibly, that the epidemics of denunciation can be related to the breakup of the old rural system, that they were to some degree, at least, symptoms of fear and greed provoked by the emergence, often bewildering, of new mercantile and fiscal power structures. The annihilation of the Knights Templars cannot have been the only case in which the seizure of wealth was the underlying motive for persecution. How, except by taking such factors into full account, can one explain the most enigmatic aspect of the whole business: the fact that it came so late, that witches were burnt after the triumph of Baconian science and, indeed, into the era of Newton?

Professor Cohn is himself uneasy about the mechanism he describes. In an epilogue of "psycho-historical speculations," he ventures deeper. It may be, he suggests, that the whole witchcraft craze sprang from an unconscious re-

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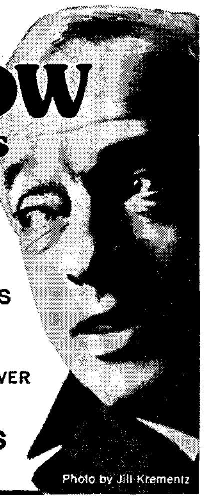

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volt against Christianity. Primal fears of troublesome old women thought to be linked in some way to malignant agencies of nature fused with "the need to create a scapegoat for an unacknowledged hostility to Christianity. Perhaps the great witch-hunt became possible when the two resentments—the one avowed and widespread, the other unavowed and socially far more restricted—fused in blind, terror-stricken hatred of a sect or society of witches that in reality did not exist at all."

This proposal points directly at a central motif from which Professor Cohn appears to shy back. The concept of witchcraft, as well as the torture and murder of human beings thought to be witches, is inseparable from Christianity itself. Whether one accepts it or not, the archetypal imagery and performance enacted in the sacrament of Holy Communion, the partaking of the Saviour's flesh and blood, have cannibalistic connotations that were bound to generate those obsessive accusations of ritual slaughter first used against the Church and then used by it. The notion of the Devil and of a perpetual menace of infernal seduction are inherent in the Christian world picture. The assumption of dogmatic truth constantly undermined by heresy is an integral part of the life of the Church. The mythology of Hell, from which the soul of the sinner must be snatched even at the price of hideous earthly torment, is a basic feature of Christian practice. Given this framework, the hunt for scapegoats, for subverters, for apostates will inevitably follow. It is in this precise context that the holocaust of the Jews in a formally Christian Europe, but at a time when Christianity as an active faith was already in palpable decline, is part of the century-old story of demonology and purgation. Once again a scapegoat had to be found.

As I write this, the media in Britain are crowded with discussions of Devil worship and exorcism. These follow on a case in which rites of exorcism, practiced in a church and under priestly direction, led to brutal murder. In the ensuing storm, the Church of England has expressly refused to condemn either exorcism itself or the theory of Satanic possession on which this mumbo-jumbo is based. Its stand has been widely supported by those who point out, with complete justification, that the belief in the entrance of animate evil into the individual and the consequent need to cast out devils are sanctioned by Christ Himself and by the

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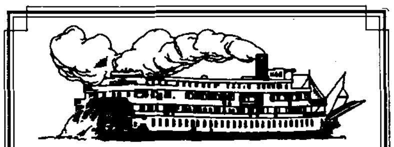

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entire fabric of Christian theology. They point out, also, that much of Western society appears to be turning once again, whether at the level of private neurosis or of mass shudders, to Devil fantasies, black magic, and the occult. In ways that the modern historian's commitment to rationality and scientific judgment does not really encompass, the human endeavor to fathom evil and the murderousness within continues to breed familiar nightmares. The long Halloween goes on.

—GEORGE STEINER

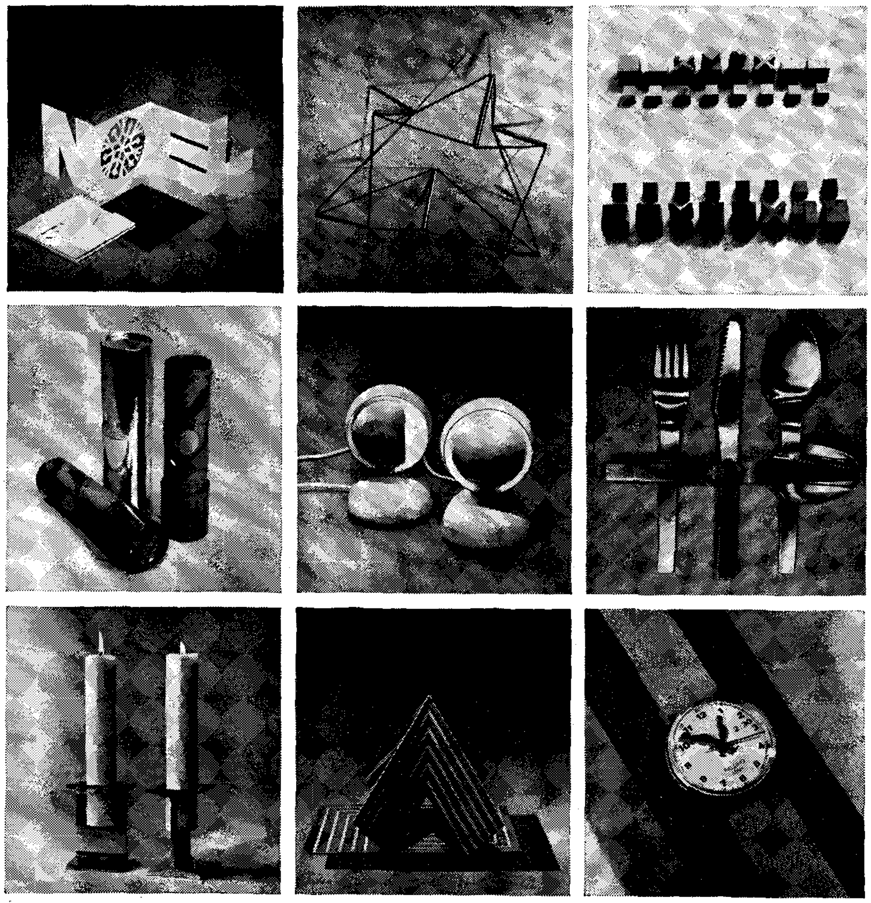
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ALMOST A LIFE, by B. H. Friedman (Viking). A hint is dropped on the last page of this laboriously tricked-up novel that what the author has been about (in case the reader has been too obtuse to notice) is "non-novelistic fiction; something invented and complete in itself . . . using so-called journalistic techniques, cumulative, linear, referential, plotless." And so this book is: plotless, boneless, and humorless. A seasoned journalist, in doing a long article about a famous photographer for a chic New York magazine, discovers that he learns as much about his own life from his research as he does about the photographer's. The photographer is larger than life and bold. The journalist is neither. They spend a lot of time together. They talk about art and life. The photographer drinks too much. They talk about children, wives, politics, nature. The journalist visits the man's friends and enemies. A picture emerges. The reader has seen it develop. Fragment by fragment. Drink by drink by drink.

GENERAL

IDOLS OF THE TRIBE: GROUP IDENTITY AND POLITICAL CHANGE, by Harold R. Isaacs (Harper & Row). An astute, readable study of a recent (since the Second World War) global phenomenon: the rise, or perhaps return, of tribalism, ethnicity, and small-area nationalism. Professor Isaacs, who has studied this field extensively, discusses the sense of belonging to a group which arises from shared physical characteristics, or language, or history and myth, or religion. No one of these factors conclusively defines a group; groups who are perceived by outsiders as alike (to whites, Africans are black and Indians dark-skinned) make



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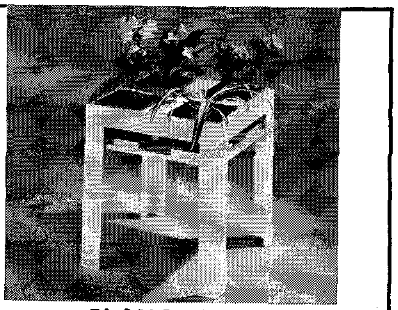

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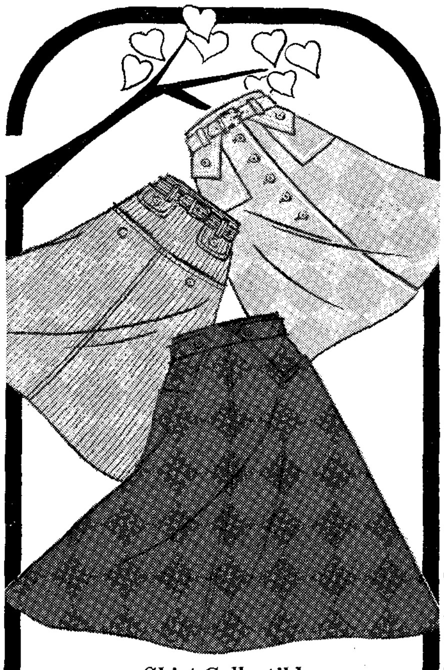
distinctions among themselves that frequently end in killing and suffering, as in Africa's continuing tribal wars and India's persistent discrimination against Untouchables. Mr. Isaacs, attempting to deal rationally with irrationality, guesses that the shock of political and social change is driving frightened people to take refuge in primitive groupings. He also suggests the costs of such consolation: while tribalism may cushion some individuals against the impersonality of modern society, it also militates against the immense benefits that modern society can confer—including equal justice, economic opportunity, and intellectual growth.

SAM RAYBURN: A BIOGRAPHY, by Alfred Steinberg (Hawthorn). An illuminating, affectionate account of an extremely influential American political figure. Rayburn (1882-1961) was first elected to the House of Representatives from Texas in 1912, became Speaker in 1940, and thereafter held that post whenever the Democrats had a majority, which was most of the time until he died. He was a populist, and his career demonstrates that that tradition, which aims at enhancing the power of small farmers and entrepreneurs, remains important and useful. Yet the scale of enterprise in this country grew so huge during Rayburn's lifetime, and in oil-drenched Texas the large interests were so corrupt, that his political career was constantly imperilled. Mr. Steinberg shows that Rayburn's already intense dedication to his work increased in the wake of his divorce, and suggests that the patronage extended by the Speaker to Lyndon Johnson was that of a lonely man who sought, and doted on, a dream son. Mr. Steinberg has no such feeling; his portrait of Johnson is scathing.

DIRTY MONEY, by Thurston Clarke and John J. Tigue, Jr. (Simon & Schuster). The authors, former staff members of the United States Attorney's office in New York, explain how the numbered Swiss bank account works, how the cash obtained from crime can be laundered abroad and invested in legal American businesses, how multinational conglomerates disguise their illegal contributions to political organizations, and a good number of other artful dodges. They elaborate on the fact that the principality of Liechtenstein (pop. 22,000) is the home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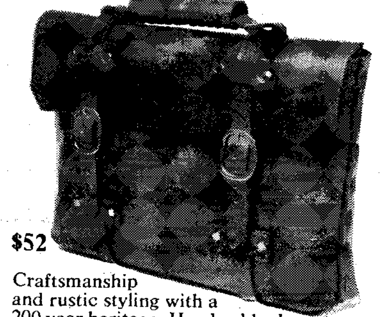
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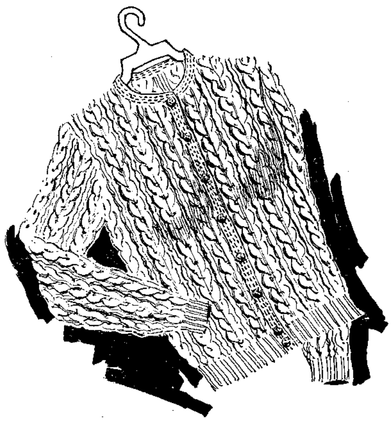
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address of eighteen thousand corporations, and discuss the burgeoning of the offshore banking industry in the Bahamas and the Antilles, and other island tax havens. The authors, as experts in these matters, describe them all so graphically and in such detail that their treatise almost becomes a how-to handbook.

I AT THE KEYHOLE, by Colin Middleton Murry (Stein & Day). The writer of this childhood memoir, a son of the critic John Middleton Murry, is a science-fiction author under the name Richard Cowper. As he remembers it—with the help of papers—his father's domestic life was appalling. John Middleton Murry was married first to Katherine Mansfield, who died of tuberculosis; then to Colin's mother, Violet, who attempted, pathetically, to take Katherine's place (and died of the same disease); and then to a farmer's daughter named Betty, who attracted him as a personification of health but who proved to be a personification of fury—a violently jealous woman who might well have been judged insane if Murry could have brought himself to face the truth about her. Most of the book covers the terrible years with Betty (as terrible for the Murry children as for Murry himself) and such incidental ordeals as those inflicted on Colin by a vicious grandfather and by a classically horrid boarding school. For all that, the writing is sweet, gentle, and affecting; diffused through this sad tale are many boyish discoveries and triumphs, words of affection for the writer's sisters, and a remarkable welling of charity for his misguided elders.

•

A story in the June 21 Washington County edition concerning a vocational educational bill contained two errors. It incorrectly stated that Charles Popham is director of rural area sex, when it should have stated that Charlene Popham is director of Rural Area Six of the vocational program authorized by the legislature.—*Bangor Daily News.*

O.K., but who *is* director of rural area sex?

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal*]

Oil from hazelnuts is used as front legs.

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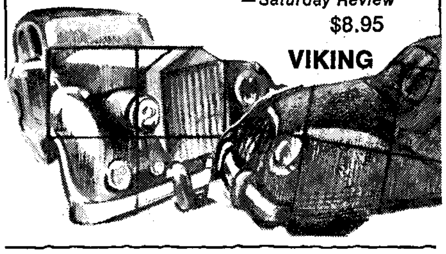

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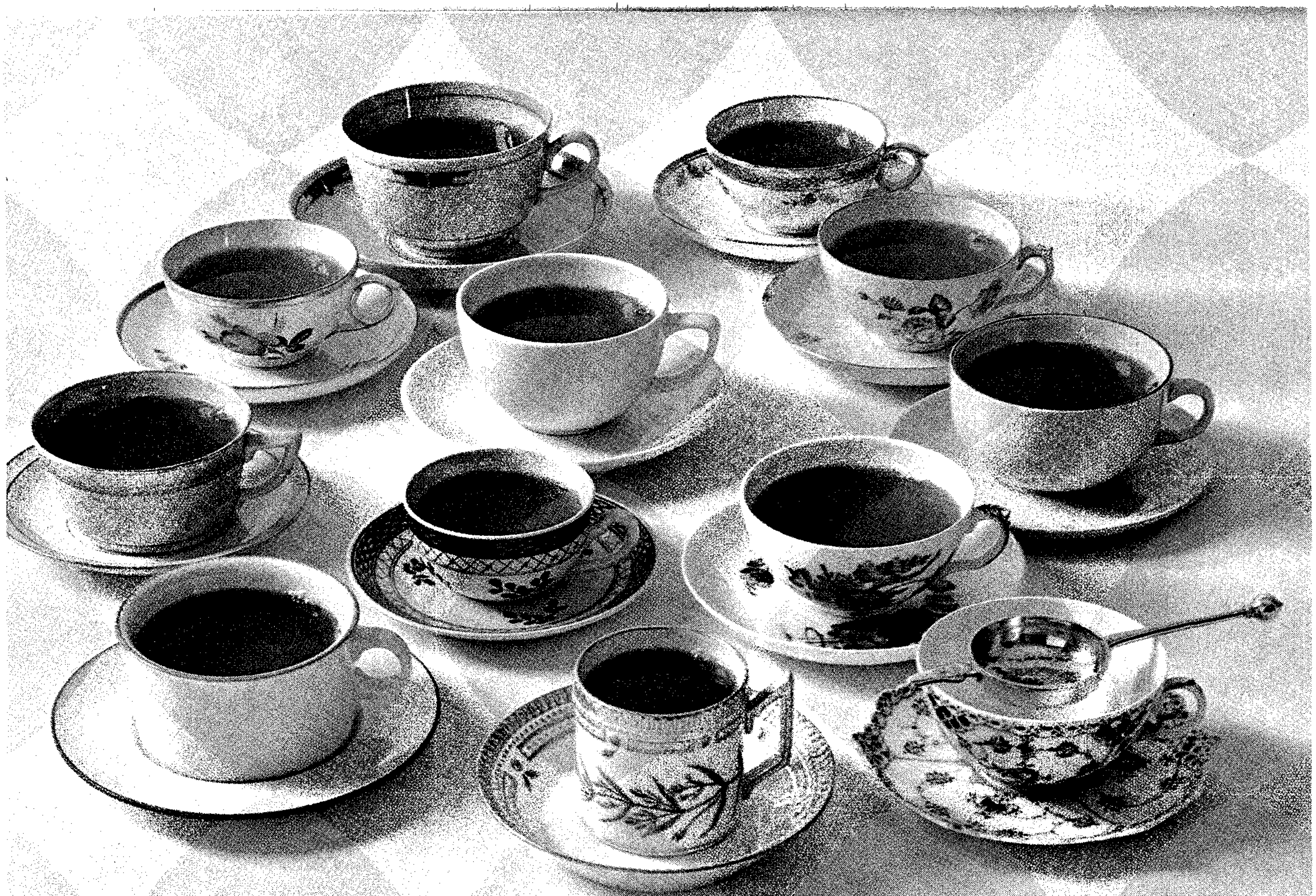
DONALD MALCOLM

SEVERAL days ago, Donald Malcolm, a writer whose work *The New Yorker* treasured, died at the age of forty-three. His name had already been missing from the magazine for many years, for when he was only thirty-two he was overtaken by an illness from which he never recovered. He had no way of guessing then that he was to spend much of his time thereafter in hospitals, the subject of a succession of medical quandaries. Even after months had passed, and years, he refused to subside into invalidism but instead chose to believe that he was merely taking time out from his real life, and from his writing. Malcolm had joined the staff of *The New Yorker* in 1957, and before long he was writing marvellously for our Books department and our Notes and Comment department. In 1958, he became our first Off Broadway drama critic. Then, under the odd misapprehension that, after two distinguished seasons, he had exhausted what he had to say about the theatre, he decided to concentrate his critical attention on books, having always been a passionate reader, with a particular devotion to Jonathan Swift, Samuel Butler, Mark Twain, Nikolai Gogol, Bernard Shaw, Vladimir Nabokov, A. J. Liebling, and Edmund Wilson. He proceeded to surpass himself, writing book reviews and critical essays that were as fine as any the magazine has published. He had great style, the rarest kind of good judgment, a singular point of view, integrity, and humor. His humor permeated everything he wrote—intelligent, satiric, skeptical, mocking, precisely focussed, and grounded somewhere in common sense. Wary of intellectualism, he could readily detect intellectual fraudulence, which he met with an almost kindly matter-of-factness. On the other hand, he was quick to recognize, and respect, original thought. He made the same kind of reliable distinctions in his responses to the theatre, books, politics, and the social scene.

Whatever Malcolm wrote, he wrote immaculately. Word by word, sentence by sentence, piece by piece, he tried to achieve something flawless, and most of the time he succeeded. The pieces he wrote in the fifties and early sixties are as apt and fresh today as they were when they were written. They still give us deep pleasure. Those dry, lucid, funny, unpredictable, shapely sentences continue to be an astonishment.

Some writers complete the arc of their literary life, but Malcolm was struck down in mid-flight. His ideas kept coming, however. He sketched plans, devised projects. Writing teemed in his head but went unwritten. He made notes for an essay on Swift. He outlined a piece on the Sherlock Holmes phenomenon. The last project he discussed was simply to walk up and down New York's streets and report on what he saw. By then, his physical world had contracted to one room, with books, a television set, a worktable, and some pencils and blank sheets of paper within reach. Thrown back upon himself, he peered into the secrets of human existence. He learned more about chance and hope than most of us do, and by the end he knew more about pain than anyone should have to know. He defended himself with the only weapons he had—his humor and his wit. A tall, narrow, blond man, with questioning brown eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses and with a characteristic look of affectionate amusement, he was an enchanting companion, full of inventive, playful talk. On his own plight he was brisk, unsentimental, authoritative.

A writer's work is not to be measured mathematically. Everything Donald Malcolm wrote could fit into one small volume, but that one volume would be enough. The writing he might have done is implicit in the writing he did. It is all there in his published words: the mind, the spirit, the voice, the essence, the living person. Yet up to the time he died he was a young man who one day might wake up, his health restored, walk down the street again, look around him, return home, and embark on some new—and flawless—comic enterprise.



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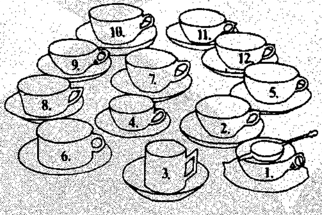

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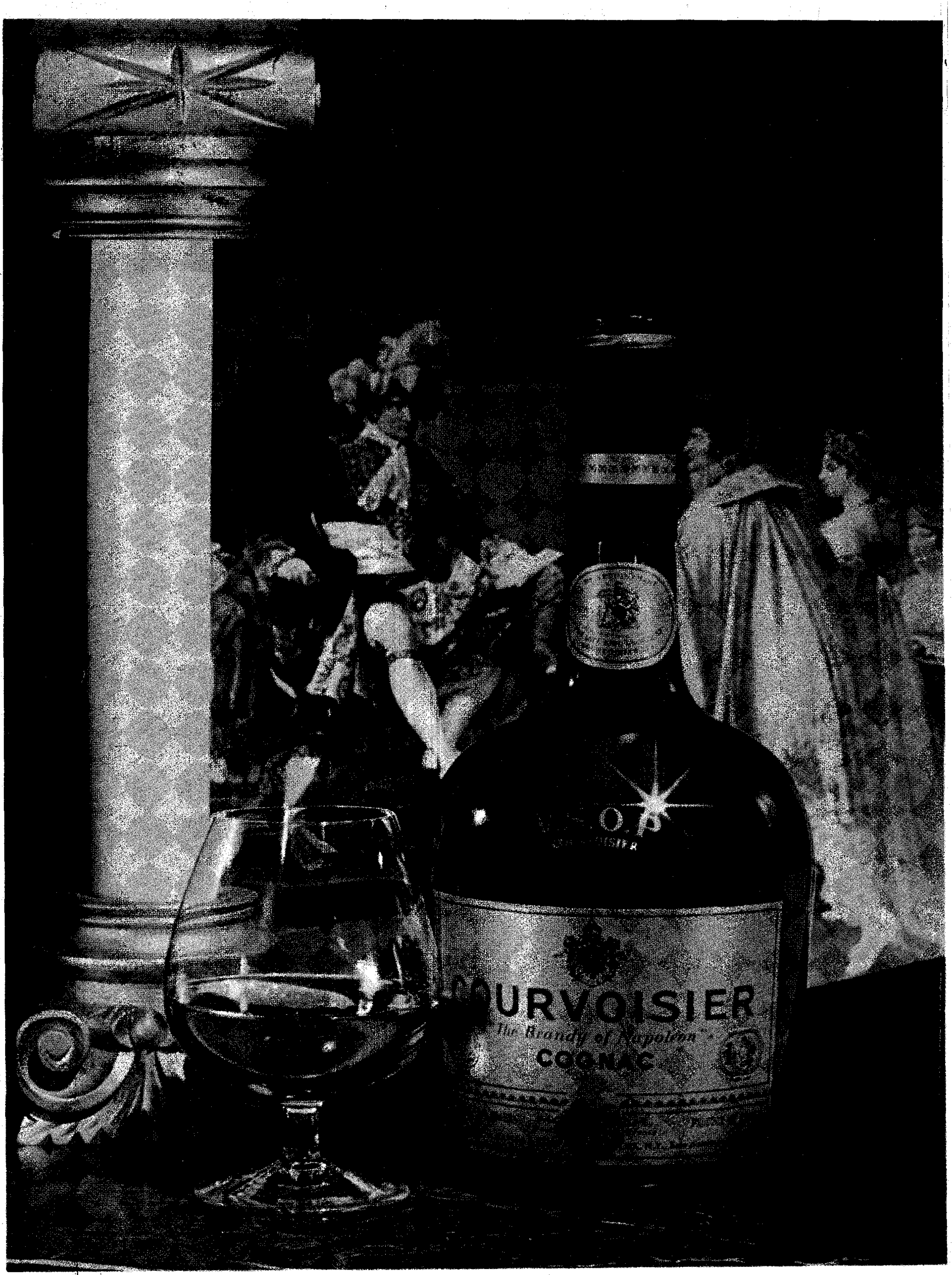
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